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“And there the laughter-loving Pan,
Leads on his joyous woodland clan,
Through halcyon haunts—

The Isles of the Blessed

John Aaron Colnon, A. B. '14

.....*arva, beata*
Petamus arva divites et insulas.

I dream a dream of fabled ease
Where the Blessed Isles across the seas
Lie smiling, ever smiling;
And there the laughter-loving Pan
Leads on his joyous woodland clan,
Through halcyon haunts, unknown to man,
With song the hours beguiling.
O fair, far land, thy portals
Swing only to immortals !
Thy scented bowers, thy wondrous flowers,
Thy pleasant ways of ease,
Thy nights dew-dipped and breathless,
Thy birds, unwearied, deathless—
These charms untold, I'd fain behold,
Fair Isles across the seas.

The dusk, with all its wealth of stars,
The dawn, when clouds like crimson bars
Turn all the east to splendor,
Bring roseate dreamings unto me
Of Nereids flashing from the sea,
Who turn their shining eyes to thee,
Thou land of music tender.
But ah, 'tis useless dreaming—
Thy woodland pools that, gleaming
Like bits of sky, unruffled lie,
Are not for eyes like these;
Yet could my longing vision
Behold thy fields Elysian,
What peace divine, I'd claim as mine,
Fair Isles across the seas.

The New Tariff Law

Leo L. Donahoe, L. L. B. '13

ABOUT five years ago the desire for a downward revision of the Tariff first received the voted expression of the people of this nation. The question of a downward Tariff revision has, from that time to the present, held the attention of the public eye. Such a contention found expression in the platform of the present Democratic Administration; and such a wish has finally—by the signature of President Wilson on Saturday, October 4th, to the Tariff bill passed by Congress at its special Tariff session—been embodied into a law.

When the question of a new Tariff Law appears before the mind of the ordinary individual such queries present themselves: What is the meaning of a Tariff law? In what does the new Tariff law differ from the former? And lastly,—What will be the effect of the enforcement of the new Tariff law to the general public? Such queries are, because of the importance of the subject, quite worthy of consideration.

A Tariff law, in the first place, is a law which determines the source from which and regulates the manner by which the Federal income—the support of the Federal Government—is to be obtained.

In what does the new Tariff law differ from the former? By the former Tariff law and by every previous Tariff law, the Federal income has been derived solely from customs and internal revenue duties. Under former Tariff laws, imports, whether necessities of life or luxuries, were subject to taxation; and a system of taxation wherein the support of the Federal Government is derived solely from customs and internal revenue duties must, to sustain such support, tax necessities as well as luxuries of life. Now, the principle of the new Tariff law, in distinction to the former law, is to lift the tax from imported necessities and to realize the loss in tax accruing therefrom by an increase of taxation on imported luxuries and by the imposition of an income tax.

What will, therefore, be the effect or benefit to the general public by the enforcement of the new Tariff law? A determination of such a question requires an examination of the law's stipulations. As is easily discernible, the new Tariff law contains two phases, namely,—its principle of removing the import tax from necessities of life, and of making up such loss in taxation by an increase of

tax on imported luxuries and by the imposition of an income tax. Now, as the lowering of tax on necessities is the real object or benefit which is hoped to be obtained through the new Tariff law, and as the increase of taxation on luxuries and the imposition of an income tax are inserted in such law merely as the means of accomplishing such benefit or object, the lifting of the tax from necessities is by far the more important phase of the new Tariff law and should for that reason be the first in order of consideration.

By the new Tariff law necessities of life are either placed upon the free list or their tax greatly decreased. What benefit will thereby accrue? Such a change in taxation will place the traffic in necessities in this country—the purchase of which plays such an important part in the living of the average individual—upon an equal basis with the rest of the world; and as a certain result destroy the centralization or monopoly in the manipulation of necessities of life, which exists in this country as a natural consequence of the artificial trade atmosphere occasioned by the former high rate of import taxation known as the great protective trade wall of the Tariff. The benefit, therefore, to be derived from such an alteration in taxation will be, beyond the destruction of monopoly, the purchase of necessities at a lower price, such lowering of price amounting to the difference between the former and the new rate of import taxation,—estimated on an *ad valorem* basis at more than ten per cent.

A realization of the benefit to be derived from such a change in manner of obtaining the Federal income brings us to the examination of the means through which such purpose is to be accomplished; and if such can be proven justifiable, the object of the law, as to its fairness, stands unchallenged. As before stated, the framers of the new Tariff law hope to realize the loss of tax upon necessities by an increase of tax on luxuries and the imposition of an income tax. Now, as the increase of import duty on luxuries affects the general public alike and really in no perceptible degree, the imposition of a tax upon incomes of individuals of a certain amount is the real test by which the fairness or faultiness of the means of accomplishing the hoped for benefit is to be judged.

The provision of the new Tariff law in reference to income taxation exempts from tax all incomes of single persons amounting to less than and equal to \$3,000, and all incomes of married persons amounting to less than and equalling \$4,000. Upon incomes in excess of said figures such stipulation exacts a tax of 1% upon the entire portion in excess of \$3,000 or \$4,000, as the case may be,—that is, such provision exacts a tax of 1% upon the entire income less the amount of specific exemption, the amount of exemption being \$3,000 if the taxable person be single and \$4,000 if he be

married. In addition to this tax the law provides for an additional or sur tax of 1% per annum upon the amount by which the total net income exceeds \$20,000 and does not exceed \$50,000, and 2% per annum upon the amount by which the total net income exceeds \$50,000 and does not exceed \$75,000, and 3% per annum upon the amount by which the total net income exceeds \$75,000 and does not exceed \$100,000, and 4% per annum upon the amount by which the total net income exceeds \$100,000, and does not exceed \$250,000, and 5% per annum upon the amount by which the total net income exceeds \$250,000 and does not exceed \$500,000, and 6% per annum upon the amount by which the total net income exceeds \$500,000. Such are the stipulations of the new Tariff law in reference to the percentage of individual incomes exacted as a Federal tax, and it is to be noted that such tax exacts but a small percentage in proportion to taxable incomes.

In order to judge of the fairness of such a tax requires a knowledge of the distribution of wealth in this country. Statistics show that nine-tenths of the adult males of the United States have yearly earning capacities of less than \$800; and that of the average family of five less than 10% have yearly incomes amounting to \$2,000. Such facts set forth in indisputable clearness the fact that the greater portion of the incomes of the vast majority of individuals in this country must be expended in the purchase of necessities of life, and that as a consequence the greater burden of Federal support is placed upon the shoulders of the consumers, and as a result large and small incomes are not proportionately taxed. Hence, a tax on individual incomes exacting a percentage in proportion to the largeness of income affords a more equal distribution of tax burden; and since the provision of the new Tariff law in reference to the income tax exacts but a small percentage of the incomes of taxable persons and consequently affects them in proportion to their incomes in no perceptible degree and at the same time affords a more equal distribution of tax burden, the fairness or justness of such a tax cannot by any means be called into question.

Thus, as the purpose of the change in the manner of collecting the Federal income, namely,—the lifting of tax from necessities—enables the purchase of necessities of life at a lower price and as a consequence lessens the high cost of living, and as the means by which such change in taxation and such benefit may be accomplished, namely,—the increase of tax on luxuries and imposition of an income tax—are in every way justifiable as affording a more equal distribution of the burden of Governmental support, the provisions of the new Tariff law should be looked upon as a real step forward upon the way to just and equal taxation.

Merely a Tale

James T. Mangan, A. B. '17

I WAS in a light-spirited, ecstatic mood, for had not pretty Margaret Drexel at last consented to go riding with me that afternoon? And so I hailed young Jimmy Ahern, a fond nephew who was standing in front of the stable door, with all the zest of a fellow in love.

“Young knight,” I said, “how stand thy feelings on this fair and beauteous morning? Verily nature doth rejoice and welcome—Ah! brave warrior, what is it thou hast tucked 'neath thy sturdy arm? What! A scalp? I prithee sir, whose scalp may it be?”

“Ick ish Robert's scalp.”

“Aye, but which Robert dost thou mean? Is it the faultless Burns, the crafty Fulton, or the brave Lee that thou referest to? Or mayhap, it is even Robert, our own dear hor—.”

Ye Gods! The truth just then dawned upon me! Quickly I snatched out of the boy's hand and unfurled to the morning breeze three long, resplendent feet of hair, some horse's without question, but of that peculiar shade of mane which made Robert the pride of my sister's ranch. I needed not to rush into the stable to know the truth, but I did, and there I wept for Robert. Solemnly he stood in his stall—stalwart, massive as ever, erect of head, bearing himself the king that he was, yes, but—my readers, you surely must have guessed it—his tail was missing! Missing, gone, departed, or whatever you wish; cut off as far as hand and shears could reach, and there remained now nothing but the mutilated stump, and a few neglected hairs that stood up as if in protest at the separation. I was buried in deep regret at the loss of such an essential part of the horse's beauty, when I noticed a prospecting mosquito that had perched on one of his flanks and begun to eat its fill on that undisturbed field. Of a sudden Robert woke up from his reverie, or whatever state he was in, and called forth the usual remedy, namely, his tail. But the tail responded not; and my! how that stump did twitch! From side to side and up and down it wiggled, it squirmed, it writhed, until no longer able to restrain my bottled mirth, I laughed long, loud, and boisterously.

But oh, the look that horse turned upon me! It was one vast medley of mingled reproach, distress, tearfulness, and wild dismay, which sobered me on the instant, and turned my laughter into quick

solicitations. Another minute, and I think that horse would have died of broken heart. I caressed him and brushed away the ram-paging mosquito, and spoke soothing words into his open ears, and then I found that he was crying, yes, weeping silent tears on my up-turned shoulder. But soon he had stopped and was looking more himself, and so I left him for a few moments to go and tell my sister, Helen, of the catastrophe, if such I may call it.

"What! His tail cut off?" she moaned, "Oh, poor, poor Robert! And winter just coming on, too; he surely will catch his death of cold."

Cold! Cold! Ye Gods!

"Woman alive," I cried, "what can cold have to do with it? Can't you possibly know that the looks of the horse are spoiled for a period of at least three months?"

"Oh, what does that matter; I think there are enough horses on this ranch to go around for their looks. It's the sentimentality that I'll miss in Robert; he was always so—"

"Yes, that's true, but will you please tell me how you will drive ten miles to church next Sunday morning?"

"Why Harry, aren't there plenty of horses besides Robert to drive to church?"

"My dear lady," I answered, "must I, an ignorant stranger from the city, inform you that in the routine of ranch life there is such a thing as a round-up?"

"Oh Harry, you're right; I hadn't thought of that! All the horses save Robert are out on the round-up. How will we ever get to church? The round-up won't be finished for a month!"

"You might borrow one somewhere," I feebly suggested.

"Why sure! There's Drexel's only eight miles from here; won't you walk over there this afternoon and borrow one?"

Drexel's! The word called me to my senses. Was it not this very afternoon that Margaret Drexel had promised to go riding with me. Riding with me, riding with me, riding with me! What was I to ride on? An automobile might spring out of the earth, or an airship drop from the clouds—in a city they might, but not on this wild, Western ranch.

At this juncture my train of thought was interrupted.

"Well, why don't you say yes?"

"I'll let you know," I cried somewhat peevishly, "that I have an engagement to go riding with Margaret Drexel this afternoon, and I don't propose borrowing any of her horses!"

"Ho-ho, so that's it! But Harry"—here she grew sympathetic—"I don't see any way out of it for you. Of course you couldn't borrow one of her horses and then go riding with her, and still I

know you want to keep that engagement badly. We'll have to think of something before noon. I've got to go to work now for— Oh say, did you know cousin Ed was coming out this afternoon?"

"Who, Ed Norton? Say, we will have some times together! But whose going to meet him? No horse, no—"

"Oh, I think he can find his way here all right. He'll get a horse at the station, and oh Harry!—why didn't I think of it before—you can ride to Drexel's on the horse that brings him here!"

A load was taken off my mind and I again went out to the stable to resume my interrupted consolations with Robert. But looking in through the door I saw there Jimmy, with both arms tightly wrapped around the horse's neck, and judging him a far more competent consoler than myself, I took me back to the house to prepare my toilet for the coming events.

Yes, Ed Norton came—at twelve o'clock sharp—but he took no horse with him. Moreover he did not ride any.

"Alas," say you, "he must have walked!"

No, gentle reader, he was not the kind to wear out ten miles of shoe leather. Only one more guess. No, he didn't fly—he was no angel, save in one respect—over the country, on clear stretch and winding, at a cool sixty miles an hour! Yes, his new auto, shipped all the way from Denver, turned the trick.

It was rather unhospitable of me, but I had to do it. After lunch I accosted the owner of the auto.

"Say Ed, as a special favor on your part, would you mind lending me that car this afternoon? I've got a pressing engagement on, and there are no horses about."

"Sure; Helen told me all about it."

Very much relieved I hastened to acquaint myself with the auto.

It was a proud and fluttering heart that was in my breast that sunny afternoon, as I drove the machine up to the Drexel homestead. Margaret was at the gate, feverish with delight at this new novelty.

"But Mr. Norton," she protested mildly, "I thought you said you were going riding this afternoon."

"Well, isn't this riding? I hope you didn't think I meant an old stiff-backed mare," I lied.

"But I never knew you had an automobile."

"Oh! I just had it shipped here for the occasion!"

Very prettily she blushed as I helped her to a seat beside me.

That was the best ride I ever had. The country was beautiful—at least I suppose so—but I didn't trouble myself about the country. However, I noticed particularly two wonderfully large lakes of soft and tender blue; two more splendidly arched elms that surrounded

them and made you marvel at their beauty; then a smooth, slender hill arose strangely in accordance, but after that I could see nothing but roses, roses, roses. It was a heavenly ride indeed, and the sun went down all too soon, but as I left Margaret Drexel at her gate I had her promise for another ride the very next day.

That night I bought the auto from Ed Norton. Although I realized that he was charging an exorbitant price for its head, I nevertheless cheerfully tendered him my check. We had more rides together, Margaret and I. In a month she had declared a truce and began calling me "Harry;" a fortnight and it changed to "dear;" now she calls me both.

THE DEAD

How soft the moonlight falls upon the dead!
How soft they sleep! No sigh, no weary moan,
Escapes their stricken lips, cold as the stone
That presses down on the unfeeling head.
The deeds once done by them, the words once said
From memory's narrow, bounded pale have flown;
No penance can their evil deeds atone,
For they have finished life; they are the dead.

Alas, how small, how mean and incomplete
Do their most vaunted victories now appear!
And now how little do they reck the trend
Of anything of earth! Before the seat
Of the Eternal One they wait in fear,
And judged, pass on. And such shall be my end!

Leo A. McGivena, A. B. '16



[ARTHUR B. RANKIN, A. B., M. B.]

Arthur B. Rankin

Bohumil E. Pechous, M. D. '14

ARTHUR B. RANKIN, A. B., M. B., was born at Sterling, Ontario, on April 27, 1884. After he had successfully terminated his preliminary education at Parkdale Collegiate Institute, he entered the University of Toronto, from which institution he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1904, and in 1906 his medical degree. While developing his mind at the university, Doctor Rankin did not forget the physical man. He played on the football team from 1902 to 1905 and on the baseball team from 1901 to 1905. From the time of his graduation till 1907, he was interne at the Toronto Orthopedic Hospital; Assistant in the Department of Biology of Toronto University, and later interne at the Toronto General Hospital. The following two years we find the Doctor in Chicago, occupying the following positions: Instructor in Orthopedics at the Northwestern University Medical School; Attending Surgeon to the Hospital for Crippled Children; and Assistant of Alexander Hugh Ferguson. In 1910, when Bennet was affiliated with Loyola University, he was one of the luminaries added to the Faculty, in the capacity of Demonstrator in Anatomy. From 1911 up to the present time, he has held the positions of Junior Dean and Head of the Department of Anatomy. He is a member of the Alpha Kappa Kappa Fraternity of Toronto University.

With the advent of Doctor Rankin, the anatomical department became the best in the city both in its teaching quality and in its equipment. One cannot appreciate the Doctor's power as a lecturer, till he has heard him. A few minutes spent in his lecture room, will suffice to convince you that you have listened to a teacher. He is not only a clear, interesting and forceful speaker, but being gifted with the power of an artist, he can supplement his lectures with beautiful diagrams, which impress the subject more strongly on the students. The keen sense of humor that pervades his talk, makes the hour pass by so quickly that one imagines that he has but entered the class room.

Doctor Rankin believes that there is a time for play and a time for study. He is not one of those "Ironclad Superiors" who think that a student should do nothing else but study. All who have been through his hands, know that he enjoys a laugh just as well

as any of the students; but when he says, "Get busy," that means all foolishness is put aside and the serious side of school introduced.

One of the things which make the Doctor so popular among the students is the fact that during intermissions he will spend much of his time with them and discuss topics as if he were one of them. He takes a friendly, or better still, a paternal interest in each and every student. He is always willing to listen to their troubles, and assist them in any way he can, even if it be only some good advice.

In all the time that Doctor Rankin has been connected with the University, there has not been a single class or university affair which has not felt his assisting hand. Some of our social functions would have been only mediocre successes, but his coöperation in procuring the necessary financial support, turned them into the banner events of the institution.

He has also taken great interest in the athletics of the University. He has done as much as any one, and more than most of the members of the Faculty, toward elevating the name of Loyola in the world of athletics. So far the Doctor has not missed a home or out of town football game. He has not only followed the team himself, but always endeavored to induce as many as possible to go along with him, thus developing a true college spirit so essential in the building up of a University.

Doctor Rankin is in a good position to discuss the benefits of College Athletics both to the school and to the student, for he has had experience along these lines both as a participant and as an observer. When approached on this subject, he briefly said: "All the greatest schools of the country are represented in the athletic field. No school has ever become prominent or extensively known unless it showed supremacy in this department as well as in its educative capabilities. Remove athletics, and you remove one of the sources of friendly competition; remove competition and you remove interest in such matters. A school without athletics has no attraction for the student body as a whole. The strongest and most loyal college spirit is born, enkindled, and matured on the college field. The universities of yesterday are the universities of today because of college spirit. For a student takes great pride in the victories of his school, and they stimulate him to seek greater laurels. And as a loyal alumnus he will strive to add greater honor to his Alma Mater.

"Athletics beside being of benefit to the school are also of great importance to the students. A man should develop both mentally and physically. One without the other does not constitute our idea of a perfect man, relatively speaking. Again it is true enough

that the human being may be spoken of as a machine, but we have not, nor shall we ever, come to that stage, when we shall be intended for one special kind of work as our great manufacturing machines of today. As long as this is true we must satisfy the needs of the body. After a student has worked for hours over his books, some exercise, no matter what it is, will refresh him and give him renewed energy to proceed in his work. A systematic form of exercise and one that includes all functions of the body is undoubtedly the best. When I think of all these advantages, I am convinced that it would be a good idea to establish athletics in the curriculum of a school."

Angelus

John Fitzgerald, A. B., '16

Clear through the young day thrilling,
Swelling with life renewed,
Long for the hearts of the willing,
With courage and hope imbued.

Soft in the noon glare falling,
Courage the note it rings ;
Hope in the anthem calling,
Strength is the song it sings.

Sweet through the shadows stealing,
Bidding all strife to cease,
A blessing its burthen, pealing
A blessing, a song of peace.

The Transmutation of Narada Fatima

John Aaron Colnon, A. B. '14

THE air was so limpid that from the promontory one could see clearly every distant tree, as far as Kadi-Kioi. The whole of the immense profile of Constantinople stood out against the sky with such a clearness of line and rigor of color, that every minaret, obelisk, and cypress tree could be counted one by one from Seraglio Point to the tapering end of the Bosphorus. The straits assumed a wonderful ultramarine color; the heavens, the color of amethyst in the East, were on fire behind the city, tinting the horizon with infinite lights of rose and carbuncle that might only be imagined similar to that on the first day of creation; Constantinople darkened, Kadi-Kioi became golden, and Scutari, struck by the last rays of the setting sun, with every pane of glass giving back the glow, looked like a city on fire. There followed one rapid succession of the softest tints; pallid gold, rose and lilac, which quivered and floated over the sides of the hills and the water, every moment giving and taking away the prize of beauty from each part of the city, and revealing a thousand modest graces of the landscape that had not dared to show themselves in the full light. Then all Constantinople was in shadow, and a thousand voices from a thousand minarets announced the close of day.

But Narada Fatima did not look up and was utterly oblivious of the beauty about her, though perhaps this neglect was traceable to the fact that she had grown up in the midst of these magnificent spectacles. Instead, she stood in the heart of this joyous world, as much a part of the throbbing, irresponsible summer as the golden canary which fluttered vainly in her hand. From below, across the shore, came the shouts and laughter of the Turkish children who played at the water's edge; and from above, from a mosque high up on a hill, drifted down the mellifluous notes of its evening bell.

And every note of color in the varied landscape from the flaming roses to the sheer whiteness of the lily, was repeated in her silken trousers, her lace tunic, her anklets of beaten gold strung with turquoise, her tiny turned-up slippers with silk tassels on their toes, her bird-net with which she silently flitted about in the long grasses, catching the hidden canaries.

The constant echo of war that sounded around her disturbed

her no more than it did the clouds overhead. All day long the bugles had sounded from the fortress, and always and always the soldiers went marching away to the front. Down in the town itself were long, white hospitals where thirty thousand sick and wounded soldiers lay. No thought of the horror of it came to trouble Narada Fatima. The sun gladly and freely gave up his light to the world, and so must the country give up its men for the Sultan. Her father had ridden away, then one brother, then another, and she had laughed as she bade them good-bye.

To Narada Fatima life was a very simple matter. She rose when the sun climbed over the mountains; bathed her face and hands in perfumed water, partook of her breakfast. She then helped her mother about the duties of the house. These simple chores being accomplished, she took her little package of food, and leaving the house, tripped off to school.

It was an English school, where she sat with hands folded through the long mornings, passively permitting the lessons to filter through her brain, and listening in smiling patience while the kind foreign ladies spoke incomprehensible things. Sometimes she helped pass the hours by watching the shadows of the dancing leaves outside; sometimes she told herself stories about "Ali Baba and the forty thieves" or about "a sailor named Sinbad." Again she would repeat the English words and phrases that she heard, and would puzzle out their meaning.

But the sum of her lore consisted in being happy; and when the shadows of the mountains began to slip across the land, she would dance back along the homeward way, singing with the birds, laughing with the rippling water, and adding her share of brightness to the sunshine of the world.

As she stood on this particular evening with her net poised over a canary, she heard the tramping of many feet. A slow cavalcade was coming around the road,—a long line of soldiers bearing canvas stretchers,—and in the rear, on horseback, was a foreign man with a red cross on his sleeve.

Narada Fatima scrambled up the bank and watched with smiling curiosity as the men halted to rest. On the stretcher nearest her lay a young Grecian prisoner. His blanket was drawn tight around his shoulders, and he lay very still, with lips set, gazing straight up to the blue above.

Then it was that Narada Fatima, gazing in frank inquisitiveness at the soldier, saw a strange thing happen. A tear formed on his lashes and trickled slowly across his cheek; then another and another until they formed a tiny rivulet. More and more curious, she drew yet nearer, and watched the tears creep unheeded down the

man's face. She was sure he was not crying, because soldiers never cry; it could not be the pain because his face was very smooth and calm. What made the tears drop, drop, on the hard pillow and why did he not brush them away?

A vague trouble dawned in the breast of Narada Fatima. Running back to the field she gathered a handful of wild flowers and returned to the soldier. The tears no longer fell, but his lips quivered and his face was distorted with pain. She looked about her in dismay. The soldiers were down by a river, drinking from their hands and calling to one another; the only person to whom she could appeal was the tall English surgeon who was adjusting a bandage for a patient, at the end of the line.

With halting steps and many misgivings, she timidly made her way to his side; then placing her bird-net on the ground she bowed profoundly before him. The embarrassment of speaking to a stranger and a foreigner almost overwhelmed her, but she mustered her bravest array of English, and pointing to the stretchers, faltered out her message:

"Soldier not very happy is he much? I tink soldier heart sorry."

The Red Cross surgeon looked up from his work and his eyes followed her gesture.

"He is hurt very badly," he said shortly; "no arms or no legs."

"So?—thank you," she said politely, then repeated his words in puzzled incomprehension: "No arms? No arms?"

When she returned to the soldier she gathered up the flowers which she had dropped by the wayside, and timidly offered them to him. For a long moment she waited, then her smile faded and her hand dropped. With a child's quick sensitiveness to rebuff, she was turning away when an exclamation recalled her.

The prisoner was looking at her in a strange, distressed way; his deep-set black eyes glanced down first at one bandaged shoulder and then at the other, then he shook his head.

As Narada Fatima followed his glance, a startled look of comprehension sprang into her face. "No arms," she repeated softly as the meaning dawned upon her, and with a little cry of sympathy she ran forward and gently laid her flowers on his breast.

The cavalcade moved on, under the cool, sweet shades of evening, over the smooth white road, under the arching cypress trees; but little Narada Fatima stood under a tree and watched it with troubled eyes. A dreadful something was stirring in her breast, something clutched at her throat, and she no longer saw the things about her. Kneeling by the roadside, she loosened the cover of a little wicker basket and gently raised it. Slowly at first, and then

with eager wings, a dozen captive canaries fluttered back to freedom.

* * * * *

Not far from the shores of the Bosphorus, in a rudely improvised hospital, lay the wounded Grecian, and Servian, and Bulgarian prisoners. To one of the small rooms at the end of the ward reserved for the fatally wounded patients a self-appointed nurse came daily, and rendered her tiny service in the only way she knew.

Narada Fatima's heart had been so wrought upon by the sad plight of her soldier friend that she had begged to be taken to see him and to be allowed to carry him flowers with her own hand. Her mother was quick to be gracious to a fallen foe and it was with her consent that Narada Fatima went day after day to the hospital.

The nurses humored her childish whim, thinking each day would be the last; but as the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months, her visits became an established fact.

And the young Greek, lying on his rack of pain, learned to watch for her coming as the one hour of brightness in an interminable night of gloom. He made a sort of sun-dial of the cracks in the floor, and when the shadows reached a certain spot his tired eyes grew eager, and he turned his head to listen for the soft pat of the little red slippers that was sure to sound along the hall.

Sometimes she would bring her picture books and read to him wonderful stories in words he did not understand, and show him pictures of San Bey who was born out of a peach and who grew to be a great man. And in the telling Narada Fatima's eyes would brighten and her voice would thrill, while her slender brown finger pointed out the pictures.

Sometimes she would sing to him, in soft minor strains, of the beauty of the snow or the mountain-tops, or the wonders of the Koran.

And he would pucker his white lips and try to whistle the accompaniment, to her great amusement and delight.

Many were the treasures she brought forth from her little basket, and many were the devices she contrived to amuse him. The most ambitious achievement was a miniature garden where grasses stood for forests, and a saucer of water, surrounded by moss and pebbles, made a shining lake across which was a bridge.

He would watch her deft fingers fashioning the minute objects, and listen to her endless prattle in her soft, unknown tongue, and for a little space the pain-racked body would relax and the cruel furrows vanish from his brow.

But there were days in which the story and the song and the play had no part. At such times Narada Fatima slipped in on tip-

toe and took her place at the head of the cot where he could not see her. Sitting on her heels, with hand folded in hand, she watched patiently for hours, alert to adjust the covers or smooth the pillow, but turning her eyes away when the spasms of pain contorted his face. All the latent maternity in the child rose to succor his helplessness. The same instinct that had prompted her to play with a doll when yet a mere baby herself, made her accept the burden of his suffering and to mother him with a very passion of tenderness.

Long and sultrier grew the days; the wistaria drooped, hanging in feathery festoons from many a trellis, and the flaming azalea; and the lotus floated sleepily in the ditches by the roadside.

Still the soul of the young Greek was held a prisoner in his shattered body, and the spirit in him grew restive at the delay. Months had passed before the surgeon told him his release was at hand. It was early in the morning, and the sun fell in long, level rays across his cot. He turned his head and looked wistfully at the distance it would have to travel before it would be afternoon.

The nurse brought the screen and placed it about the bed—the last service she could render. For hours the end was expected, but moment by moment he held death at bay, refusing to accept the freedom that he had so earnestly longed for. At noon the sky became overcast and the slow falling of rain was heard on the low, wooden roof. But still his fervent eyes watched, and he waited for her coming.

At last the sound of her footsteps was heard without, and in a moment Narada Fatima slipped past the screen and dropped on her knees beside him. Under one arm was tightly held a small white kitten, her final offering at the shrine of love.

When he saw her quaint little figure, a look of peace came over his face and he closed his eyes. An interpreter, knowing that a prisoner was about to die, came to the bedside and asked if he wanted to leave any message. A long pause followed, during which the spirit seemed to hover irresolute upon the brink of eternity.

Narada Fatima sat motionless, her lips parted, her face full of the awe and the mystery of death. Presently he stirred and turned his head slowly till her eyes were on a level with his own.

"Farewell," he whispered faintly, and tried to smile; and Narada Fatima, summoning all her courage to restrain the tears, smiled bravely back and whispered, "Farewell."

It was scarcely said before the spirit of the prisoner started forth upon his final journey, but he went not alone. The soul of a child went with him, leaving in its place the tender, new-born soul of a woman.

Bacteriology

Emanuel Apostolides, M. D. '15

IN THE latter part of the 17th century the Dutch naturalist, Antoon van Leuwenhoek, with simple lenses ground by himself, discovered in the mouth, in the excreta, in the water, and in other matters examined by him, the presence of countless bodies of smaller dimensions than anything hitherto seen. These minute bodies he called "animalcules." Judging from his text and illustrations, they were doubtless the microorganisms we now know by the name bacteria. So, although generally Bacteriology is considered as a modern science, and perhaps properly so as regards certain of its most important developmental aspects, in reality it dates back to the 17th century.

The philosophers and scientists of those days immediately seized upon the new discovery which offered an explanation for many hitherto unexplained phenomena; and we are told, that for a time there prevailed almost a "germ mania." But singular as it may seem, it took nearly two centuries before any noteworthy observations were made and methods of work devised that went far towards starting the subject on its way as a science. In more modern times bacteriology dates from the epoch-making investigations of Koch and of Pasteur conducted during the eighth decade of the 19th century.

Probably the most important results of applied Bacteriology are those in connection with preventive medicine. Therefore a large number of professional men believe that this branch of science belongs entirely to the medical profession. This idea, however, is erroneous. The scope of bacteriology is very widespread in its nature, and a knowledge of its teaching is of paramount importance not only in medicine but in the industries. It is of vast importance not only to the physician, but to the nurse as well; not only to the chemist but to the pharmacist. The inspector needs it, the manufacturer must have a knowledge of its advantage. In the study of agricultural phenomena from the bacteriological standpoint knowledge has been equally extended. The prosperous farmer today knows that the leguminous plants when assisted, symbiotically, by certain soil bacteria, are enabled to make up their nitrogen deficit in large part from the free nitrogen of the air; a fact that sheds important light upon the significance of plants of this type

in the practice of "rotation of crops." Under normal conditions, instead of impoverishing the soil, the legumes—clover, peas, beans, etc.—with the aid of the bacteria attached to their roots, may actually enrich it. The applications of bacteriological methods to the study of dairy processes has revealed the interesting fact that the delicate flavors to which butter and cheeses owe their commercial value, are directly due to the products of growth of certain species or groups of species of bacteria and more highly organized molds. A number of such species have been isolated and are kept in pure cultivation—so that by purposely inoculating the fresh cream with them, butter of uniform flavor may with comparative ease be produced.

In speaking of bacteria we should take into consideration not only the damaging effects that some of them produce in the human body, but we must also consider the good that some of them do to us, as if in compensation for the wicked acts of their fellow members. It is impossible for any large community to have none but good and benevolent members. Take for instance the human family; we find it similar and analogous in this respect to the family of microscopic organisms,—good and bad, honest and wicked. Hence when we hear of bacteria we must not think that all of them are bad, because there are many good and benevolent ones.

To illustrate the importance of bacteriology we have only to remember that germs are to be found almost everywhere on earth where human beings live. They are on the ground we walk, in the air we breathe, on the food we eat, in the water we drink—they are with us, they are in our bodies. A large proportion of them are beneficial to us and we need their association; another portion again are entirely dangerous to us and the sooner we exterminate them the better. Such being the case, how can any one doubt the importance of bacteriological knowledge? The knowledge of bacteriology is not only important but necessary also. And that this science is not so widely known outside of the medical world is due to the fact that it is comparatively a new one and the people do not as yet realize its importance.

The day is coming when bacteriology will be considered a necessary study for every one, and I dare say that it is even now at hand. The farmer will be educated in the advantages of its knowledge, the manufacturer as to the best use of it in his business, and the general public will be interested for its own self protection.

Little Chats with Big Alumni

Lambert K. Hayes, A. B. '15

David F. Bremner, Jr.

THAD LOYOLA UNIVERSITY a hall of fame, David Bremner, Jr., would occupy no unimportant place in it. And rightly so, because of all the alumni, few ever equalled and none ever surpassed his interest in college affairs. In fact, his attachment for his alma mater passed all ordinary bounds and even, so it would seem, went so far as to determine the location of his business. For these are in such close proximity to each other that were one to ask his way of a native of the locality, he would invariably be directed to St. Ignatius by means of Bremner Bros., or to Bremner Bros. by means of St. Ignatius.

To tell the truth, Mr. Bremner even insinuated this as the cause of his business location when he said: "I am never so at home as when at my business." For we feel that we interpret him rightly when we attribute this homelike feeling not so much to the business itself as to the old familiar scenes that surround.

"Be that as it may," David Bremner, Jr., was born in Chicago, Ill., July 20, 1872, and was a product of the famous old Holy Family parish. His early primary education was received at the Guardian Angel's parochial school, but on the opening of Fr. O'Neills, better known as the Brothers' school, he repaired there, where he completed the grammar grades. It was in the middle of the eighties that he entered St. Ignatius College, and after the completion of poetry, in '89, he went to St. Mary's, Kan., where he finished his rhetoric and philosophy, receiving his A. B. degree in 1891. Mr. Bremner's career has ever been in the business field, and now after twenty years of industrious labor he and his brothers are the proud possessors of one of the largest, most modern and best equipped bakeries in the country.

This article is pushed for time, so if it lacks polish and humor we needs must apologize to Mr. Bremner, for his interview lacked neither. The conversation naturally drifted to his college days, and as is ever the case, he stoutly declared his class was the finest Loyola ever knew. To be candid, we must admit he put forth such persuasive arguments to substantiate his statement that he almost convinced us ours only ran a second best.

"We have many reasons to be proud," said he. "But I think that in which our class glories most is the fact that we are the only one which ever gave a bishop to the church. For the Rt. Rev. Peter Paul Rhode was one of us. Could I now recall every member of our class you would recognize in each a successful man of to-day, but my memory fails me. I can at present remember few among whom are the Rev. James Daly, S. J., at present stationed at Prairie Du Chien, and Eugene Keeley of the Keeley Brewing Company."

Mr. Bremner remembered few important events of his college career. "School was pretty much the same in those days at it is to-day," he said. "The chief sport in which we excelled was baseball, but though I was always an enthusiastic fan I never played on the nine. St. Ignatius in those days never knew defeat; year after year they went through the season with a clean sheet." Here Mr. Bremner grew reminiscent. "It was no wonder then that after I left for St. Marys and made the team out there it became our one desire to defeat the Chicago boys. We came here, but it was beyond our fondest hope to expect for victory. Ignatius regarded the games as mere practice and oh, what a jolt it was for them when we took two out of three."

Here Mr. Bremner paused long enough to permit the industrious scribe to record his recollections. And in answer to the scribe's query as to the value of a college training in business said: "I consider no training so beneficial to a business man as a course in the classics, and in particular such a one as is received in Jesuit colleges. I know from experience that it was this early training to which I can attribute much of my success."

The interview was only too brief, as everything pleasant is, and the scribe after taking his leave settled himself to the difficult task of faithfully recording the experiences of one of our alumni leaders.

Jaeger, Medicus

Leo. A. McGivena, A. B. '16

CHAPTER I.—Which deals with the inmates of Mrs. Smith's boarding house.

JAEGER was late for supper again—as usual. Mrs. Smith declared herself quite “aggravated.” Mr. Jaeger ought to be accommodating at least, she said, when she let him have the third floor front off-the-hall room, and burn all the gas he wanted, for three dollars a week. But some people never had any gratitude no matter how much——

Just then Jaeger appeared—much in the same manner as a certain personage of evil repute is supposed to appear when talked about—and hurried upstairs. Mrs. Smith remained discreetly silent. A moment later Jaeger came down into the dining-room; and after a brief and rather frosty greeting from his landlady, devoted himself to his meager portion of meat and potatoes, formally known as “lam’ stoo.”

Jaeger was hungry, and the stew was nearly cold. Therefore he lost no time in talking. The others about the table, however, had already finished eating and were engaged in conversation upon that always fresh topic—the national game. The issue at stake was, whether the Giants or Red Sox would win the national championship. Casey, the plumber’s apprentice, had started the discussion with Jones, the shoe salesman, who traitorously upheld the Red Sox. Naturally, a subject of such vital import could not be restricted, and everybody had something to say—except Luella.

Luella was the landlady’s daughter, a thin, plain looking girl, and immensely conceited. Her chief claim to distinction was her “education;” three and one-half (don’t forget the half) years at a public high-school, where she had acquired a *passion grand* for culture (with a Capital C), and amatory romances of the Laura Jean Libbey type. As Luella did not consider baseball a sufficiently aesthetic topic for polite conversation, she kept silent, and wished that Mr. Nibbles were there. Who was Mr. Nibbles? Mr. Nibbles, be it remarked, was a person of considerable importance about the Smith ménage. Mr. Nibbles, in the language of the sophisticated, was the “star” boarder who occupied the largest room and sat on the right side of the landlady, which privilege

gave Mr. Nibbles first choice of all the viands before they started on the circuit round the table. By occupation Mr. Nibbles was a broker's clerk, employed in a downtown bucket shop. To hear Mr. Nibbles speak of himself, one instantly conceived him as a financial power; and Mr. Nibbles further fostered the conception by speaking learnedly of high finance, and giving vague tips. This evening, however, although it was past seven o'clock, Mr. Nibbles had not yet come in, and the lorn Luella was left to commune within herself concerning Mr. Nibbles' whereabouts.

Meanwhile the valiant Casey, having destroyed to his own satisfaction the Red Sox's outfield, laid siege to their pitching staff.

"Where," said Casey, "kin ye show me a pitcher like Mathewson? Have the Rid Sox's got wan? They hev not."

Mr. Jones could not show him one. Apparently the Red Sox had not. Miss Smithers, the stenographer, however, by some obscure psychological process, connected the well known pitcher's name with a totally different topic, and said innocently, "Oh, I just love to see Mathewson in movin' pictures!"

Miss Marie, the manicure, smiled sweetly and said "Me too."

And both waited for their gentle hint to take effect. Just as soft-hearted Casey seemed to be throwing himself into their net, another interruption ensued which altogether changed the trend of conversation. Mr. Nibbles arrived.

Did Mrs. Smith glare at this second late-comer? Mrs. Smith did not! On the other hand, Mrs. Smith hurried out to the kitchen and returned with a plate of delicately browned chops.

Mr. Nibbles tucked away the tails of his Prince Albert (why do broker's clerks always wear Prince Alberts?) and surveyed the chops.

"For me?" arching his eyebrows.

Mrs. Smith nodded. "Luella cooked them," smiling.

Mr. Nibbles cut into one of the chops. "Mm-mm! Veal!" And forthwith Mr. Nibbles winked appreciatively at Luella and fell to.

At the mention of veal, a slight ripple of dissatisfaction circled round the table, ostensibly from those who had dined on stew—Jaeger alone excepted. Jaeger as a medical man was opposed to veal, anyway. Mrs. Smith, however, quickly quenched the spark of rebellion. "When other people eat all the stew, we can't expect Mr. Nibbles to go without anything, can we Mr. Nibbles?" Whereupon the dissenting murmur died.

After that there was silence for a time, till Mr. Nibbles got ready to speak. Did Mr. Nibbles have something to say? Mr. Nibbles did—everybody could see that Mr. Nibbles' very appear-

ance shrieked with importance. So, when Mr. Nibbles had disposed of a chop and the room was completely silent, he looked around at his expectant audience, and lowering his voice to a properly confidential tone, began.

"Pulled off great deal to-day.—Just got in now.—Millionaire from Chicago.—Steel preferred.—Goin' to plunge." All this between bites of chop. Mr. Nibbles indulges in much shaking of head, apparently anticipatory. Then, still more confidentially, "Y'see Steel's low now—down to sixty-two. He's goin' buy a lot, see!—Get corner or market—buy 'em all up. Then, y'see—there's bound to be a big boom. Oughta jump to a hundred, anyway.—If our firm buys for him"—eloquent pause—"I'll be on Easy Street. Big commissions, y'know. Besides"—significant gesture—"I'm goin' to cop on to a few shares myself an' make hay while the makin's good. Now if any o' the rest of you," looking around him, "want to chip in—y'r welcome. Chance of a lifetime!"

Having thus generously delivered himself, Mr. Nibbles gave his entire attention to the remaining chops. Then the calm burst. Everybody talked—but Jaeger. Jaeger had lived at Mrs. Smith's for three years now, and had come to recognize these financial opportunities of Mr. Nibbles as regular bi-monthly occurrences which in no way affected the regime of the house. Not so the others, however. The Celtic imagination of Casey was fired by the thought of such "easy money," and he bewailed loudly his present lack of means to invest. Jones, the shoe salesman, said likewise; and when Miss Marie murmured wistfully "Gee! it must be great to be rich!" she pretty accurately echoed the sentiments of the rest.

When Mr. Nibbles had dined and polished his manicured nails upon the napkin for a sufficiently long period, Mrs. Smith arose and sailed forth majestically to the kitchen, bearing her dishes with her. By which action, supper was formally ended. Mr. Nibbles, having delicately conveyed to Luella the fact that he had two theater tickets, assisted her with her wraps, and after a meaning glance had passed between mother and daughter, the officious Mr. Nibbles and the pleased Luella left the house. The other members of the house went into the parlor, and Jaeger went upstairs to his own room to prepare his recitations for the following day.

Jaeger was an orphan, and had been one as long as he could remember. Drifting about the streets, living wherever he could, and occasionally attending school, Jaeger had lead a precarious and unhappy existence until a small legacy from some relative in Europe had left him free to follow his ambition—to study medicine. From the first time when he had understood what a doctor was, and seen his tubercular parents ushered out of the world less pain-

fully with the doctor's aid, this desire had grown to be a consuming passion with him. He had mended broken birds' legs and doctored sick cats, once even performed a difficult surgical operation upon a rat (defunct), at an age when the tendency of most youngsters is to destroy rather than save.

His early experiences had somehow given him a rather cynical outlook of life. He looked upon his fellow boarders with something of contempt; contempt at their petty struggles and ambitions, all apparently directed to wealth in one form or another. And since contempt is scarcely conducive to friendship, he was left rather severely alone, and lived his own life as he pleased.

He read steadily till nearly eleven o'clock, when Mrs. Smith knocked on the door and asked him (as she did every night) in icily polite tones, "Mr. Jaeger, will you please be so kind as to shut your transom so the rest of us won't be kept awake by your light?"

Jaeger wearily put his books away and turned out the light. Throwing up his window, he leaned out and looked down upon the moonlit city.

The events of the evening, especially the supreme glorification of Nibbles, had all tended to produce a peculiar depression of spirits in him; a temporary spasm of disgust such as all of us occasionally experience when we see too much of the same scenes and people. He wondered dully whether the whole of life was an endless repetition of Caseys and Jones, Nibbles and Luellas and Smiths; earth-worms all about, when one longed to meet a giant.

Just then two figures came around the corner and down the street; Mr. Nibbles and Luella returning from the theater. He watched their slow progress down the street, Luella leaning heavily on Mr. Nibbles' arm all the way. When they were outside of the house they stopped. Mr. Nibbles stepped up very close to Luella. Luella stepped away quickly and said in saccharine tones "Oh Char—ley!"

Jaeger, vaguely disgusted, went to bed.

(To be continued.)



REV. JAMES F. X. HOEFFER, S. J.

Death of Two Noted Jesuits

WITHIN the short space of ten days, death claimed two of the most prominent members of the Jesuit Order in Illinois. Reverend James F. X. Hoefffer died of paralysis on October 14, and Reverend Edward J. Gleeson passed away after a lingering illness on October 22.

REVEREND JAMES F. X. HOFFER, S. J.

Father Hoefffer was born in Cincinnati on February 1, 1852. After completing his studies at St. Francis Xavier College he entered the novitiate, September 3, 1869. He was ordained in 1885. His first appointment was to a professor's chair in Marquette University, Milwaukee, where he soon became noted as an eloquent and finished speaker. Four years later Father Hoefffer was made rector of Creighton College, Omaha. He continued in this office five years, and had the satisfaction of seeing the institution raised to the degree of a university. In 1894 he became President of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, the ninth in a series of distinguished administrators. Father Hoefffer's exceptional abilities now opened to him a position of still greater difficulty, the presidency of St. Louis University; but failing strength soon caused him to resign the duties of his office. After a year's rest he was appointed assistant at Sacred Heart Church, Chicago, and in 1907 succeeded the Reverend James Foley as pastor.

Father Hoefffer was a man of great zeal, energy and tact, and no man came under his influence without being bettered by it. His funeral took place on Friday, October 17, at Sacred Heart Church. His Grace, the Right Reverend Paul P. Rhode, celebrated the Mass and pronounced the absolution.

REVEREND EDWARD J. GLEESON, S. J.

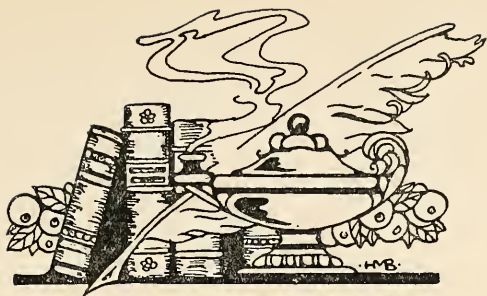
Reverend Edward J. Gleeson, one of the ablest and most active members of the Faculty of St. Ignatius College, died somewhat suddenly on Wednesday, October 22. Over a year ago he suffered a paralytic stroke which forced him to resign the chair of Philosophy; but on the day before his death he was able to walk, with

assistance, about the college, and there was no immediate apprehension of the end.

Father Gleeson was born in Foxboro, Mass., in 1851. He made his secondary studies at St. Louis University, and was admitted into the Society of Jesus in 1871. After his ordination he was in turn Vice-President of St. Mary's College, Kansas, and President of St. Louis University. In 1891 he took up what was to be his life work, the teaching of metaphysics and ethics. He taught for a time in Detroit and Milwaukee, but his great work was done in Chicago, where he held the chair of Philosophy for thirteen years. He was noted for exactness of thought and lucidity of expression. These qualities, combined with graciousness of manner and a lively interest in those under his care, enabled him to exert a great influence upon those who came in contact with him. As Moderator of the Alumni Association and lecturer on legal ethics in the Law School he attracted a host of friends.

The Right Reverend Paul P. Rhode celebrated the funeral Mass on Saturday, October 25, at Holy Family Church. The sanctuary was filled with members of the clergy. The students of St. Ignatius College attended in a body, and the Alumni Association was represented by a large number of members.





**A
Recent
Inconsis-
tency**

Of late there has been a noticeable tendency on the part of our modern dailies to decry against the increasing inefficiency of our public officials. Each day they tell us that such and such a public officer has been flagrant in his violation of his duty. Each day they lay special emphasis on the fact that the people are coming less and less to respect the laws. Now there comes a case where the officials have recognized their duty and performed it. And lo and behold these same dailies inconsistently declaim against the narrowmindedness and general inefficiency of these officials.

I refer to the case of Mrs. Pankhurst. This militant suffrage leader, by her own admission, has been guilty of moral turpitude. She has been imprisoned on six different occasions for crimes ranging from burning churches to smashing windows. For such violations of the law she is held as an "undesirable," as the immigration statutes state it. Now herein lies the inconsistency. These dailies fail to realize that the officials have but done their duty. They take a superficial view of the matter. They see Mrs. Pankhurst barred because she has ideals and has fought for them. They think of Mrs. Pankhurst as standing for woman suffrage, and they look upon her deportation as a rebuff to all suffrage. Such talk is absurd. There is a principle at stake and accordingly as they make or break that principle, they make or break the efficiency of our laws. If we admit Mrs. Pankhurst we must admit every Anarchist and Revolutionist. All three are transgressors; one is as bad as the other, since each in the attainment of his end uses the same means, the destruction of property. The president by reversing the order of the commissioner of immigration, and admitting Mrs. Pankhurst, must in all fairness admit Anarchists and Revolutionists. Besides he has openly countenanced disregard and disrespect for the law. The question now is, will the press be consistent. It remains to be seen.

WILLIAM G. DOOLEY.

**The
Sulzer
Case**

The only hope that Sulzer had in order to escape conviction was the technicality of the law. His vindication on moral grounds would have been quite impossible. Chief Judge Cullen, who declared Sulzer "not guilty" on all counts in his capacity as a judge, said in announcing his decision relative to the Sulzer campaign funds: "I am constrained to find that the respondent did take advantage of his nomination and candidacy for office to seek to personally enrich himself by diverting contributions which he received for campaign purposes. I find that the respondent knowingly signed a false campaign statement. And I find that he did verify this statement under oath, knowing it to be false. However, I must vote not guilty."

This, to our mind, seems to be a very fair and conservative opinion on the case of Sulzer, and one, which we heartily endorse. It seems to be a poor reflection on the morality of our citizenship when we read of the sympathy extended to a man openly convicted of being a hypocrite, a swindler, and a perjurer. Granting that he was the victim of Tammany, granting that he is but one of a multitude of the same character in our public life, granting that legally he should never have been declared guilty,—the fact remains that citizenship which pours forth maudlin sympathy to such a man is to be condemned and held responsible for the election of such an individual to office.

However, we incline to the opinion that it is not the public which is the author of this cheap sentimentality, but rather the public press which is ever seeking the sensational. We believe,—and let us hope we are right in the belief—that the public taken as a majority condemn Sulzer and will see to it that he never again holds office. If, however, public opinion favors Sulzer there is small reason to doubt that our present corruption in politics is to be but a sample of the wholesale corruption that would inevitably follow.

JOHN AARON COLNON.

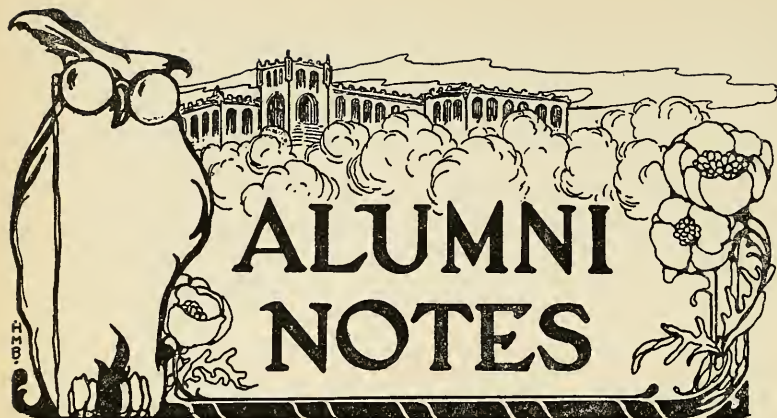
**Sex
Education**

No religion, no ethics; no ethics, no morality; no morality, no state. This logical sequence of negations is causing many a contracted brow among the eminent educators of today. They recognize the impossibility of any certain religious teaching in the public schools of this, the land of religious liberty. And the importance and frequency of vice commissions, the apprehension of the clergy, expressed in their sermons on immorality, the space given to this subject in our newspapers and magazines are sufficient proof that moral conditions are not bettering with the advance of time. Educators, assuming

ignorance to be the root of immorality, see clearly the evident and urgent need of some deterrent element in public education. They propose to satisfy this need by the introduction of Sex Hygiene. Let us predict the failure of this innovation; it has failed in other cities—it will fail here. And why? In the first place, who would be qualified to lecture on this subject? Surely not a person whose moral actions are, at the best, questionable. Nor could it be a Protestant, nor a Baptist—nor a Catholic, nor anyone professing a definite religion; for his religious convictions much influence his teachings on a subject so intimately connected with religion, and in the public school there is to be no religious influence. And even though the instructors be men who profess some faith, they cannot let that faith influence what they have to say. Moreover, do educators foolishly believe that the acquaintance with an evil guarantees the avoidance of that evil? A mere knowledge of sexual relations would arouse in an immature mind an impure curiosity that would be effective of undesirable results, if that knowledge were not backed up by sound principles of morality, the teaching of which necessitates the teaching of religion. Again the difference in characters, in associations, in environments, in the temperament of the individual, causes a difference in adolescence. And a general promiscuous instruction, on a delicate and necessarily personal subject like this, given to a class in which the degree of maturity differs in the every individual, is too dangerous an experiment to be permitted and too full of unpleasant possibilities to be successful.

ROBT. J. GARLAND.





Several old students of St. Ignatius who studied for the ministry have completed their theological course, and are now stationed in or near the city. Among them is Father Paul J. Roederer, familiarly known while at college as "Cap." In his day Father Roederer was celebrated as a handball player, and he has dropped in once or twice to show the boys some of the finer points of the game.

Father Thomas McNicholas, '07, was ordained at Rome on Trinity Saturday. He is now stationed at the Visitation Church.

Father Thomas Friel, ex '08, is stationed at St. Malachy's.

Father Francis Wagner, ex '09, is stationed at Joliet.

Father Philip Traynor, ex '95, was recently appointed pastor of St. Ailbe's. He has just returned from a seven month's trip around the world.

We were glad to receive a note from Joseph Elward, '10, one of our most loyal alumni. After leaving college he was in the engineering department of the Western Electric Company, Hawthorne, for three years. He resigned this position on September 1 to accept the post of professor of English and Mathematics in St. Cyril's College. He is a member of the second year class of the Loyola Law School.

Andrew B. Boughan, who is practising law with offices in the Otis Building, is counsel for the Motion Pictures Exhibitors League.

J. P. Dunne, Com. '96, was cashier and auditor for the Chicago Evening Post for eleven years. He then resigned to accept a posi-

tion with the Efficiency Bureau, City of Chicago, and returned to the Post after an absence of twenty months.

State Senator Frank Hurley is attending lectures at the Loyola College of Law.

Louis Brosseau, '06, was married on June 20 to Miss Helen Geraghty, sister of Francis B. Geraghty, '00. Our heartiest congratulations.

Another member of the class of '06, Michael F. McGovern, who was formerly secretary to the County President, is now with the Federal Electric Company.

John A. Shannon was married recently to Miss Loretta Ryce. He is manager of the bond department of the Continental and Commercial National Bank.

Henry L. Venn, '06, is in the business of manufacturing oil engines for irrigation purposes.

John Pierre Roche, one of the famous editors of the old "Collegian," is manager of the New York office of the McJunkin Advertising Agency.

J. Anthony Nolan travels for Knapps & Company, clothiers, Jacksonville, Ill. He was married recently and will reside in Chicago.

Boetius H. Sullivan, ex '05, the son of Roger C. Sullivan, is now practising law.

The Magazine extends its sympathy to Charles E. Byrne, former Editor-in-Chief, who lost his father on August 12. Mr. Byrne is now manager of the advertising and purchasing department of the Steger Piano Company, the largest in the world.

Gov. Edward F. Dunne displayed good judgment when he appointed George Crowley Secretary of the Lincoln Park Board.

Richard J. Finnegan is city editor of the Chicago Journal.

Ted Snowhook is married and is managing two hotels in Detroit.

John K. Murphy, '06, is Assistant State's Attorney.

Of last year's graduating class, James Fitzgerald, medalist and Editor of the Magazine, is teaching in the Newman School, Hackensack; George J. Zahringer is studying law at Northwestern; Edward V. Walsh is with Swift & Co.; Mark Lies is teaching in a local high school; Frank Streysman is recovering at leisure from the effects of matrimony; Louis D. Moorhead is studying medicine at Chicago; Walter E. Somers and Richard O'Donnell have not as yet reported.

News of the Departments

ARTS and SCIENCES

SENIOR CLASS.

Familiar sounds from Senior class room: "Pay me!" "No Bocks today." "Who's got the boy?" "Well, boys, Messinger, eh?" "You can have him. I don't want him." "No, I saw him first." "Oh, he is yours."

Our brilliant budding playwright, Mr. John Colnon, is in a very peculiar and embarrassing position, owing to the fact that the heroine absolutely refuses to have anything to do with the hero; and why? Nobody knows; it's just the way these things happen.

We all feel so sorry for Dooley; he tries so hard to get out of chapel and gets sent back so often.

Garland seems to be well informed of the contents of a certain fruit pantry. I wonder why so, Bob?

Carl Marx lost a valuable co-worker when Providence placed Bill Dooley in an age when socialism is already so well established. Speaking of socialism, that reminds me. Mr. Burke says that if he were a socialist he would advocate the removal of Father Effinger on some dark night, because then the cause would have nothing to fear and all would be clear sailing.

I hereby make public apology for all the bodily injury inflicted by me on Messrs. Burke, Colnon, Garland and Dooley; and after this they will think twice, thrice or four times before they attempt reducing me to such a condition that I will be a fit subject for the undertaker.

Philosophy teaches us, Bill, that what belongs to another is not yours. Take the hint, and leave your brother's cigars alone.

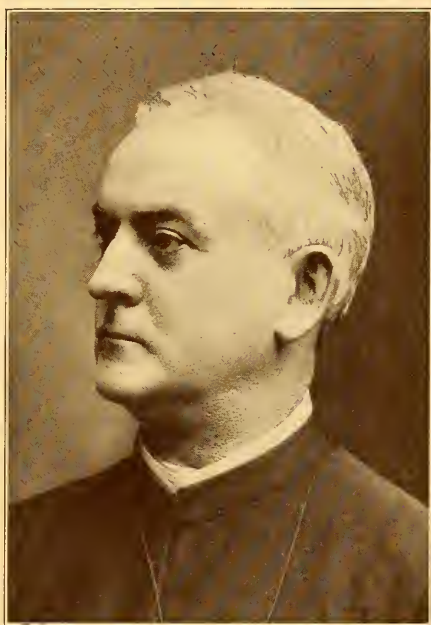
Take a tip from father, Bob, and don't strain your eyes so. It isn't worth it, and besides you might have to wear glasses.

They call me short; but shades of Brobdingnag, it is some consolation when I think I'm not like Colnon.

THOMAS A. CLENNON.

JUNIOR CLASS.

When the Juniors assembled in September they had lost two members, leaving the remainder exclusive indeed, but hardly a class. Later the addition of Hayes and of Byrnes, who returned from St. Mary's, increased the ranks of the new-fledged philosophers to seven, and also gave the heartless Seniors a chance to dub the Juniors "The Seven Sleepers," a title as false as it is alliterative. In revenge the Juniors are



REV. EDWARD J. GLEESON, S. J.

staging a tableau entitled "Worms and the Man," which will be a biting satire of all things Seniorian.

The first specimen in Philosophy was highly successful. Barring a few preliminary attacks of heart failure, the class performed nobly, and showed itself able to "nego" and "distinguo" without a tremor.

Lamb Hayes, politician, patron of the arts, and man of the world par excellence, lately delivered a series of absorbing lectures on "Art for Art's Sake," thereby causing a furor. Lamb is nothing if not modern in his views. He is at present engaged in proving that Shakespeare was fond of using slang. "Look at Lady Macbeth," he declaims, (full arm gesture, right hand, middle plane). Follows a dramatic pause, while we look as directed. "Why, she used to sling the slang worse than any fan. Look here, where she says, 'Good Night!' and furthermore, (Lamb is fond of that word), 'furthermore, I say, this queen later shouts out, 'O Proper Stuff!' Can you beat that?'"

And having thus vanquished the purists, he strolls triumphantly off to his favorite dairy lunch.

As all the Juniors suffer from bad colds, the French class is getting along swimmingly. When it comes to counting in French, however, the resulting disturbance reminds us of John Mollan's famous class in "Turkish as she is sneezed," held about three years ago.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

When the Sophomore Class convened in September, only three were missing: James Maher, who decided to attend St. Mary's this year; John McNamara, who is in business with his father, and John (Beef) Harrington, who is holding a responsible position with a well-known commission firm in this city. A welcome addition to the class was present, however: John Fitzgerald, formerly of the class of '15, but who had not attended school the last year.

Sophomoriana

Scene I. Act I.

Time: A little after noon.

Place: The Students' Library.

(Enter Rudziewiczus and addresses Murphius.)

Rudz.—

Ho Murphius, thou art a chemist, skilled
In divers dabb'l'ings and in formulae.
Come, let me see with what equation thou
Did'st manage number four, this cadmium.

Murph.—

My noble Rudziewiczus, methinks
Thy actions strange and unexplainable.

For when I hold opinions in the class,
 You jeer at me, as one that is a boob
 Because he dwelleth in Lemont. But when
 You want my chemistry, "Good Murphius,"
 You say, "Fair Murphius," and do forget
 I still live in Lemont. But let that pass.
 Now hark you this! I give you all of what
 You want, but for this you must give to me
 Tomorrow's theme ere three o'clock today!

Rudz.—

'Tis done—I promise—three o'clock today!

(Exit Murphius.)

Rudz.—

Ah ha! This farmer drives hard sales.
 And now to get the theme from Peterson
 To pay him back. Ah ha!

(Exit Rudziewiczus, scowling.)

(Enter Thielius, Vitmanskus, Nolanus, Fitzius, Larkinius and Cunnio.)

Thielius—

And now my fair Vitmanskus, come and do
 With me the day's geometry. Fain would
 I know if z is z, and m is k,
 Pray what will gamma be?
 (Thielius and Vitmanskus engage in discussion.)

Cunnio—

This wand'ring soul-fest mathematical
 Is far too much for me. What say'st thou, Larkinius?

Larkinius—

Me too—I wonder where I'll go tonight?

Nolanus—(cynically)—

Ha! what is it that they say of those
 Whose belly is their god, whose minds are filled
 With pleasures of this earth—

Cunnio—

Thou blathering Austinite! Yesterday eve,
 When I did call thee on the telephone,
 Thou answered not. Now tell us whether thou
 Had gone to bed as virtuous men should do,
 And shunned the pleasures of the night, or went
 Thou at the Austin Nickelodion?

Ah Ha! He answers not!

Fitzius—

Cut out th' infernal butthering, my friends.
 We all have something of the Pharisee
 Within our souls. I mind me of a man
 Whose name I will not mention, lest it bring
 The blush of shame unto his manly cheek,
 Who once, when I did call him on the phone,

Did answer in a voice so beautiful,
 A voice in which much milk and honey had
 Been poured—with words so shapen as to show
 He thought a maiden held the other end.
 But when he found 'twas I, methinks his tone
 Did savor slightly of disgust, and sound
 Too disappointed quite. And yet he is
 An honorable man—I like him none the less.

Kerwinus—

Ho listen here! Our Thielius doth stare
 At yonder wall, his oral cavity
 Agape, just as they say a thing bovine,
 A young and new-weaned calf, doth stare at times.
 It suffereth with colic. Thielius,
 What dost thou see?

Thielius—

I see upon the wall a point, whose length
 Is none, whose state is in infinity.
 This point x, y—is—let me think—

Larkinus—

The man is crazy or he dreams. No point
 Is that, good Thielius, no point, 'tis but
 A fly.
 A fly is not a point.

Scene II. Act I.

Time: 3 P. M.

Place: Classroom.

Murph.—

Ha! Rudziewiczus, the time is up.
 My bond—my theme—where is't?

Rudz.—

Ye gods! I did forget—Oh, wait a while.
 Reynoldius—did'st see Jawn Peterson?

Reynoldius—

Aye. Yes, I saw him but a while ago.

Rudz.—

Where, where?

Reynoldius—

'Twas in the print-shop, where I saw
 Him folding papers with a bone, the like
 Of which methinks is used to scoop the foam
 From ——.

Rudz.—

Oh hasten thou and bring him hither! Quick!
 (Reynoldius departs.)

Reynoldius—(looking)—

He is not in the press-room now; he must

Be in the book-store where, if in I go,
He'll sell to me some article, for which
I have not coin—and yet I will go in.

(He goes in. Peterson is absent. He returns.)

Reynoldius—

He is not there, nor any where I looked.

Rudz.—

O cats and ball-eyed fish! He faileth me!

What shall I do?

Murph.—

The bond, good sir;—the theme?

(Enter Peterson. The assembly shouts.)

Peterson—

“Oh Rudziewiczus! the theme did skip
My mind, and I did go this night to hear
The Wypsianski Circle, and when I
Saw thee not there then I did think of it.
Here is the theme!

Murph.—

'Tis well—'tis well.

(Crowd jeers.)

Jeer all ye want; I do not care; for I
Did spend my time this summer in a barn,
And am quite used to hear the horses laugh.

(Exit Murphius.)

Curtain.

LEO E. McGIVENA.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

Mr. Chairman, Honorable Judges, and Gentlemen! Oh sweet perfume of roses! Comes Leo McGivena to bat with some astounding questions “De Sophomoribus.” With all due apologies to the aforementioned Mac, we shall answer some of his questions a la Irish. Where can you find a Walsh or a Quigley but among us? Where in the “Million Lilled Stream of Night” can you come upon an Ostrowski, a Muszynski, a Jacobsen, or a Crotty? Gentlemen, one glance at your intellectual countenances tells me where the decision goes. I thank you.

As regards our class periods, we have the same number as the Sophs. We also indulge in the same branches, but lag a year behind in everything except Religion. They come to our class “to get religion,” and if the Molloyes are in attendance, either Larkin or Kerwin finds himself seatless (i. e., without a desk). Father Effinger usually permits them to occupy the throne.

As proven above, we are not given to arguing. Now, not as a bet but as a slight business transaction, we will lay Maresch's earnings against J. D's hair, that Quigley can eat more candy than Larkin and McGivena together. As George E. Phair would say, yugottahandit'im.

MEDICAL NOTES.

The 1913-1914 school year was opened with an entertainment given on the evening of Sept. 22, in the lower amphitheatre of the College building. This affair ushered in the forty-sixth year of the existence of Bennett. As usual, the seats were filled a long time before we heard the first number of the programme, a piano solo, by H. H. Sherman, the Paderewski of our school. Then the audience enjoyed the musical voice of Henry S. Spalding, S. J., Director of Affiliated Work of the University, who chose a very appropriate subject, "The University." As we glanced over the programme we then read, Vocal Solo, by Mrs. Bracken, assisted by Dr. W. S. Bracken. Our Senior Dean, M. H. Herzog, M. D., LL. D., fulfilled his duties for the evening by a talk on "Medical Education," also making several announcements for the year 1913-1914. Mrs. Dr. W. S. Bracken favored us with a splendid selection on the piano. J. D. Robertson, M. D., B. S., President of Bennett, selected "The Student" as his topic.

The short addresses by the members of the Faculty always form one of the most interesting numbers of the evening. It seems that each man comes with a full supply of tales from his experience. The audience was invited to take active part in the last number which was the song America.

Invitations were sent to the Faculty, the students and their friends, to attend the opening of the new hospital on October 5. The doors were open from 2 to 10 P. M. The hospital is up to date both in its construction and in its furnishings. We need not speak any more about it, except to quote this remark made by a visitor: "Why, a person ought to get well in this place even without treatment."

Dr. W. F. Waugh who was Senior Dean and Head of Therapeutic Department at Bennett since the affiliation with Loyola University, was forced to resign his positions, due to poor health. In the beginning of last year he was advised by throat specialists to give up lecturing, but the Doctor wanted to fill his time as scheduled. Matters progressed so till he had to rest both his mind and his body. At present Doctor Waugh is feeling better, and we hope that his condition will improve to such an extent that he will be able to resume his work.

Doctor M. J. Herzog, Pathologist and Bacteriologist of international fame, has been appointed Senior Dean. We are sure that the Doctor, with his strong determination, will hurry the progressive march, begun during Doctor Waugh's term.

Doctor W. A. N. Dorland, Head of the Obstetrical Department, has been re-elected Editor of the Chicago Gynecological Society. Another honor has been bestowed on the Doctor by the New Lutheran Hospital of Madison, Wis., where he will act as the Chief Abdominal Surgeon.

The Obstetrical and Gynecological Departments have been separated, as is the case in most of the large medical schools. Dr. W. A. N.

Dorland has been appointed Head of the Obstetrical Department, while Dr. H. F. Lewis remains Head of the Gynecological Department.

We are proud to announce that all the members of last year's class who have taken the state medical examinations were successful with the exception of one student. In the State of Illinois alone, thirty students took the examination and all passed.

In the early part of October, Coach Montfort reported that the Athletic Association was hard pressed financially. For that reason Dr. A. B. Rankin was asked to see into this matter. He came to the conclusion that the students would have to pay an athletic fee. A representative was appointed from each class, to sell membership cards at \$2. each. Doctor Rankin and these four men were to act as representatives of the Medical Division of the Athletic Association. Just as we had the plan on its feet, along came a report that there would be no football team this fall. The fees were refunded, and those who have not received their two dollars may obtain same from P. Bedessem of the Junior Class.

Another St. Ignatius student, J. Coughlin, has matriculated at the medical school. John has been appointed class editor of the Freshman class, and is working hard to obtain a 75 per cent subscription list in his class.

This year we expect to have a very large subscription list for the University Magazine. It is remarkable to see how it has grown. In 1910 we had one subscription, that was J. F. Schwarz now a Senior. In 1911 the number grew to twenty-five; last year we numbered about one hundred and were divided as follows: Faculty 8; Seniors 7; Juniors 35; Sophomores 27; Freshmen 22.

One important matter we would like to impress upon you Medical Students and that is "Patronize our Advertisers." We believe it cannot be impressed any too strongly. Most of the "Medics" are not under paternal influence to buy their supplies in any particular place. Now you can realize the importance of your support in this affair. You can buy your goods just as cheap in these places as in any others, and yet every time you make a purchase here you are a "booster" of the University Magazine.

SENIOR CLASS.

It has often been said that it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to decide the disputes which arise in the meetings of the 1914 Class. Well, we have not changed any this year; in fact it appears as if we have learned how to take advantage of technicalities. Evidently we have some great politicians in our little family. One party of the class held a caucus, made out its list of candidates and a few days later held a meeting and elected the following:

President—T. C. Jones.

1st Vice-President—C. C. Skinsnes.

2nd Vice-President—J. N. Barnes.
Recording Secretary—S. Marmor.
Corresponding Secretary—W. L. Blomgren.
Asst. Corresponding Secretary—F. Duffy.
Treasurer—R. B. Patterson.
1st Sergeant at Arms—W. J. Byles.
2nd Sergeant at Arms—R. G. Peterson.
Valedictorian—J. F. Carmichael.
Class Prophet—H. L. Jordan.
Class Poet—H. C. Hauser.
Class Will—Miss V. Marzano.
Salutatorian—M. Sutkin.
Financial Secretary—E. C. Gray.

E. C. Gray resigned his position and a new man has not been appointed in his place.

It has been said that we shall hear more about this election in the future. The other party in the class claims that the election was rushed, and has a few objections which it seems will have to be noticed.

Our number has been greatly increased this year. There are one hundred and twenty on the roll call at the present time and we are still growing.

We are spending so much of our time at the Hospitals this year, that we are almost strangers in the neighborhood of the college building.

One of the greatest tasks of our career as students of Bennett is finished, the 1913 Year Book called "Junk." No one can deny that it is a marked improvement over the previous issue, as we have profited by the mistakes of our predecessors. We have not the slightest doubt but that next issue of the Junk will be an improvement over the 1913 issue. Of course here and there you will find some, and yes, even in the Senior Class, who are undeservedly using the pleximeter or in ordinary parlance "the hammer" on the year book. If you will observe, these would-be loyal class members are no others but the ones who have not submitted even an iota of matter, or those to whom the book proved a personal financial disappointment. It is the easiest matter in the world to sit idly by and criticise other people's action, but often a mighty hard task to get even a glimpse of one's own failings. This is but a hint as to what you Juniors may expect after you spend your spare hours and your energy on the 1914 "Junk." Let this not hold you back for a knock from a straggler amounts to his worth, and a kindergarten child can figure that. Our advice is, appoint your committees now, and put them to work as soon as possible. When you have the book completed, you will see the advantage of such a step. If the little experience that we have acquired can be of any assistance to you, the 1914 Class will gladly give you the information.

To us befell the honor of having two of our members act as Cap-

tains for the coming year. A. M. Fromm will lead the football team, while B. E. Pechous has been re-elected to lead the baseball team.

R. B. Patterson, who held the office of Sergeant at Arms last year, rightly thought that he had fulfilled his duties faithfully, and consequently decided to seek laurels elsewhere. A happy idea struck him; why not protect a wife. The result of such a thought, was marriage. The Class wishes good luck to you and hopes that you will be as good a guardian as heretofore. By the way, "Patt," the boys enjoyed those cigars immensely, and they are sorry that you asked your wife to marry you but once.

While we are in this mood we wish to congratulate L. Melnikoff, who entered upon the life of a benedict this summer.

B. E. PECHOUS.

JUNIOR CLASS.

We elected the following officers for the term 1913-1914:

President—Ira B. Robertson.

Vice-President—I. Chancy Jenks.

Secretary—E. G. Brust.

Treasurer—Franklin B. Pierce.

Sergeant at Arms—J. E. Zarembo.

The following Juniors joined the Phi Delta Fraternity: R. F. Elmer, E. E. Keitzer, I. B. Robertson, A. H. Bennewitz.

M. J. Donovan, for two years President of the 1915 Class, and Coach of the 1913 baseball team, was married to Miss Florence Peddycord of South Bend, Ind., on June 6th, at Three Oaks, Mich.

Another Junior was affected with a severe case of loveitis which terminated in marriage on Sept. 10th, at Lorden, Canada. He is D. H. McChesney, and the bride was Miss Margaret Sargeant.

David N. Schaffer, has been appointed a member of the Executive staff at the Blackstone Theatre. This may necessitate his absence from school for some time.

Geo. J. Blake, B. S., has opened an office at 234 E. 71st St.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Well, the expected happened when we humbled the Freshies on the campus, Friday, Sept. 26th. In accordance with the views of the faculty, a football game took the place of the annual class rush. The final score was 26—0 in our favor.

At the annual election the following officers were elected:

President—R. H. George.

Vice-President—M. W. Byrne.

Secretary—H. B. Metheny.

Treasurer—C. O. Highsmith.

We had the pleasure of having Dr. A. B. Rankin honor us by the acceptance of the Honorary Presidency of our class.

B. BENKENDORF.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

We feel deeply indebted to Father Spaulding for preventing the Sophomores from tearing us to pieces, in their well planned, but sadly frustrated, annual class rush. Rather than have anyone think that this intervention was at the request of the Freshmen, we want you to understand that we accepted the challenge offered by the Sophomores to a football game, to be played on the 'Varsity campus. As in all impromptu affairs of this kind there was no show of brilliancy of thought or of action on either side. Suffice it to say that all hands were able to attend lectures the next day. Ye scribe and Tierney were in excellent health (we held the coats).

The class of 1917 formally organized itself at its first meeting by electing following officers for the ensuing year:

President—C. H. Connors, Holyoke, Mass.

Vice-President—D. D. Campbell, Rochester, N. Y.

Treasurer—J. W. Johnson, Chicago.

Secretary—D. E. Shea, Hartford, Conn.

Sergeant at Arms—J. J. Matteson, Weber, N. C.

As in past years, the Freshman Class shows in its enrollment the names of many former St. Ignatius students, including Tierney, O'Meara, Howard, Doody, Coughlin and Craddock.

Signs of a Freshman.

Dr. Rankin.—What do you know about the vertebral column, Shea?

Shea.—The vertebral column is a long bone with my head on one end and—and I on the other.

Walter Johnson is supplementing his medical education with a knowledge of ancient Hebrew, he has got as far as Ish Ka Bibble.

We are overjoyed to note the presence of four of the fair sex in our midst; hence the presence of several baseball mustaches (see Doc Arthur), and any amount of "nearly" white collars, (don't see Craddock).

JOHN COUGHLIN.

LAW NOTES.

The Department of Law began the school year on Tuesday evening, September 16, 1913, with an enrollment of one hundred and twelve students. In the Freshman Class there are forty-two, in the Junior forty-one and in the Senior twenty-nine.

Many of the freshmen are college men and it is said that there are in the class representatives of ten universities and colleges. Among the higher lights of the first year class are State Senators Al. Gorman and Frank Hurley, two old St. Ignatius men, and State Representative John S. Burns. Do you wonder why the freshmen boast?

Joe Elliott, or as some do say, Poetic Joe, who received his A. B.

last year, is in the Freshman class. Joe has charge of the Latin and English book department of Benziger Bros.

Harry Beam, the boy capitalist, gentleman Richard Harris Regan, and Jay Fay Philbin, ardent admirer of James Ham, all three of whom were members of the graduating class of St. Ignatius Academy in 1911, have decided to pursue the study of Law. Surprised will their old friends be when they hear this for they, no doubt, think that the law ought to pursue the three honorable men.

It will be recalled that these three gentlemen were Grand Knights at the Park Pavilion entertainment given by the Old Aloyola Club, many members of which are now in the Law school.

Another prominent freshie is Elmer Spiegel, who received his A. B. in 1911, his A. M. in 1913, and who for the last two years has studied in the Engineering College.

We are glad to hear that Sunny Mike Kilgallon, a character well known (no—not to the police—but) to Loyola men, has been elected president of the Freshman class.

Society Leader Jim McShane was absent a few evenings some weeks ago. Rumors state that his absence was the result of his initiation into the Fraters.

The Irish gentleman, scholar and dancer, Maurice Leahy is, we hear, a Tango professor in one of the leading dancing academies.

A new member of the Junior class is Mr. Slater, who studied last year at St. Louis University.

Fred Reeve's broad smile has become still broader of late. Maybe the Sox victory has something to do with it. You can never tell.

Dutch Gardiner tells us that he had a most enjoyable vacation at — well he does not say. Last spring, however, we published exclusively his plans for a sojourn at the world famous watering spot located at the east end of Indiana St.

Tom Maginnis, of the Senior class, is again coaching the St. Ignatius Academy team. We all wish Mac success and hope that he will turn out a winning team.

The name of George Mulligan, an old alumnus of the College of Arts, has been added to the Faculty Roll. Mr. Mulligan will lecture to the Seniors on "Practice and Procedure."

Mr. Arnold D. McMahon, Secretary of the school, visited every Jesuit Institution en route during his recent trip through England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, France and Italy.

The members of last year's graduating class were very successful in the Bar examination last June. The following are those who passed: William J. Anderson, Augustine J. Bowe, John W. Cudihy, William S. Delany, Joseph F. Dillman, Frank E. Freud, Erwin Hasten, William B. Keefe, William H. McGah, Phillip H. McGrath, Harry Smitz, Stanley Vesely and Lawrence J. Walsh.

WALTER A. WADE.

SENIOR CLASS.

After the Battle of Vacation Senior class finds its phalanx intact. Every toe is beating time more or less accurately to recitation music, and every lance has been again thrust into the heart of knowledge, but this last time with a purpose firmer than ever, to draw the lifeblood from its core. The first step in the right direction was taken when on the evening of September 29, the class on the first ballot elected as its president for the final year, George V. O'Connell, a man whose ability to advise, to conciliate and to govern is an assurance that as a presiding officer, he cannot fail to be a success. The other officers elected were: T. B. McGrath, Vice-President; Charles A. Gardner, Secretary; James J. Gleason, Treasurer, and Henry Donahue, Censor.

On the following Thursday the Fortnightly Club of Senior class reconvened, and Jesse J. Phillips was elected secretary. He has made arrangements for the first meeting to be held on October 21, in the Green Room of the Boston Oyster House. Speakers for the evening will be: John Foster, G. V. O'Connell, J. W. Leonard, E. G. O'Hara and J. G. Brophy.

It is with the deepest regret that we are compelled to chronicle the death of the mother of John Gorman. Floral offerings and expressions of condolence, however eloquent they be, can but feebly express the sympathy which every man must feel for another who loses in such an unexpected and tragic manner his comforter in childhood, his adviser in youth and his worshipper in manhood. May she rest in peace. Amen.
JOHN A. NOONAN.

SECOND YEAR.

On September 18, the second year class called a meeting for the purpose of electing the class officers for the ensuing year. The following were elected: Mr. McCann, President; Mr. Guinane, Vice-President; Mr. Thomas Ryan, Secretary; Mr. Trainor, Treasurer. At this meeting the subject of the Wranglers' Club, founded by the class last year, was brought up, and a date set for its first meeting.

Wranglers' Club.

The first meeting of the Club was held on Tuesday evening, September 30th, at Lakeview Inn. Mr. Mulloy presided as chairman, and the speakers were Messrs. T. Ryan, Holden, Dunlavey, Lemmer and Sebastian. Mr. Ryan spoke on the value of specializing in some branch of the legal profession. Mr. Holden dwelt upon the advantages of the mock trial, or practise court, in law schools. Mr. Dunlavey took up the much-discussed Mexican question. Mr. Lemmer spoke of the causes and results of bigotry. Mr. Sebastian, the last speaker for the evening, was unable to be present. Upon the conclusion of the speeches the chairman announced that the election of a Treasurer and Secretary was in order; and it was agreed that the officers of the past year, Messrs. McCann and Donahoe, be retained at least temporarily in office.

After such agreement much amusing discussion was caused by the suggestion of Mr. Elward and Mr. Bowe, that Mr. Guinane, the Vice-President of the class, be impeached from office because of alleged faulty tactics in soliciting votes. The objectionable methods were said to have consisted of postal cards sent to the members of the class during his trip to Alaska. The chairman placed the investigation of the charges in the hands of a committee, with instructions to report their findings at the next meeting. At the conclusion of the meeting, the speakers for the next meeting were selected in alphabetical order. Those appointed were: Messrs. Bowe, Donahoe, Donigan, Duvan and Elward.

The second regular meeting of the Wranglers' Club was held on Tuesday evening, October 14th, at Lakeview Inn. Mr. Thomas Ryan presided as chairman. Mr. Bowe chose for his subject "Pauperism." Mr. Donahoe dwelt upon the benefit of the new Tariff law. Mr. Donigan set forth the importance of an employment bureau for Catholic graduates. Mr. Duvan spoke upon the possibility of gaining a legal livelihood legally in Illinois. Mr. Elward defined the legal procedure in impeachments.

After such speeches, the report of the committee appointed to investigate the impeachment charges against Mr. Guinane was read; and after much impassioned discussion, in which Messrs. Lahey and Reeve appeared as counsel for the defendant, it was agreed to try the impeachment charge at the next meeting.

LEO L. DONAHOE.

FIRST YEAR.

Organization, they say, is the key-note of modern progress; and the Freshman class touched the key-note before many weeks of the course had passed. In the first formal class meeting the following officers were elected: President, M. R. Kilgallon; Vice-President, E. J. Quinn; Secretary, F. J. Reilly; Treasurer, F. A. Hurley; Sergeant-at-Arms, P. C. Caulfield. But organization without enthusiasm is dead; so the next step was to infuse spirit into the enthusiasm; or rather, to put it more correctly, to direct the enthusiasm which had been manifested into proper channels. The method adopted was the formation of a class society known as the Equity Club, the purpose of whose bi-weekly meetings is the increase of class spirit and the cultivation of forensic eloquence.

Besides the benefit derived by the individual members from a society of this kind, the class as a class is strengthened and vivified. The strength of any institution is measured by the strength of each part. No chain is stronger than its weakest link. Hence a united and organized university must be composed of united and organized classes.

The first meeting of the club was held at the Planters Hotel, Mr. Kilgallon presiding. No regular program had been arranged; so upon the advent of the cigars the chairman called for volunteers. Every member of the class responded; and judging from these maiden efforts, we would warn the members of other classes to look to their oratorical honors.

T. M. S.

LAW SCHOOL ALUMNI.

- '11 Tom Guinane, who graduated from St. Ignatius in 1908, is an abstract examiner for the Chicago Title and Trust Company.
- '11 John Guest, A. B., '07, formerly a professor in St. Ignatius Academy, is now traveling for a packing concern. He is married, and was lately reported to have become a proud and happy Papa.
- '11 Arthur W. Kettles, A. B., '08, is now practising law, with offices in the Schiller Building. Mr. Kettles was a member of the Loyola Law Debating Team in 1911.
- '13 Lee Daniels has opened a law office in the City Hall Square Building. Daniels played on the football team during the three years he was in the Law School.
- '13 James J. Gaughan and William B. Keefe have formed the Law firm of Gaughan & Keefe, with offices in the Unity Building.
- '13 Augustine J. Bowe, A. B., '10, has opened a law office in the Unity Building.
- '13 William H. Dillon is reported to have taken unto himself a bride during the summer.

ENGINEERING NOTES.

The Engineering Department opened classes the twenty-ninth of September, having on its rolls twelve sophomores and nineteen freshmen. A number of last year's "grads." from the Academy—Bill and Tom Barron, Emmett Hartnett, Ray Casey, Walter Slattery and "Bud" Ashenden—are enthusiastically with us, showing in their studies the "pep" that distinguished some of them in High School athletics.

Dean A. A. Neff is putting a laboratory in order for shop work. Soon the hum of motors and the grinding of drills will be numbered among the sophs' delights. Under his direction a large class in mechanical drawing is making flattering progress.

Prof. Puhl is lecturing on general chemistry to the combined first year classes of Engineering and Pharmacy. The scheme of fusing these two departments together whenever possible has stirred up a spirit of rivalry that gives fair promise of real scholarship. Taking advantage of this enthusiasm, Prof. Puhl has suggested some lines of original work, and the co-operation of both classes is highly encouraging.

Under the guidance of Prof. Kelly, the "freshies" are navigating the treacherous channels of Higher Algebra; while the sophomores are being guided by the same steady hand through the dangerous by-ways of the Second Derivatives in Calculus.

The Engineers' laboratory for physics, also under the direction of Prof. Kelly, has been transferred from St. Ignatius College to the Science Building.

The mid-section of our new Engineering Hall is rapidly approaching completion, and with the coming of spring we expect to be deeply engrossed in experiments on steam, etc., within its confines.

Among the students of the upper class a bright and shining star has loomed up in the person of Firley, whose adaptability to any kind of learning has thrown a scarlet veil of shame over his less intelligent class-mates, and whose knowledge of the intimate workings of mathematics approaches the uncanny.

Herbert Kelly, one of last year's football stars, has been instructed in the care and use of the seismograph. On the occasion of the recent earthquake in Panama, he secured a record and determined the approximate location before the event was known to the press.

H. SMITH, '16.

PHARMACY NOTES.

The sound of the opening bell announcing the beginning of a new term, brings with it the largest Junior and Senior Classes in the history of the College. A number of important changes in the Faculty and curriculum were made during the summer, which promise to be of material assistance to the student in conquering the work before him.

The subject of general inorganic and analytical chemistry, previously under the direction of Prof. R. H. Phillips, has been turned over to Prof. Louis J. Puhl, who is directing the work with a master's hand and is getting admirable results from the students. Prof. Thomas A. Kelly has been given the work of conducting the physics, which subject is making its debut into the curriculum this year. From all reports this branch is supplying a much needed link in the course and bids fair to make a demand for more time. The department of mathematics is now under the direction of Prof. Neff, and much interest is being manifested in this branch. We are pleased to note the presence of a new member on the Senior Faculty in the person of Dr. Borchert, who with Drs. von Zelinski and Flinn are conducting the work in *Materia Medica* and *Toxicology*.

The Junior class has entered into the class work with a spirit that bids fair to bring forth good results. Aside from the intellectual part, all are interested in athletics. Up to date we have "trimmed" the Engineers in every game played. We are thinking seriously of forming a football team, and have considered games with the other departments.

Although the time is short since school commenced, nevertheless we have organized what promises to be a very successful club. The following students are entrusted with offices: President, Mr. P. J. Burns; Vice-President, Mr. M. T. Morrisson; Treasurer, Mr. F. J. Mulvihill, and Secretary, Mr. P. J. Dillon. The meetings will be held regularly and more will be said in the future in regard to the social functions planned.

Side Items: Mr. Burns was extremely interested in a skull which

was presented for examination in a recent Physiology class. It was said that he recognized a former "pal."

Mr. Brykowsky is the "Shylock Holmes" of the class. He has conclusively demonstrated his ability by gaining admittance to chemistry class after 9.05 A. M. Mr. Brykowsky is shy in relating his success but we would advise "persistency" in those who have planned on getting in late.

The Senior Class has recently reorganized for the ensuing year and the officers elected, as follows: President, Frank A. Nelson; Vice-President, J. H. Hiss; Treasurer, John Freislinger; Secretary, Harry Zeitmann; Sergeant at Arms, D. V. Knowlton.

There is an excellent spirit being manifested in this particular organization and its undertakings are bound to excel those that have gone before. Mr. Nelson has been doing much good work since his ascension to the Throne and Knowlton seems to be his only rival in this Department.

Those of the class who have been successful before the State Board are as follows: John Freislinger, Frank Nelson, Harry Zeitmann and Thomas Cunningham. All state that they will startle the world by passing the "Full Registered" Examination before spring. Piasecki, Back and Hiss are burning Midnight Oil and hope "to bag in" Assistant's certificates for Thanksgiving dinner.

The class was glad to learn that Mr. Graber had been accepted as a member of the firm known as the Marshfield Drug and Chemical Co., which is a good indication of progressiveness. We wish Mr. Graber every success in his undertaking.

Frank Nelson was the first to take the high dive. It was a very daring undertaking but Frank recommends that more follow in his footsteps. What? Don't you get us? The Answer? Why Frank has accepted a life partner.

P. J. DILLON, '15.

REGISTRATION IN JESUIT INSTITUTIONS OF THE MISSOURI PROVINCE - OCTOBER 10, 1913

UNIVERSITY COURSES	Loyola University	St. Louis University	Marquette University	Creighton University	Detroit University	St. Marys	Prairie du Chien	Cincinnati	Cleveland	Toledo
Theology		81								
Philosophy		65								
Law	108	194	154	159	51					28
Medicine	407	236	206	186						
Dentistry		234	177	117						
Pharmacy	43		78	142						
Engineering	31		59		27					
Commerce-Finance		112	73					106		
Sociology	103									
Music			322							
Religion	84									

COLLEGE COURSES

Senior	5	15	9	19	14					
Junior	7	7	10	13	14	14	9	8	8	11
Sophomore	15	12	10	21	17	18	18	14	27	8
Freshman	35	23	16	54	20	28	29	32	23	11
Special		7	4							

HIGH SCHOOL

Fourth Year	95	64	34	63	40	41	26	33	55	26
Third Year	122	75	46	66	68	48	39	60	102	44
Second Year	200	98	67	87	84	60	46	106	63	71
First Year	269	138	80	116	129	81	53	139	151	63
Special		7	16			12	25		10	

COMMERCIAL

Fourth Year						21	17			
Third Year			13			33	13			
Second Year			8			27	23			
First Year			3			38	16			

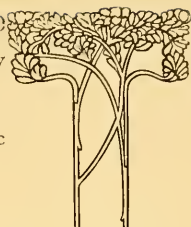
PREPARATORY

20						20	19	17		
1524	1388	1385	1043	464	441	333	515	439	262	

TOTAL: University 3583; College 605; High School etc. 3606; in all, 7794.



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The Snow

"Bordering the streamlet
Where the sedges quiver."

The Christmas Snow

John Aaron Colnon, A. B. '14



EATHERING the willows,
Drifting in the hedges,
Piling downy pillows
On the mountain ledges.

Bordering the streamlet
Where the sedges shiver,
Waiting on a dreamlet
To the drowsy river.

Weaving robes of ermine
For the perished roses,
Soft as couch of merman,
When the deep reposes.

Speaking in a whisper
Mystical and olden,
Silver-throated lisper,
With a language golden.

Smoothing out the wrinkles
In the cemetery,
Laughing where the tinkles
Of the bells are merry.

Dancing like a fairy
Vanishing, returning,
Till the spirits airy
Set the woods a-yearning.



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Where the sedges quiver."

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The Christmas Chocolates of Charles

J. Aaron Colnon, A. B. '14

OF course it was like any other Christmas eve. There was the same amount of white snow, the same brilliancy of the starlight, the same hurry of people, the same anticipation of the morrow. Particularly was this sameness of spirit and arrangement visible at Hess' grocery. The windows seemed to have remained untouched since the previous year, and the oranges and apples were respectively brightly yellow and polished to a rosy allurements in open boxes and barrels. Little Charles Marshall eyed them hungrily as he clung to his father's big hand and strove to comprehend, with slowly groping wits, the jokes at which Mr. Hess, the grocer, shouted with laughter.

"Anything else, Mr. Marshall?"

"Three quarts of cranberries."

As Hess turned to fill the order the father chose a great, luscious apple and, biting into it with great gusto, asked, with his mouth half-full:

"Say, Hess, what's Santa going to bring you tomorrow?"

Grocer and boy eyed the vanishing apple with differing emotions, as the man replied:

"It's hard telling, Mr. Marshall; but from all indications it'll be a repetition of the awful noise the kids made when they woke up last Christmas."

"That only lends enjoyment to the day," said Mr. Marshall, smiling.

"Perhaps," said Hess, dubiously, "but I prefer my enjoyment a little later in the day than half past two in the morning."

With his head thrown back, Mr. Marshall laughed with infectious heartiness as he threw the apple core on the floor.

"Come, son, or I bet mother'll think I've traded you for groceries."

The child trotted along, giving a frequent hop to keep up. The small brain worked laboriously toward a fixed and original conclusion, as was its custom, though the child of few words seldom gave his mental processes verbal expression. It was said of his father's

family that the men never fully matured till forty, but carried their slowly perfected strength and virility of brain and character into a vigorous, telling old age. Charles had begun the slow conquering of his years.

* * * *

It was the day after Christmas.

"Mother will tell father tonight the naughty things her boy did today."

The placid voice was stirred by no emotion as Mrs. Marshall rocked serenely, her eyes on the latest novel. Charles pondered, and eventually worded his thought:

"You will forget it."

With a patient sigh the mother brought her mind back to her small son, and finally grasped his meaning.

"Bring me that block of paper, Charles. I can't forget what is written down," she said.

The boy obeyed with deliberate dejection, but paused in the clutch of an idea. Childish eyes again mirrored serenity as he laid the pad of paper with a pencil on his mother's lap. Once more stern maternal duty claimed her, while a curious boy, with head a-tilt, watched the forming of the telltale words.

"Now lay it far back on the table and be a good boy, or there'll be more."

By dint of much tiptoeing the thing was accomplished, his crimes docketed, awaiting the coming of the judge, the trial, the sentence. But the child once more stood before a mother dead to his little world and told her:

"I will tear it off."

She answered vaguely, "Don't bother, dear!" The accused made no further confession.

While Mrs. Marshall dressed for the afternoon, Charles stood alone before the table. Then reaching out he took hold of the pad of paper and, with dirty fingers, tore off the top sheet, bearing into a deserved oblivion in the waste basket all the little "tattle-tales." And forgetfulness stole over the ease-loving mother's mind through the combination of an absorbing novel and celestial conduct on the part of Charles.

But the tragedy was not to be averted. The following day the cook took the boy to the grocery, and while gossiping with a friend, paid no attention to him. On his return, Charles offered his mother

a largely depleted half-pound box of choice chocolates that had been put up for the Christmas season.

"Why, how nice! Did Mr. Hess give them to you?"

"No'm."

"You don't mean Mary bought it, dear?"

"I just tooked it. They's lots more."

For once the book was closed and laid aside.

"You didn't steal it, Charles?"

The boy was puzzled by the term, distressed by her face.

"I just tooked it."

"Oh, my boy! my little boy! What have you done! What will your father say?"

A sense of undeserved blame and impending disaster crushed the child into his mute armor of stubborn unresponsiveness, while things seethed within, but found no outlet.

Unclasping stiff, sticky fingers from their stolen delight, the mother lifted to her lap a rigid little figure whose life seemed centered in a pair of mutinous eyes at war with her troubled ones.

Unpliant, disconcerting, he gazed back unwinkingly while she explained with broken voice the rights of ownership. As her tears at last overflowed and wet his face, the child was swamped in a slow despair which suffocated any defense his faltering tongue might have given him. The mother crushed a resisting curly head against her breast, for Charles resented the union of scolding and coddling, though totally unable to voice the thought.

"Why, my son, they put men in jail for stealing—taking what belongs to another! If you weren't a little child Mr. Hess could have you arrested."

Differing emotions swept over the boy in a choking flood as, with a sharp effort, he sat erect, tense arms holding her off, while he battled mentally with a fear bigger than himself, the inner voices clamoring, the boy dumb. The pained eyes in the baby face smote the mother.

"Little heart of my heart!" she cried, and sought to cradle him in her arms; but the boy made his escape, and going to the paper pad, brought it silently to her.

"Son, it is written on mamma's heart."

"Can't you wub it out?"

"Only my little boy can do that."

Then the judge came, and the small thief was at the bar of justice.

Mr. Marshall was sorely puzzled in dealing with the boy, as Charles seemed struck dumb, while his eyes, with their suffering protest, as if against some injustice, hurt the father.

"Answer me, Charles. Do you understand now?"

The boy's throat went dry, and the curly head gave mute denial.

"I don't believe the boy has any moral sense, Ada. But come. One thing is certain, Charles, you've got to take that candy back; tell Mr. Hess you stole it, and ask him to forgive you. You shall at least understand that punishment follows stealing, and never forget this day as long as you live, because I shall take you through the streets dressed as a girl. You will be little Charlotte, not Charles."

The sob of a one-worded prayer, "Papa!" and speech fled.

"Tom, you're wrong! That's too cruel! Don't! He's so little!"

He turned on her fiercely.

"My only son shan't grow up to be a thief."

As his sister's dress was slipped over Charles' boyish attire, wave on wave of deadly sickness and scorching shame swept over the boy; his head drooped, and slow, scalding drops baptized, with the waters of bitterness, the sham girl.

"Now a hat."

The father's voice was harsh, his eyes were averted from his wife.

In mercy the mother gave a sunbonnet, pulling it well over the tear-stained face as she whispered:

"This will rub it out, precious. Your tears have washed mamma's heart quite clean."

"That'll do, Ada."

A-quiver with throbbing agony, Charles was led through the streets, desperate fingers clutching the open candy box, while tears gathered on the chocolate drops. At the dragging burden of the little, halting figure, the father hurried to have it done with, the first doubt as to the wisdom of his course making its way through his mind. The boy fought with all his slight weight against his awful doom, but clung with fingers of dying faith to the "papa," who had never failed him before, as in later years one's heart cleaves to its childish creed when brain and life would tear them asunder.

Endless blocks, years of torture, a bonneted head pathetically drooping, but at last a girl with a boy's wet face stood before Mr. Hess, sobbing explosively:

"I—d—did—'teal. P—please—fordive me!"

An ague of anguish shook the box till chocolates rolled upon the floor.

"Why, what little girl have we here? The devil, man! It's your own boy!"

The boy was snatched to the grocer's brawny breast, then tossed up beside the scales on the counter as the matter was made plain.

A rush of queer, tender words bewildered, but comforted the child as bonnet and dress were torn off, flung behind the counter, and a storm-tossed youngster came into his own again, the heritage of manhood.

"Look up, my boy! Men must always face the world square with chin lifted."

Abashed eyes labored wearily up, as Charles knew himself forgiven, till a misty smile dawned in their grieved depths as the little boy met the big one in a long look of perfect fellowship. The humid sympathy in the man's tender glance moistened the dryness of the boy's choked heart, and a welling word of bubbling confidence burst from parched lips. Then, with a clutch, two arms went tight about the German grocer's neck, and as the whole story was whispered with telling brevity, the man grew throaty and glared over the curly head at the waiting father.

"Don't tell," Mr. Marshall heard the child say.

"No, my boy! You little man!"

Then turning to the father, Hess eyed him in eloquent silence, his right arm still circling the child, whose sticky hand lay upturned on the man's left shoulder as the tiny body drooped and cuddled to his friend.

"Unless ye become as little children—," quoted the grocer, his eyes afar off. Then turning them on the father, he said: "I'd advise you, man, to put yourself next to your own boy before you sleep this night."

With a forced laugh, Mr. Marshall backed up to the counter, saying:

"Mount your burro, son, and we'll ride home to mamma."

Timidly, with unplayful gravity, the child obeyed, but a sudden buck from his restive steed sent the boy into hysterical laughter, followed by a convulsive catching of breath as slowly Charles' tired head drooped while the donkey paced quietly homeward.

A mother, with yearning eyes and eager hands for her little one, gave out no warmth of welcome to the father.

"Mother's *man*."

The words were balm, and soon in the kingdom of her arms, sleep reigned.

When Charles was ready for bed that night, Ada, at a sign from Tom, left her boys alone in the shadowy light of the fire. Father and son clung mutely together in the dusky, brooding silence. From her bedroom the waiting mother at length heard the child's halting words as he struggled for expression. Then came a man's dry sob, and the boy's stammering comfort. Creeping stealthily nearer, Ada saw Tom rise precipitately, place the dim, white-gowned little figure in the big armchair and kneel before him with husky words:

"My son, there are two kinds of fools, big and little. I'm the big kind, son, and don't deserve a manly little chap like you to be my friend. I stole and taught you to; but I'm sorry, Charles, and promise never to take another apple or anything that isn't mine if you will just forgive me, son!"

"Papa, yes! Det up! Papa, det up!"

"And if you say so, Charles, I'll put on mother's dress and go to Hess and—"

"No! n-no!" and a tiny body shook with a passion of torturing sobs against his father's breast, whose heart was wrung by the sharpest regret of his life.

Holding the boy tighter, he comforted him soothingly, their faces sad and glad by turns.

"And to think while papa was torturing you, little man, you were planning to save him from jail, and making dear old Hess promise not to tell about that apple."

"Papa, I love you! Papa, I do."

Mr. Marshall rose, holding his son, a wet humility in his caressing glance.

"And, Charles, we'll tell Hess to burn those old sissy clothes."

A child's choky laugh, and the strangled man pulsed to the triumphant heart-beat of the boy's speechless delight.

The mother smiled through tears at the dumb expressiveness of protruding pink feet, widely spread by the father's breadth, and kicking happily at the big thief's back as he carried his comrade in crime off to bed, a sturdy leg under each arm.

Christ-mass

Ernest W. Thiele, A. B. '16

THROUGH the purple night of Advent,
Through the vigil's dawning light,
Comes the splendor of the sunrise;
Christmas bursts upon our sight.

Then to every church and chapel,
Pour the crowds at early morn;
There the wonder is repeated—
There again the Lord is born.

When the people, coming foward,
Kneel before the holy board,
Once again the scene's repeated—
In our hearts is born the Lord.

And the people going homeward,
Like the shepherd band, may say:
"Truly, we have seen the wonder;
Truly, Christ is born today."



REV. CHARLES COPPENS, S. J.

Loyola's Leaders

Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

Edward E. Caverly, A. B. '15



AN interview with the venerable Father Coppens is a treat indeed. To receive from his own lips the story of his life is like delving into the rare and precious records of the past; for Father Coppens began the task of teaching years before the Civil War tore North and South asunder; our grandsires might have studied under him, and revered him as their guide and model. Today his reputation is world-wide. There are few sections of the United States in which he has not appeared, either in the pulpit or on the platform; and his text-books are extensively used in the United States and beyond the ocean, even in far-off India.

This fame was acquired only by dint of untiring application. Early dedicated to the furtherance of religion and education, Father Coppens rigorously applied himself to a course of selected reading, ultimately becoming one of our great authorities in Metaphysics, Legal and Medical Ethics, and the History of Religion.

Father Coppens, then, is a great man, and a busy man; but like most great and busy men he is extremely unostentatious and cordial, and readily submitted to the inquisition prepared for him by the University Magazine.

He was born on May 24, 1835, at Turnhout, in the little kingdom of Belgium, where he pursued his early studies in the secular schools which a government despising religion had imposed upon a Catholic people. Later he read the classics at the Jesuit college in the same town. When he was nearing the end of his classical course, the celebrated Jesuit missionary, Rev. P. J. De Smet, arrived at the college in quest of workers for the vast and almost uncultivated field lying open in America. Charles Coppens was far from robust, and had on more than one occasion narrowly escaped succumbing to hemorrhages. He offered himself, however, and argued in his own defense that he might at least render some service in college work, and thus allow those who were physically stronger to devote

themselves to the more arduous labors of the apostolic life among the Indians. Accordingly he was enlisted; and, together with thirteen others, sailed from his native land, his home, and his friends, and reached St. Louis, Missouri, on the day after Christmas, 1853. A few days later he left for the Novitiate of St. Stanislaus, at Florissant, where he was to acquire the spiritual training of a Jesuit.

Here Father Coppens found the life of assiduous labor and total retirement from the world much to his liking, and it was almost with regret that he returned to St. Louis to take up Philosophy. When he had completed his philosophical studies, he was for four years professor of Latin and Greek at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati; then, after lecturing for some time at St. Louis University, he was sent to Fordham College, New York, to begin his course in Theology. In 1865 he was ordained a priest. The next ten years were occupied in lecturing in the Jesuit Normal School at Florissant, and the following five in teaching Rhetoric at St. Louis University. But these were not Father Coppens' only interests. In addition to the ordinary duties of the sacred ministry, it was not an unfrequent occurrence for him to be engaged in giving retreats in colleges and academies for girls, and particularly in convents of nuns scattered over the Central and Western States.

In 1880 he became Prefect of Studies at St. Mary's College, Kansas, and from 1881 to 1884 was President of the same institution. During his administration various circumstances caused the college to expand very rapidly, and four great stone buildings remain there to testify to his abundance of energy.

Returning to Florissant, he took advantage of the retirement there to put in order the notes he had collected concerning the study of oratory and to prepare them for publication. He had long desired a text-book on this subject, written from the Catholic point of view, and unprejudiced against the works of Catholic authors. "The Art of Oratorical Composition," his first work, while embodying these points, also gave a more thorough treatment of the study of oratory than most of the authors of the day. The book was favorably received and immediately placed in the hands of the students in Catholic colleges, where it still holds distinction above others.

Thus encouraged, he brought forth the next year his "Practical Introduction to Rhetoric." This book reached a much greater num-

ber of pupils, and is today more commonly used in Catholic schools for higher education than any other on this subject.

Lecturing on philosophy in 1882 at Detroit College, Detroit, Michigan, he published a treatise on "Logic and Metaphysics," and in 1895, at Creighton College, Omaha, he issued a work on "Moral Philosophy."

At the John A. Creighton Medical College, in 1897, appeared his "Moral Principles and Medical Practice." It was enthusiastically received even in distant countries, and has been translated into French, German, and Spanish.

Others of his writings are: "A Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion," "A Brief History of Philosophy," "The Beginnings of the Protestant Reformation," "Who Are the Jesuits," and frequent contributions to the Catholic Encyclopedia and various periodicals.

After a brief stay at St. Louis, he came, in 1908, to St. Ignatius College, Chicago, where, well-liked by the students, he is professor of History of Philosophy, French, and Christian Doctrine, in the college department. In spare hours he lectures in a university extension course on the science of religion, and besides this is frequently employed in writing on philosophic and religious subjects.

As the conversation drifted from one topic to another the fact of his international reputation as a Catholic educator impressed me more and more, and I asked:

"Father Coppens, what is your opinion of the education of the people in this country?"

"I am especially convinced," he said, "that the education generally given in this country is too superficial, and is wanting in clearness and solidity. Moreover, education without religion is a failure."

"Why is that the case, Father?"

"For the simple reason," he replied, "that it fails to achieve the main purpose of education, which is the formation of character. Character must be eminently moral, and morality is a mere fiction when it does not mean the observance of the eternal law which is made known by religion, both revealed and natural."

"Have you observed, during the course of your life, anything indicating that the country has already begun to suffer from irreligious education?" I asked.

"Emphatically yes," he answered, "for the people of this coun-

try, within my own recollection, were formerly, as a rule, religious and honest in their conduct; whereas at present more than one-half of the population profess no religion whatever, and honesty has diminished to such an extent that graft seems at present to permeate the atmosphere of political life. Besides this, crime, and in particular juvenile crime, has multiplied to a degree which is universally deplored."

"But, Father," I said, "what do you consider to be a practical remedy for irreligious education; that is, by what means can our public schools give moral instruction without offending the different creeds?"

"I feel convinced," he replied, "that there can be no insuperable difficulty in introducing religion into public education. It is done in Germany, in England, in Canada, and other countries in which various denominations divide the inhabitants as they do here. But each denomination is enabled by the laws of those lands to conduct separate departments of the public school system, combining with secular education instruction in religion according to the desire of the parents. It is these and not the state that have the right to decide how their children shall be educated.

"Fair play would require this to be done in the United States, but that fair play is not intended by the managers of our public schools, is evident from the fact that they have introduced our irreligious education into the Philippines, where all the people are of the same religion—Catholic.

"In Canada the people of any denomination can put up a school where their children may be educated in their own religion; the school is inspected by government officials, and if it reaches the standard, those at the head of the school receive from the state so much money for each pupil they educate."

This seemed to be a very plausible solution to the difficulty, and I next asked:

"What are the chief obstacles to success in education which parents and students must beware of?"

"I consider," he said, "that they are these: First, eagerness to make money as soon as possible, so that comparatively few have the leisure for a good education. Then, during the years spent in school, those branches receive the principal attention which are most favorable to the acquisition of riches; while others are neglected which have a higher value. Finally, fondness for pleasure, which causes children to neglect their studies, and which makes

even the teachers rather coax them by pleasurable inducements to do their tasks than control their action and subdue their will by regard for authority and duty."

At this point the grand old priest arose from his chair and walked about his room, stopping near the window from which he could see the academy boys going home from school. I followed him, and, noticing that he seemed to be watching the procession of students, took advantage of the opportunity to ask him:

"What are your impressions, Father, of the Chicago boy?"

He remained standing, and for a time did not answer. Then a smile came over his face, and he said:

"Having taught in various cities, I have, of course, noticed various general dispositions among the youths. A Chicago boy strikes me as being quick-witted, industrious in the matters in which he is interested, and very earnest when he has a purpose to attain; but very often that purpose is enjoyment rather than any solid benefit. Children naturally imbibe the views of their parents, and therefore the boys of Chicago that belong to excellent homes exhibit as noble qualities as those you can find anywhere."

A PATERNAL COMPLAINT

JAMES T. MANGAN, A. B. '17

I am worrying myself to death,
My mind can scarcely stand the strain;
I often stop and gasp for breath,
When told that Christmas is here again.

It's not so much what Jimmie asks,
Or all the things that Susan seeks,
Nor is it yet the shopping tasks,
Or dangers of the last few weeks.

All joy is great on Christmas day;
But I would like to know the cause,
Why we old men must always play
The sickening part of Santa Claus.

The Christmas Gift

Ignatius P. Walsh, A. B. '17



YOUNG MR. HODGE was absent-mindedly contemplating the beautiful articles displayed in the window of a leading Chicago jewelry firm. Deep furrows of mental agony lined his usually placid brow, for young Mr. Hodge was wrestling with that old knotty problem—the Christmas present. No ordinary present, either, would do for *his* wife; it must be something very excellent and fine, indeed. His anxious revery, however, was broken by the rude impact of a foot upon his toes, but this disturbance was instantly followed by an apologetic:

"I beg your pardon. It was an accident, I assure you," from a well-dressed, suave individual. Mr. Hodge's momentary wrath vanished, and he responded quite cheerfully:

"Oh, that's all right; but you brought me back to life rather suddenly. I was thinking."

"Puzzling over the Christmas question, I suppose. Everybody is now. This Christmas spirit is in the air, and the sight of those gems in the window there recall my last Christmas in Australia with my friend Bob Raymond. It was a much different Christmas from this one, I assure you; but it had its Christmas gift, too."

Now young Mr. Hodge was no more averse to hearing a story than is the ordinary man, and he was, moreover, quite willing to postpone the difficult task of selecting a Yuletide gift to another time. So he instinctively drew aside to a quiet spot, where he could hear the story without interruption.

"You see, when Bob and I reached Australia," the stranger began, "we obtained positions with a Mr. Hammill, a prosperous Englishman of Victoria. We had been there but a short time, when both of us became enamored of June Hammill. After we had been there three years, Bob had accumulated a worthy share of this world's goods, and stood high in our employer's esteem, because of his industrious and thrifty qualities, while I was but little better off than when we arrived there. Finally Bob asked the decisive question; but the answer was postponed until Christmas

night, the young lady, no doubt, wishing to choose a fitting occasion for crowning his happiness with her acceptance. As for myself, I had long since ceased to hope for victory."

Here Mr. Hodge sighed a deep, heart-rending sigh—he was so young and romantic, and then, too, he had been but recently wedded himself.

"It was a real Christmas romance, too," the narrator continued. "Nobody could deny that Bob had hitherto worked diligently in his efforts to win success, and now, as he saw the goal of his desires drawing nigh his labors became positively incessant. But worth and success are frequently shadowed by envy and jealousy. So Bob was the victim of a foul plot by one of the young lady's rejected suitors named Merton. A short while before Christmas, letters accusing Bob of the vilest, most contemptible and meanest intentions in seeking to enter the Hammill family, and placing him on a level with the lowest money-seeking, matrimonial adventurers, were sent to the Englishman's home from some unknown source. They were signed with the usual anonymous: "A Friend." Calumnies, though unfounded and unproved, sometimes breed suspicion, and so it was in the present instance. Bob was made to feel the undesirability of his presence in the home, where heretofore he had been so welcome. From the heavens of happiness he was plunged into the lowest abysses of despair. A private detective of Ballarat, who hinted that he had a clear idea of who was responsible for this outrage, offered to bring the perpetrator to justice within twelve hours, but he demanded a larger sum for doing this than we had, as Bob had used his money in assisting some friends who were in straitened circumstances. So it seemed, that for the lack of some mere money, a man's name must remain tarnished forever. Bob, however, believed work to be grief's best cure, so, contrary to all established customs, we spent Christmas eve working our own private "diggings." While engaged here I chanced upon two lumps which I at first thought mere stones, but which, upon closer investigation, proved to be two great sapphires."

With tense eagerness young Mr. Hodge awaited the renewal of the tale, while the speaker's face assumed a retrospective look.

"Well," he went on, "after a hurried consultation, we resolved that Bob could yet be cleared in time to receive the young lady's reply on the morrow, so we drove directly to Ballarat, twenty miles distant. Here we exchanged the smaller jewel for coin of the realm and hired Morrisson, the detective, with the agreement

that he would produce the culprit and establish his guilt by noon of Christmas day. All the way home Bob sang and joked, feeling confident that he could next day face the Hammills fully acquitted. When, however, nothing was heard from the investigator by Christmas noon, he suggested that we ride into Ballarat, as he was going mad from worry and inactivity. As we were returning, tired and dejected, late that evening from our fruitless journey, we were attracted by cries for help, and upon investigating, we discovered Miss Hammill at the bottom of a deep pit, which was lightly covered over with deceptive leaves and branches, and which was used as a trap for wild beasts. After we had rescued her from her perilous position, we escorted her safely to her home, where we found Morrisson with his prisoner, who had just confessed his guilt. Failing to find us at home, he had brought the criminal to our employer's house, thinking that, next to Bob and myself, his family was most deeply concerned in the matter. Mr. Hammill's profuse apologies for his conduct were changed to tears of gratitude when he learned how Bob had rescued his daughter from her dangerous plight. His compliments and promises were naturally very gratifying to Bob, who, however, seemed to take more delight in June's answer to his question, for the next day he rode to Ballarat and repurchased the sapphire, and he made this gem, which had been the sole means of restoring his character to its original lustre, and thus winning him his bride, his wedding as well as his Christmas gift."

Young Mr Hodge's sentimental soul was deeply moved by the story, and his mind was far from such stern realities as Christmas presents, except as they occurred in the story.

"The other sapphire," the bland gentleman resumed, "I retained for myself. It is the largest, finest, most valuable sapphire in existence, and it is as truly lucky as was my friend's. It is certain to bring happiness to whoever possesses it. I have it here set in a lady's brooch. Look at it. Is it not beautiful? I am now offering this most precious and marvelous gem for the low sum of \$75. It is a most fitting Christmas gift in this holy and blessed season, both—."

The swindler ceased abruptly, for his listener had vanished suddenly in the twilight shades down Wabash avenue.



JUSTIN F. MCCARTHY, A. M.

Little Chats with Big Alumni

By Lambert K. Hayes, A. B. '15

Justin F. McCarthy

JUSTIN F. McCARTHY had other business than the city's to attend to during the past month: a fact that accounts for our repeated failures to find the gentleman in his office. To tell the truth, we had almost despaired of interviewing him in time for the current issue; but fortune smiles on perseverance, and thus it was, that after frequent use of the "nickle first," we finally succeeded in arranging an appointment.

You see Justin has temporarily abandoned law. For the past few weeks, he has devoted his entire time to the study of history and the lives of the saints. Oh no! Not that he has any intentions of pursuing a literary career; but next Sunday is to be the christening, and Justin thinks the new arrival is such an exceptional "kid," that he will have to find an exceptional name to fit him.

Mr. Justin F. McCarthy, the President of the Loyola University Alumni, was born in Worchester, Massachusetts, January 8, 1882. Shortly after his birth, the family moved to Chicago, where Justin received his entire education. After the completion of the grammar grades, at the Holy Name, Brother's School, he entered St. Ignatius College, and was graduated in 1905 as the valedictorian of his class. He then took up the study of law, first at Northwestern, but later at Chicago Kent, which latter school conferred on him the LL. B. in 1908. This same year, he delivered the Master's Oration, at St. Ignatius graduating exercises, when he received at the hands of his Alma Mater his Master of Arts degree. Mr. McCarthy then engaged in general practice of law, with offices at 431 First National Bank Building, where he remained until the time of his present appointment as Trial Attorney for the City of Chicago. He at present has the assurance of an appointment as Assistsant District Attorney, from Senator James Hamilton Lewis.

Be it known for the sake of the uninformed, that there is already another young McCarthy, whose Christian name is Justin. Mr. Justin F. McCarthy, Sr. was married in June 1911, to Miss Frances

Lang. Their family consists of two boys, one eighteen months old, the other four weeks.

College affairs are ever a pleasant topic of conversation to Mr. McCarthy, and this time was to prove no exception. His first inquiry was of the debating society, and in answer to the affirmative reply, that it was still in existence, he said:

"Looking back now, I regard the debating society as one of the most valuable assets of my education. If I have accomplished anything in the profession or public life, I ascribe it in a great measure to taking advantage of the opportunities offered in this line."

"What do you consider the most important advantage of the debating society," asked the interviewer.

"Of all its advantages," he replied, "I consider that of teaching a man to think while on his feet the most important. This seems to be the greatest drawback encountered by the average man. Trials are won, as are battles, by those who are able to think quickly while on their feet. The ability to do this is an advantage, not only to a man in the legal profession, but in every walk of life."

Here the conversation drifted to college days, and the class of '05. "I believe," said Mr. McCarthy, "that our class was one of the largest Loyola ever graduated. There were twenty-three of us."

"Do you recall what any of them are doing, Mr. McCarthy?"

"Do I recall what any of them are doing!" he said. "I know what all of them are doing. You see our class was always a 'good bunch of stickers,' and even after graduation, we kept pretty well in touch with one another. Of the twenty-three, eleven joined the priesthood, four are engaged in the practice of law, two in medicine, and the rest are in business. We had a class reunion a year ago, and the only one missing was Mr. Clifford, S. J., who is elsewhere engaged in his life-work of teaching."

Mr. McCarthy remembered many events of his college days, but space permits the narration of only a few. "One of the incidents I recall," said he, "was in connection with Father John Riley. I was fortunate enough, one year, to obtain a season pass to the Sox; but the grounds being on the South Side, I was only able to go two or three times a month. Father Riley, knowing I had the pass, borrowed it one day, to see a certain game with the Phillies. The next day he showed up, but minus the pass; and in answer to my query as to its whereabouts, he said: 'You see, my name not

being McCarthy, I had to rub out yours and put down my own, so it will be impossible for you to use the pass again.'

"Johnny Seger was the society man of the class. He was one of the polished floor favorites of those days; but since his graduation, he has been so busily engaged in business life and the raising of a large family, that he has no time for the tango."

We had been talking an hour and a half, and Mr. McCarthy was still going as strong as ever. I had by now become convinced that on the subject of Loyola, he was inexhaustible. The recording of a brief interview is difficult enough, but the interview as far as it had gone was anything but brief. I began to fear, that if this was to be a faithful record of our conversation, Mr. McCarthy and myself would require a separate volume, and fearing this, I took my departure.



The Coming of the Star

Leo E. McGivena, A. B. '16

He, burdened with the heavy hoary weight
Of winters on his bent, bowed head, did walk
Alone, amid the quiet of the night,
And silent prayed.

"Oh it doth irk

To serve a master whom we cannot see
But by his works, or by the tracks
Across the evening sky where he hath trod,
The light upon the waters he hath touched ;

To serve a master whom we cannot hear,
Except among the voices of the storms,
The roaring of the waters, or the wail
Of evening-sent or dawn-sent nomad winds ;
To love a master whom we cannot know,
Except by hearsay and by strange report.
As beasts of burden follow those ahead,
But never see their leader's face, nor hear
His voice, so have we followed in the steps
Our buried fathers made, and blindly hoped,
And still more blindly loved, yet do not know
Who He is that we blindly trust and serve.
Oh God foretold by prophets ! My fair Lord !
These watery eyes have lost their youthful strength
And brightness in the lengthy watch for Thee.
These ears have aged, expectant straining for
Thy voice. These hands have hardened and grown stiff,
Have withered in long waiting for Thy touch.
Soon must I go ! — Thy faithful servant, I
Have so long kept Thee sheltered in my heart,
Have so long cherished, followed, served
With never lessening faith, — before I go
Oh let me know ! — But let these tired eyes
Discern Thy form, these worn-out ears rejoice
To hear Thy voice, these heavy hands but feel
The cushion of Thy touch — and, Lord I go
With sated heart, nor will I troubled be
By doubt or fear of death in passing on
Into the shadows of Thy realm. But send
A messenger, that I may know."

He prayed
With anxious heart. And lo, he — deeply versed
In starry and celestial lore — doth see
A gleaming constellation overhead ;
And saw in it a God-sent messenger,
And following, found his Lord, and knew.

Success

Bernard Klein, M. D. '14



THE road to success today is not a primrose path, but instead is surrounded by thorns and brambles; and unless one walks carefully he will gain no more than a painful experience. Carlyle, the great philosopher, truly says, that "the race of life has become intense; the runners are treading on each other's heels; woe to him who stops to tie his shoe strings!"

To attain success, the individual must be conscious of the opportunities that surround him. He must no more doubt of his ultimate triumph, which will inevitably follow upon hard work and the solution of difficulties, than if the road to success lay smooth and level before him. By persistence in seeking what is right, having before one's eyes a definite and unchanging purpose, the goal of life can be attained. But this is only possible for the soul that seeks superiority and despises what is inferior. Indifference to improvement, and the lack of a desire for the betterment of the human race, lead only to a demoralizing mediocrity; while the habit of doing everything in a superior manner, combined with a non-egotistic spirit, weaves its beneficial effects into the very texture of character and becomes a part of life itself.

The habit of correct thinking is an important element of success. It develops the mind, and implants the seeds of morality, from which results man's greatest natural asset, the character. Broad and generous ideas are the inseparable friends of all great men. Their possession creates self-respect, and from self-respect follows respect for others; this in turn is an inducement to action, because we willingly lend our assistance to those whom we feel to be deserving of it.

A great deal, too, depends upon a man's intentions. Our intention should be to perform the duty which we owe to the world we live in. For we have not been created merely to fill up space, or to use products of nature which might otherwise be wasted; but we have a sacred duty to which we must be faithful—adherence to the supernatural law and to the supernatural ideals which elevate man above the beast.

Thoroughness also characterizes every successful man. Daniel Webster, the greatest orator of his time, was once asked to deliver a speech on a certain subject; but, not being fully conversant with the matter proposed, he replied that he would not attempt to discuss it. History makes it plain to us, that most men who have made their names immortal, have not aimed to produce much, but a little, and that as thoroughly as possible. The accomplishments of the man who is satisfied with incomplete work are inconsequential and of little value; "what was good enough for yesterday can be made better to-day," is the rule guiding the thorough man, the man fitted to achieve success.

Cheerfulness is more valuable than the possession of wealth. It is the enemy of anxiety, and an armor against defeat. The man who treads the dusky road of life, and strives to scale the mountains of difficulty, would soon become exhausted did not cheerfulness exert its tonic influence upon him. The optimist is the representation of progress as well as of cheerfulness. As a smile is reflected by the mirror, so his kind and courteous bearing radiates good will and inspires good will in return.

These are some of the rules, the observance of which leads to success. Like to a well on the mountain side, whose small, almost insignificant stream is gradually transformed into a river; so the power of the individual, small in the beginning, imperceptibly attains to broader proportions, and finally enables the ambitious to reach the goal of life, success.

Home for Christmas

Leo E. McGivena, A. B. '16

EIGHT bells; midnight, December twentieth. The great turbines spun around noiselessly, one hundred and twenty revolutions to the minute. The long shining row of boilers groaned and rumbled with the stress of prisoned steam within. The vessel plowed on steadily, making her standard eighteen knots per hour. After a brief and satisfactory scrutiny of his well ordered domain, the Second Engineer went aloft to his bunk to indulge in a protracted forty winks before the next shift.

The tall stoker rested awhile on his shovel, letting the smoky gleams of the furnaces play over his glistening, grimy torso. The little crippled raker crouched down by the fire-bed rested automatically as soon as the showers of coal ceased to fall.

Out of the gloom spoke the tall stoker. "Three more days, Bill, an' we're in," he said.

The little raker nodded. "Ther-ee more days, an Hi'm through—f'r the last time," he answered in his thin, nasal tones. "Ther-ee more days, an' Hi'll be with me hold lidy at Yarm'th, an' hafter th' bloomin' 'olidays, us'll hopen ha bloomin' shop, us will. An' Hi'll never ship hagain, blast me hif Hi do." He vehemently banged his long rake in emphasis.

"Aye," said the big fellow, "it's th' last time fur me, too; aye, th' last time fur both o' us."

Even as he spoke the big stoker knew he was lying. He knew that every time he sailed was his last time, that he was always going to quit and stick to the shore. He knew that two hours after the ship docked at Liverpool he would be fast losing all sense of everything in a first glorious drunk. He knew that Bill and his "hold lidy" would soon spend Bill's few pounds, and the first of the year would find both of them, Bill and him, bound again, soul and body, for another term in some steamer's smoky hell, headed for the ends of the earth. And when he was free again, another series of long blissful periods of intoxicated unconsciousness, another term before a furnace and so on ad infinitum, until some day, the vital spark would flicker and go out, and drop him like a spent

candle, down on the blistering plates as he had seen many another drop before. Or perhaps, he might meet an easier end in some sailor's tavern. All this the big fellow knew in his fatalistic heart while he spoke. He knew that he and his kind were only birds of passage, gathered from everywhere and belonging to nowhere; homeless, countryless, casteless; hybrids, odds and ends of humanity, that with few exceptions like Bill, never mated nor made a home; loved or desired nowhere, tolerated only because of their undoubted usefulness in keeping a vessel's steam and some small amount of coin of the realm in quick circulation. And knowing this as he did, the big fellow spoke as he did, sympathized and assented with Bill because Bill was not very big, not very strong, a cripple and therefore entitled to some humoring.

After a brief time, the tall fellow unbent himself and began to eat into the huge pile of coal with deep, methodical bites, sending showers of fuel through the black gloom into the gaping mouth of the furnace. Automatically again, the little man resumed his stoop beside the fire-bed and began to rake out the hot glowing clinkers from the white hot furnace grate.

Two hours passed without a break. The pile of coal melted away steadily before the long, machine-like strokes of the big fellow's arms. The pile of clinkers grew higher and higher, paling from gold to scarlet, from scarlet to brown, and from brown to greyish black cinders. And between the two, the red maw and fiery throat of the furnace glowed with hunger insatiable.

At four bells, the end of the shift, two swarthy Sicilians relieved them, and the passing of coal and raking of clinkers went on without so much as the loss of a stroke. The stoker and the cripple crawled up the narrow ladder to their quarters, and after a hurried bath and meal, a few glorious moments in the cool night air of the decks, turned into their bunks.

The big stoker woke first—with bated breath and a strange intangible fear tearing at his thumping heart. Then he felt the swish of icy waters about his feet. As in a dream he saw the arc in the passage flicker as the dynamos slowed down.

He leapt to his feet and calmly began to move towards the doorway, absolutely cool and unexcited, fully prepared. He had dreamt of such things during his first years at sea; dreamt of waking with the strangling clutch of rising waters at his throat. As he gained the doorway he caught sight of the huddled form of

Bill, still dead asleep in the upper bunk. He hesitated a fraction of a second, whether to let Bill drown, or wake him for a worse death; then reached up and jerked the little raker down with none too gentle a hand. Bill, blinking and breathless, quickly grasped the situation; he too had dreamt of such things, more times than he cared to remember.

Together they made their way to the door, and waded with cautious steps down the half-lit passage. The swirling black waters rose at every step, gaining in force and speed. From the dark interior below them they heard the painful hissing of the furnaces, the sluggish, gasping whirl of the turbines. The big fellow wondered vaguely why there was no screaming and shouting—not a sound from a human voice.

They reached the second stairway just as the last arc sputtered and flamed itself into darkness. Forging the waist-high current on the stairway, they climbed stair by stair. A tin box, swirling along in mad flight with the current, struck the big fellow full in the chest. He gasped for an instant, and then with a half hope that it might contain eatables, held on to it and dragged it along.

Another flight of stairs placed them above the water and they stumbled along through the velvet carpeted cabins. As they reached the deck floor they again found light. Small gas lights burned here and there down the hall, and over the exits to the deck, sending a feeble light across the cabins. Chaos reigned everywhere. Chairs were overturned, tables torn apart, doors broken off; they trod ruthlessly over women's garments of fine materials, trampled upon china and silver plate. Vanity cases and ornaments, mockingly jeweled and polished, glittered up at them in the gaslight. Bill in his haste caught sight of a gleaming jewel box, and picked it up, thinking unconsciously to please his wife. Hordes of large gray rats, squeaking and whining, ran everywhere. Farther along, the big stoker ran into a prostrate white clad form. He turned it over to see its face, then turned it back again to hide it from Bill. It was the Second Engineer with his skull crushed.

The deck was empty. So was the officer's cabin, bridge and wheel-house. A cold fog stood off from the ship, shutting off all view of sea and sky. The long antennae of the wireless drooped from the mastheads like a shroud. The cordage aloft creaked eerily in the wind. Everywhere the gray rats appeared, looking about with anxious beady eyes. The white davits leaned out over the sides, empty, flaunting shreds of severed rope still wound about

the tackle. And aside from the squeaking of the rats, the rushing sound of the waters and a peculiar seething whistle of escaping air from the hold, all was deathly still.

Light burst upon the stoker. "Bill," he gasped, "Bill, they've gone—left us—" and he rushed down the deck with an inarticulate cry. Dumbly the little man watched him.

With frenzied Berserker rage the big stoker rushed around the deck. Every boat, life-raft, catamaran, even the available spars had been taken. Then he saw one: upon a cabin outhouse, almost entirely concealed behind a pile of deck awnings, lay a small cutter. He tore away its canvas cover, dislodged a nest of startled rats, wrenched it loose from its fastenings and half dragged, half carried it down the steep, narrow stairway. The boat was small; not over twenty feet, but still a chance. It contained a small mast, roll of sailcloth, oars and compass; besides, a cask of water, two months old, but water nevertheless, a flask of spirits, a sheath knife and pair of blankets.

The stoker placed his tin box well to the stern and dragged the boat over to the side. The ship lay in a wave trough, wallowing deeply from side to side. He waited for the next large wave. It came, sweeping over the deck. With a great heave, he pushed the boat over the side and dropped it on the receding crest. The little craft recovered nobly and shot out from the ship, down into the next hollow. With a wild shout of triumph the big fellow lifted the cripple over the rail. "Jump!" he shouted. They jumped.

A sheer, dizzy fall; a dull, painful thud; down, down, down through intense marrow-freezing cold; a swift black staggering descent; an interminable struggle with half-shut eyes and bursting lungs; then air, the grey light of the dawn. Gasping, they both reached the boat and climbed on board. The big fellow took the moth-eaten blankets and threw them around the cripple. With shivering hand he found the oars and began to row with demoniacal energy.

Bill, warmed by the blankets, went off to sleep after a while. The big fellow rowed vigorously till he himself felt warmer, and then relapsed into a regular stroke which pushed the cutter on at good speed. After a while he saw the last lights on the ill-fated ship flicker and die in the darkness. The vessel itself began to stagger from side to side and finally sank with a great ghastly gurgling. Then a wall of heavy fog intervened and he saw no more.

With the dawn, the winds veered and drove the fog away. A timid sun finally ventured to show itself among the heavy clouds in the east, and the air became noticeably warmer. The sea too was calmer and the waves not so high as when they had first launched the craft.

A few, delicate sunbeams finally found their way into Bill's closed eyes, and as sunshine was a distinct novelty to those eyes after days of red firelight and semi-darkness, Bill accordingly awoke. It was several minutes before he realized his situation. The big fellow, still at the oars, grinned down amusedly at him.

"I hope y'r 'xcellency's well this be-yut-iful morn."

Bill made a faint attempt to look cheerful and smiled wanly.

"If y'r 'xcellency is ready to 'ave his de-joon-er, would he be so kind as to open that tin box?"

Bill secured the box and feebly went about opening it with the sheath-knife. The cover removed, the box displayed a stock of thin yellow biscuits. The big fellow removed the tissue paper cover with great care and then held it up to the light and read the inscription with almost childish delight. "This cart-on con-tains sixteen pounds uv Soo-perior Im-port-ed Cheese Crakers—nur-rishing, ap-pet-izzing an' dee-lee-shus. Wot d'ye know about that, Bill? Cheese Crackers?" He fell to chuckling.

His gaiety fell on bare ground, as Bill was still in such a condition as to be inaccessible to humor.

The scanty breakfast of crackers and the brackish water was soon over. The big fellow set up the short mast and strung the sail up. He whittled a crotch in the sternmost thwart and fixed the compass in it. Then while Bill held the sheet the big fellow dropped off to sleep.

Bill, left to himself, surveyed the sky and sea with anxious eye. The full effect of the catastrophe had not yet dawned on Bill. He looked at it only as a delay to his getting home. So, with easy philosophy, he held his course by the compass and steered by moving the sheet. After a while, a curious clicking in back of him aroused him. He looked over the stern and saw a small gear, steadily clicking as the boat moved on. A small dial read "Knots—17.34." A little brass plate on the dial was marked: "Patent Log. Maximum 1000 knots." Bill spelled it out slowly. "Ha log," he said delightedly. "We're ha bloomin' flagship, blast me hif we haint." Bill felt vastly complimented that his boat should have a log on it.

When the big stoker woke, he told him of the new phenomena. The big fellow grinned broadly. "They must'a thought we wuz goin' t' carry 'is Majesty's mail, huh, Bill?"

Bill grinned in reply.

The day wore on without further incident. Under sail, the cutter plowed ahead rapidly. The big fellow and Bill told stories to each other to pass the time away. When evening fell again, the big fellow made Bill wrap in the blankets again, and tended the sail from the stern.

Hour after hour passed. The big fellow looked up at the stars for awhile, then began to count the clickings of the log, painfully loud in the dead stillness of the night. After a while his eyes fell on the little huddled figure in the prow, and he fell to wondering whether their water and biscuit and favorable wind would last them to Liverpool.

A blast of cold spray struck his hand. He wiped it off, muttering softly to the waves, "Play fair, ol' girl, a fightin' chance an' we'll win."

After a long time, rocked by the motion of the boat, the big fellow fell asleep. With the dawn, black clouds spread over the sky, and the wind brought with it a cold, chilling rain.

* * * * *

The fifth night out. The cutter was rimmed with an armor of ice. The small sail hung stiff to the mast. The big fellow was rowing wearily, drenched to the skin from four days of sleety rain. Bill lay in the prow, a frowsy, pitiful object under the blankets. Suddenly the big fellow dropped the oars. "Bill," he said weakly, "this is Chris'mas mornin', Bill."

Bill nodded feebly. "Will we get there to-day?" he asked in a very weary, a very smothered voice.

The big fellow looked at the log. "Maybe," he said and fell to rowing again.

That morning they finished the last of the water and biscuits. The big fellow poured down Bill's throat half the contents of the flask of spirits which he had so conscientiously saved, and then fell to rowing again.

Bill went off to sleep. Soon the oars dropped from the big fellow's hands.

When he awoke again it was dark. Over the waves came flashes

of light, one red, two white, repeated instantly. They struck the big fellow full in the eyes.

"Bill, Bill," he shouted, rising unsteadily, "we're home, we're home." But Bill never stirred. Bill was already home.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

JAMES T. MANGAN, A. B. '17

Dogs and cats and flippant rabbits,
Apples, grapes, and luscious pears,
Pipes, cigars, tobacco habits,
Jewelry and railroad fares.

Stars and hearts and waxen candles,
Pines and oaks and evergreens;
Pots and stoves and iron handles,
Ham and eggs and pork and beans.

Mirth and laughs at trivial causes,
Bandages, and cures for corns,
Phantoms, myths, and Santa Clauses,
Bells and music, drums and horns.

Laughter doesn't perish speed'ly,
Yet the day is most sublime;
What a vast and complex medley,
Is this happy Christmas time!

Historic Christmas

Ernest W. Thiele, A. B. '16



THE pages of history do not record very many great events which took place on Christmas. It would seem that the world had agreed that no other event should overshadow the Great Event which the day commemorates. And most of the events which can be found are peaceful, as befits the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

The first great event which was recorded is the crowning of Charlemagne as Emperor by Pope Leo III in the year 800. It was a notable occasion. Charlemagne had come to Rome to assist the Pope in a dispute with a faction in Rome. On Christmas Day a celebration was held in the ancient Basilica of St. Peter, near the Vatican, in thanksgiving for the successful settlement of the case. While Charlemagne was kneeling at the altar, Pope Leo came forward, placed a crown upon his head, and saluted him as "Emperor of the Romans," amid the applause of the multitude around. Probably no coronation was so momentous as this. By his act Pope Leo restored the line of Western Roman Emperors, which had become extinct when Odoacer dethroned Augustulus. The line of emperors beginning with Charlemagne continued for more than a thousand years, ending in 1806 with the resignation of Francis II. But the effects of Leo's act were not very beneficial. In attempting to be Emperors of the World, the successors of Charlemagne failed to be even Kings of Germany. They spent their energies in struggles to control foreign nations and the Pope; while at home petty princes were becoming powerful, and the unification of Germany was consequently delayed for centuries.

Curiously enough, the second great historical event which took place on this day was also a coronation. On Christmas Day, 1066, William the Conqueror was crowned King of England. The events leading up to this coronation are too well known to require notice. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of York in Westminster Abbey. It was probably one of the most exciting coronations of history. When the people were asked whether they would

have William for their king, they shouted "Yea, yea" so loudly that the Norman guard outside thought that the English were offering resistance, and set fire to some buildings nearby. Then the entire crowd rushed out of the church to extinguish the fire or to plunder, and in the confusion William was crowned and took the oath to rule as well as his predecessors. This coronation was not so important as the other; it merely ratified what had already been decided. But the change of which this event was a sign was one of the greatest in the history of England. It did not only decide who should be crowned as William's successors for centuries still unborn; it changed the language, the laws, the institutions of the English people for all time. Though at first sight a calamity, yet in its results it was beneficial, for, besides the treasure of Norman culture, William brought with him a policy which made England a unified nation when other nations were still torn by dissention.

The third event to be spoken of did not take place on Christmas, but it was intended that it should, and it actually occurred on the feast of the Epiphany, so it is included here. Then were taken the first steps toward the granting of Magna Charta. The barons and bishops of England had met in October at Bury St. Edmunds, and had resolved that at Christmas they would demand that the king subscribe to a charter. Accordingly, when John arrived at London from Winchester, where he had spent Christmas, he was met by a splendid pageant, composed entirely of the nobles and their followers, dressed in full armor, and carrying many large silken banners. When the document was presented to John, he begged for a delay; and, although the barons were angry at being put off, the signing was postponed to Easter. John then obtained a second delay, but the barons were in earnest, and he was forced to sign the charter on the fifteenth of June, 1215. This event secured constitutional liberty to the English people for all time; and, however little was accomplished at Christmas, this was the beginning from which great results sprang.

Hardly any memorable battles have been fought on Christmas, as was mentioned above. But there was one important Christmas battle, and in our own country—the surprise of the Hessians at Trenton, December 25, 1776. This was a critical moment in the Revolution. Every schoolchild knows how Washington, in desperate straits, driven from New Jersey and with the terms of enlistment of his troops nearly expired, crossed the Delaware on Christmas

night amid floating blocks of ice, and reanimated his soldiers and the country by surprising and capturing the Hessians at Trenton. It seems that but for this victory the Revolution would have failed, for on New Year's Day, Washington would have found himself with only the remnants of his army. As it was, most of his soldiers re-enlisted, new recruits arrived, and the whole country shook off the depression caused by the disasters of the previous months.

These are all the events of the first importance associated with Christmas, and it does not seem likely that the list will be greatly extended in coming years, for on this great holiday the chief subjects of history, affairs of state and war, are suspended. On the other hand, there is a remarkable activity on the days just before Christmas, as business is concluded in order that men may enjoy the day in peace. The treaty of Ghent for instance, was signed on December 24, 1814. For the same reason probably, many surrenders have taken place at this time.

It is commonly thought unlucky to be born on Christmas, but at least one great man overcame this handicap, if such it is. This was Sir Isaac Newton, who was born on December 25, 1642. It seems that no one of great prominence has died on Christmas, though Thackeray died the day before, December 24, 1863.

The last event which took place on Christmas was notable, not in the history of the world, but in the history of astronomy. On account of its peculiar appropriateness, it should be mentioned here. This was the return of the famous Halley's Comet, as predicted by Halley, the astronomer royal of England, seventy years before. He had observed that a comet which appeared in 1682 bore a great resemblance to those that had been seen in 1531 and 1607. He concluded that the comets must be the same, and calculated that it would return in 1758 or 1759. This comet was actually re-discovered on Christmas, 1758. This, the second great star which appeared on Christmas, was the first comet whose return was predicted and verified.



HON. JOHN J. SULLIVAN

Hon. John J. Sullivan

Walter A. Wade, LL. B. '15

JOHN J. SULLIVAN was born December 20, 1880 in Chicago, Illinois. His grammar school education was received from the Sisters at the All Saints Parochial school. When he had finished eighth grade he entered the South Division High School, from which he was graduated with high honors in 1897. Judge Sullivan had decided to become a teacher, so after finishing high school he at once enrolled at the Chicago Normal School. He completed his training at this institution in 1898, and in the fall of the same year he began his career as a teacher. For eight years he taught in the public schools of Chicago. During the greater part of this time he was assigned to the Shields and other south side schools.

As a teacher he was of course interested in higher education, and spent the greater part of his spare time in study.

The opportunities which are open to a lawyer soon attracted his attention, for he saw in the legal profession a chance to better himself and at the same time an opportunity to help the unfortunate, who have always received from him the kindest consideration. In 1902, therefore, he matriculated at the Chicago-Kent College of Law. After three years of hard study he received his degree from that institution in 1905. Passing the bar examination in the same year, he at once began to practice law. In a few years his ability as a lawyer attracted wide attention, and in 1912 he was appointed a Master in Chancery. While in this position his ambition to become a jurist was fostered.

There being several vacancies to be filled on the bench of the Municipal Court in the fall, his many friends induced him to become a candidate for the office. He received the nomination and in November, 1912, he was elected by a large majority. He has been on the bench but a year; nevertheless, he has impressed both lawyers and their clients as an exceedingly kind and just jurist. The Judge is a member of the Chicago Bar Association and of various clubs and social organizations.

That peculiar fascination which teaching possesses for many still has a strong hold on Judge Sullivan. This was shown when, with the desire of helping to preserve the high standard of his profession, he became professor of Elementary Law in the Loyola College of Law.

This school he believes has every opportunity for expansion in this great city with its large Catholic population. His Honor, moreover, is a firm believer of evening professional schools and says in support of the same: "A good many of the students who attend the night law schools work harder and are more ambitious than those who attend the day schools. They sacrifice both time and pleasure, and my experience has been that as large, if not a larger, percentage of them are more successful than the graduates of the day colleges."

CHRISTMAS EVE

WALTER QUIGLEY, A. B. '17

Earth lies couched in veil of white,
And winds go blustering by;
Firesides gleam with ruddy light,
For Christmas time is nigh.

Now men abound in merry cheer,
And keep an open hearth;
Festal time of all the year,
For Christ has come on earth.

Children gay now sing and play
And dance with liquid mirth!
Spotless lay, ring out to-day
Proclaim the Savior's birth!

"Gloria in Excelsis Deo"

James T. Mangan, A. B. '17



CHRISTMAS story has three essentials; first, it must be a story; second, it must be about Christmas; third, it must contain the words, "Gloria in excelsis Deo." The first two components are merely conventional, the last is absolutely necessary. That mine is a story I do not assume, that it is about Christmas, I leave to your unbiased judgment, but that it contains the words, "Gloria in excelsis Deo" the right number of times in the right number of places, with the right number of inflections—this I ask you to grant me.

They were, indeed, two very rough looking individuals, of the kind that always survive a railroad wreck. But it was not so much their appearance that got to my nerves as it was the things they were talking about.

"Jes' two more weeks before Christmas," said one through his newspaper.

"Wot's Christmas?" queried the other.

"Say, Jack Thompson, don't yer know wot Christmas is?"

"No I don't; wot is it?"

"Well, well, now; lemme see. Wot is Christmas? Christmas is—Christmas is—hones' now, don't yer know wot Christmas is?"

"I told yer onct I didn't."

"Well then, I don't think I'll tell yer; it couldn't help one so ignorunt as you."

"Betcher don't know yerself."

"How much ya got ta back that up?"

There was a short, inaudible mumbling, and then the first of the two leaned over a seat of the street car and accosted me.

"This here pal o' mine wants ter bet me I don't know wot Christmas is; will yer hold th' stakes?"

More curious than bored I consented.

"All right, what is Christmas?" I asked, taking the money.

He had it on the tip of his tongue.

"Christmas is the day arter the day befor' on which all ther street cars are filled with people carryin' bundles."

"That's all very well," I said; "but your definition is incomplete. You see, the specific difference—"

"I win," shouted the other one, "give me ther kale!"

"No," I said; "he was partly right. I think I'll call it a draw—no I won't either; here, I will let Father Ryan decide it!"

The good priest had just come into the car. I explained the situation, tendered him the stakes, and, realizing that I had gone two blocks past my corner, I hastened to leave.

On Christmas morning I ascended the choir of Father Ryan's church to give a hand at some of the Christmas hymns. The first was "Gloria in excelsis Deo." There were quite a number of singers and the rendition was exquisite. But far above the standard of the choristers as a whole, two wonderful basses caught my ear and filled me with admiration. I looked around and soon saw them, far removed, at the end row. Though altered, I knew them. They were my two friends of the street car.

CHRISTMAS MORN

JAMES MOLLOY, A. B. '16

Ring out, wild bells
Your pealing tells
Of joy and peace
Among all men;
Ring out, wild bells!
Your anthem swells,
And sorrows cease
Among us then.

Ye bells, all ring,
And gladness sing!
Proclaiming wide,
"Our King is born!"
Ye bells, oh ring,
For joy you bring
On every side,
This Christmas morn.



Editorial

As to the Christmas Spirit.

Leaving out the supernatural significance of Christmas entirely—although such a supposition robs the day of its very soul—we cannot but notice that with every year this feast as regards the giving and receiving of gifts, becomes more and more mercenary. From the beginning of December there is a wild rush to prepare for the day. Stores are crowded, street-cars jammed, men and women lie awake nights conjecturing on what is to be given them and how they will make a suitable return. From a praiseworthy and simple custom, it has gradually degenerated into a commercial undertaking, and instead of looking forward to Christmas as a time of pleasure and happiness, there are complaints from many of the short interval of time elapsing between one Christmas and the next.

Who is to blame for this change of spirit? Some assign its cause to the advertising and importance that merchants give to it. In great part, this is no doubt a just reason, but the fact remains that a large portion of it also results from pride. One is afraid that the other many think his or her gift too cheap, and so on ad infinitum. Surely so much time, money and energy should not be devoted to work for which there is so little return. How much better it would be were real gifts to be limited only to relatives and close friends, with a Christmas card for the rest? It is too large a task to go fully into explaining methods of curing this Christmas-mania, but that there should be a cure seems to need no demonstration.

**President
Wilson
on the
Primaries.**

The more one thinks of it, the more significant seems that feature of President Wilson's plan for the direct nomination of Presidential candidates which proposes to retain the national convention in a modified form, composed of the candidates for National office, Congressmen and the National Committeemen, whose functions shall be to frame the party platform. This generation has heard much about "party pledges" in the platforms adopted by nominating conventions and whether or not, after election, successful candidates stood up to them as they should. At the same time, it has been felt that these platforms have become largely vote-catching documents, formed more by considerations of the susceptibilities of different sections of the party and districts of the country than from original consideration of principles.

There has been much straining to satisfy the demand that platforms thus made in the councils of party managers to win elections, should be strictly adhered to. As a rule, the National or State platform in its final form, and the nomination of a National ticket are simultaneous; or more often the platform comes second. A candidate may know its main features, and be consulted as it is taking final shape, but he is committed to it as a whole by the convention's action. It would be foolish to throw over the nomination and the convention's whole work because of differences on minor points.

Probably no one would be more conscientious, within reason, on this point than President Wilson. The party planks must at least be given a fair test. But we can believe that two of them, discussed briefly in his message, will be surrounded in his mind with increasing doubt as to the wisdom of early action. These subjects deal with the Philippines and Mexico.

As to the President's advocacy of nomination of candidates for the Presidency by a primary vote, this is a great extension of the pure-Democracy idea, and would seem, because of the country-wide size of the electorate, to be exposing the most important elective act to the hap-hazard of vast unorganized bodies. Unless some organization exists to direct the choice, as is the function of party delegates and conventions, the nomination, if it were decided by pluralities, might represent but a small minority.

If the object is to do away with party organization's management, with which purpose the country is no doubt in sym-

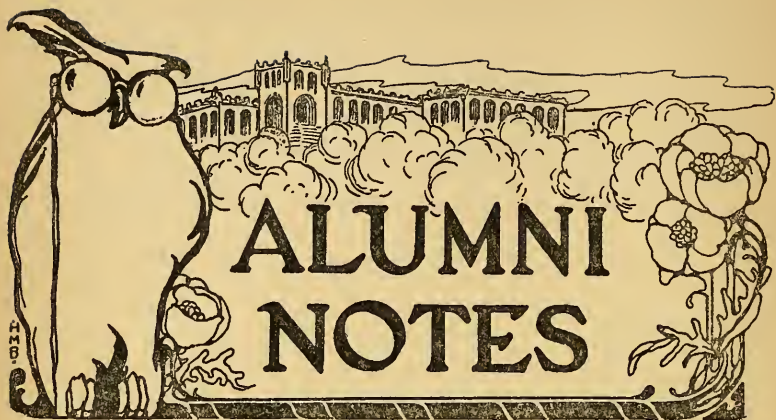
pathy, some other articulation of the local electorates must be substituted. The form taken by this essential will be the test of the value of the general proposal. It is no doubt a logical proposal to cancel the pretense of election under the present constitutional provision of electoral colleges by States, who, from free agents, have been reduced to nullities by the party system's petrifying control.

—JOHN AARON COLNON.

CHRISTMAS

EDWARD HORICK, A. B. '17

Judean night; with radiance soft
The angel choirs appear;
Sweet anthem from the clouds aloft
The listening shepherds hear.
His invitation to adore,
From angel lips rings clear!
The stall, with starlit radiance o'er,
They seek in wondering fear.
The Child lies there; his wide clear eyes
In wonder gaze above;
Our God in helpless, gentle guise,
A proof divine of love.
On hilltop far three kings delay,
Behold the star foretold.
In Eastern way their honor pay
With gifts of myrrh and gold.
The song, the star that tells of peace
Still glorify that night;
"Good will to men," it does not cease;
We travel toward the Light.



The Alumni Association held an unique and enjoyable smoker on Monday evening, November 17. By special arrangement the press room was kept in operation until nine o'clock, with the entire force on duty. The alumni were treated to the sight of every step in the process of printing the University Magazine; the covers were being printed on the cylinder press; a signature already completed was being folded; assembled copies were being stitched, and others which had been finished in advance were being trimmed on the big cutter. Samples of work done by the Press were on hand for inspection. The alumni were intensely interested by what had been accomplished, and particularly by the prospects of future expansion thus manifested. After all had had an opportunity to inspect the plant, the scene was changed to the college hall, where the President, Mr. Justin McCarthy, took the chair. Mr. McCarthy was in unusually happy vein, and insisted on having a declaration of principles from everyone present. Many secrets of the old days were brought to light; the most interesting, perhaps, were the tales of horrible adventures in Jug narrated by Mr. Louis Sayre. Mr. Sayre concluded by reciting some passages from Virgil committed to memory during his protracted periods of detention. The meeting ended with singing and refreshments.

A number of the alumni have come forward to assist in preparing the annual gymnasium exhibition to be given by the Academy students. Mr. John K. Moore is in charge of a class to be held on Wednesday evenings in the gymnasium. The old gymnasts are all

invited to drop in any Wednesday night in order to limber up their muscles in preparation for the great event.

We are in receipt of a letter from Rev. H. D. J. Brosseau, a graduate of 1905. Father Brosseau is at present Rector of Holy Cross Cathedral, Haileybury, Ontario. Haileybury is a town of 6000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on Lake Temiskaming. The cathedral, a remarkably imposing structure, was erected at a cost of \$100,000. The town also boasts of a hospital, a convent, a classical college and a Catholic school.

James E. Royce, '09, one of the faithful "Old Guard," sent us tidings from his western home some time ago. He says: "I had the pleasure a few days ago of a long talk with Coach Harmon, who handled the eleven at Loyola in 1910. He is now coaching at Gonzaga University in Spokane,—the 'Loyola of the Northwest.' He has turned out some bunch of 'Fighting Irishmen,' who held the State College to a low score, beat Whitworth College, and promise to defeat Montana. I suppose all the boys know I'm still on the same job—Assistant City Editor of the Spokane 'Daily Chronicle.' I am very happily married, and have a daughter a year and a half old."

Frederick L. Schmitt, '11, writes as follows from Kirksville, Missouri: "I am at present a student in the senior class of the American School of Osteopathy, and will finish a three year course in June, 1914. The ordinary difficulties met with in Medical Schools as regards morality and questions of legitimacy in obstetrical work are present here. Fortunately, the only doctor who openly advocated such practices has since left because of the odium excited by his statements. The student body numbers 756, of whom only 26 are Catholics."

J. C. ("Rube") Dolan is a student at Armour, where he is busy suppressing the Catholic aristocratic party. During the summer he had charge of the construction of a roundhouse and five office buildings for the Big Four Railroad.

Another old student at Armour is John Tierney, who defeated all the sprinters at Armour this fall in 100 and 220 yard dashes. Among those who fell before him was Joe Sullivan, star quarterback of the 1910 eleven.

A happy marriage not as yet chronicled by the Magazine was that of Paul Reitz and Miss K. Baeman. Congratulations and best wishes!

LAW ALUMNI.

In the recent Bar examination held at Mount Vernon, Illinois, Tom Howe, J. D. McNulty and Elmer J. Whitty, who were graduated last year, were successful.

Mr. Howe is now employed by the Chicago Telephone Co., and Mr. Whitty is working for Butler Bros.

Mr. Erwin Hasten, also of the class of 1913, is Country Manager of The Journal.

Phil McGrath, who is a Juvenile Court officer, intends, we are told, to begin the practice of law shortly. Bill Flaherty, who was president of the senior class last year, is now connected with Graham & Sons Bank.

Emmet Monahan, a former football star, is in the office of the city attorney.

Of the Class of 1910, the Hon. John F. McCarty, a state representative, was married on November 15, 1913 to Miss Elizabeth Frances Sammon. Among the few of his classmates who still remain single are William McKenna and Michael Ahern. Mr. M. A. Morrison informs us that although Mr. McKenna, who is associate counsel for H. M. Byllesby Co., is very much taken up with subjects of law, a certain young lady demands a great deal of his attention. The same authority states that when Mr. Ahern receives his next large fee (Mr Morrison, however, did say FIRST large fee) he will join the Benedicts.

Mr. Morrison is assistant secretary of H. M. Byllesby Co. He is also a director, and in some cases an officer, in many large public utility corporations of the middle west.

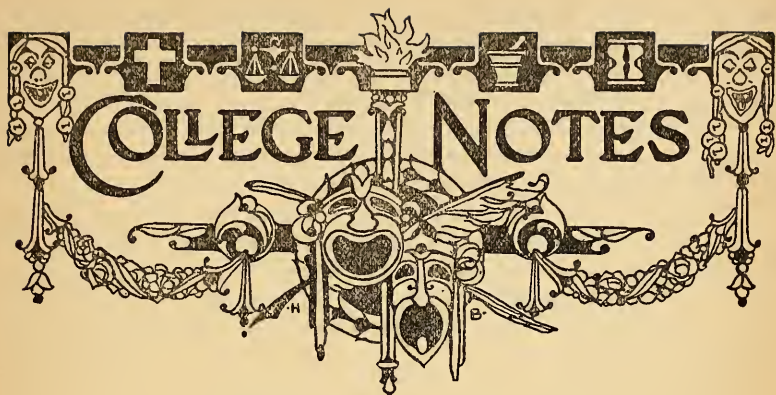
Mr. F. W. McGovern, 1911, has a law office at 29 So. La Salle St.

"I am getting fat but not rich," says Dutch Herman of the class of 1912. Dutch is in the real estate business out in Lawndale. Herman also said: "It looks as if Ignatius Doyle needs money when he plays football on Sunday. They say he has many clients, but I guess he has not as yet learned how to separate them from their dough."

Mr. Doyle, a member of the 1912 class, has a law office in the Ashland Block.

James J. Grogan, a member of the class of 1912, is Travelling Freight Solicitor for the Santa Fe Ry. Co.

—WALTER A. WADE.



MEDICAL NOTES.

During the Surgical Congress held in Chicago from November 10 to November 15, clinics were given at the Jefferson Park Hospital for the benefit of the visiting surgeons by the surgical staff of the college. Dr. Herzog opened the week's work at the hospital with a talk on the formation of calculi in the body.

Dr. H. N. MacKechnie had several interesting operations for the visiting surgeons at the Rhodes Avenue Hospital on Wednesday, November 12.

A Benefit Play will be given at the Orchestra Hall for the purpose of establishing a large free clinic in the Jefferson Park Hospital. The cause is a very commendable one, and is a movement in the right direction toward assisting some of our fellow creatures in need. Judging from the interest and support which has been shown in this affair by the students, by the doctors and their wives, and by the charitable public, success will necessarily follow.

On December 8 a faculty dinner was given at the Republican Club rooms. Besides discussing the Benefit Play, several important matters which are of great benefit to the school were decided upon.

Father H. S. Spalding has his office in the library, where the students may find him every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Dr. Alfred DeRoulet and wife had an important part in the reception given in the home of the Japanese consul.

Dr. David O'Shea possesses a large tract of land in the northern part of Minnesota, where he spends his vacation. Mrs. O'Shea, who is the president of the Woman's Catholic League, is working hard to make the Benefit Play a success.

Mrs. U. S. Grim, wife of Dr. Grim, head of the Rhino-Oto-Laryngological department, met with a serious accident to her knee, necessitat-

ing the use of a mechanical support in order that she may be able to move about. Mrs. Grim is on the Arrangement Committee for the Benefit Play, but the accident did not cool her ardor any. She is striving just as hard as before the injury.

One of the numbers on the programme for the Benefit Play will be filled by Mrs. Marcusson, wife of Dr. W. B. Marcusson. She takes part in many of the prominent song recitals about the city.

J. M. Moses, M. D., has deserted the west side and believes that he is more pleasantly located in his new home on Indiana avenue.

Congratulations are extended to O. T. Owen, the Business Manager, on the arrival of a daughter in his home on December 4. Perhaps, dear student, you have wondered why Mr. Owen could keep on smiling even though his work has been greatly increased at the present time by the Benefit Play. Well, now you know the exciting cause.

Miss Eleanor Sherwood, niece of Dr. Robertson, has been added to the office force. Miss Sherwood is quite a gifted woman. She will demonstrate her ability as a child impersonator at the Jefferson Park Hospital Benefit Play.

Mrs. Edith Lowry Lambert, wife of Dr. Lambert and an alumna of Bennett, is acquiring an international fame in the literary field. She has written six books on hygiene and other kindred subjects. She has also done a great deal of work for syndicate papers and magazines.

Some of the medical students attended the Retreat conducted for students in the graduate courses of Loyola University. The number was not as large as it might have been, yet, considering the fact that this is the first year, the results are satisfactory.

Several of the students from Mexico could not return to school because of the trouble in that country. According to the latest report they are still alive. We hope they are on the right side, whatever that may be.

The Phi Delta Medical Fraternity, Alpha. Pi Chapter, the oldest and largest purely medical fraternity in the school, held its quarterly initiation on Friday evening, December 13, 1913, when twelve medics were admitted. A smoker was held after the new members were received, and a very interesting evening was spent.

The annual banquet and initiation of prospective candidates in the first year class will be held after the first semester examinations. As in the past, the freshmen have to attend classes one semester before being eligible. There are now eight members of the Phi Delta who are proud possessors of the "L" gained through football.

Senior Class.

Dr. M. Herzog, Senior Dean, will deliver a talk to us in about a week or so on Placentation; a subject which has been thoroughly investigated by the doctor. We shall appreciate the Dean's favor.

A few of the members of the class organization attempted to battle

the entire Junior class, and of course were repulsed. They undoubtedly would have fared better if the entire organization had assisted them, if we can judge from past victories won by the class as a body.

The Year-Book Committee will be appointed within a short time. This will be somewhat of a cheer to the Juniors. We purposely say "somewhat," because they are greatly interested in the subscriptions at the present time. No doubt about ninety per cent of the Seniors will take the year book, and the other ten per cent will be sorry about the first of June that they did not subscribe, as was the case last year, when many of the 1913 class were willing to pay any reasonable amount for a book. But they could not be bought, because an order was sent in calling for as many copies as there were subscriptions. This is just a little hint.

We cannot see why the subscription list should not average a hundred per cent. This is really a Senior book, and each and every Senior should take to it as such.

BOHUMIL E. PECHOUS.

Junior Class.

At a class meeting held on November 13, the Juniors elected the following as their representatives on the Loyola Students' Council:

M. J. Donovan, Chairman.	J. Dittmore.
R. M. Montfort.	J. J. Zak.

M. J. Donovan, ex-president of the class of 1915, and former coach of the baseball team, and R. M. Montfort, former coach of the football team, have expressed their regret regarding the difficulties of the Athletic Association. As they were both vitally interested in the matter, we sincerely hope that the athletic enthusiasts of all the departments will begin at once to encourage athletics, as there is no reason why Loyola U. should not have an Athletic Association on a par with those of other universities.

So let us all get together from now on, and let our slogan be "Long live the Athletic Association of Loyola U, especially Ye Students of Medicine!"

E. G. Brust, secretary of our class, reminds one of a typical minister's son, originator of disturbances in his circle. His latest was a class rush between the Juniors and Seniors, in which the former were successful, and for which a great deal befalls the Innocent Minister's son. Besides taking an active interest in the social affairs of the class, our friend intends to develop his frontal lobes by becoming a follower of Aristotle and Plato.

The Junior class unanimously wish our President, John D. Robertson; our Dean, M. Herzog; our Junior Dean, A. B. Rankin, and all other members of the Faculty, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and hope they will all enjoy their short vacation during the holidays

while they are relieved from the pursuance of science and their never-tiring efforts on our behalf.

DAVID N. SCHAFFER.

Sophomore Class.

The last issue shows the Freshies thanking the powers for intervening in their behalf and rescuing them from those "awful" Sophomores. However, their intervention did not last long; as it only forestalled a natural event brought on by themselves;—but of course the usual happened. The Freshmen were caught, tied and painted, and marched around in the vicinity of the college. There being nobody hurt and no damage done to the property, the Faculty overlooked our transgression.

A dance was given at the Garfield Park Refectory by our Social Club, an organization formed to promote good-fellowship among the Sophomore students. The affair was well attended and all enjoyed a pleasant evening. Several members of the Faculty were present, among whom were Doctors Sweek, McClane, McClurg, Elliott and Huber.

BERNARD BENKENDORF.

Freshman Class.

Seldom if ever does a professor care to come in contact with a freshman class more often than his duties require, and consequently the Freshmen of the Medical Department feel highly honored by Dr. McClurg's acceptance of the Honorary Presidency of the class of nineteen seventeen. Dr. McClurg, a member of the Faculty only since the opening of the present semester, has not failed to impress all who have come in contact with his genial personality, and past associations speak volumes for his ability. More of Dr. McClurg, however, will be said later.

As the time for dreaded semi-finals draws near, medical students, and especially Freshmen, pray fervently that the Faculty have not chosen for their motto the sinister but often-used Latin phrase, "Soccituum." Let us hope, however, that an ever-suspicious faculty will not look askance at the fellow who sees fit during the examinations to appear wearing a pair of white cuffs (they have got to be worn sometime).

Signs of a Freshman.

Freshie (to doctor who has just completed an operation): Doctor what did you operate on that man for?

Doctor: Three hundred dollars.

Freshie: No, I mean what did he have?

Doctor: One hundred dollars.

Doctor to Brand: Give me a method of positively ridding a person of corns.

Brand: Let the calf come down and eat them.

JOHN COUGHLIN.

LAW NOTES.

The Trustees of the University have voted to secure larger quarters for the Law Department. This was the welcome announcement made to the students a short time ago by Father Henry Spalding. For the second time since this department was started the authorities have been forced by the yearly increase in the size of the classes to acquire additional space. This but demonstrates the fact that Loyola is fast becoming one of the largest and best universities in the middle west.

The Juniors have finished their course in Partnership, and now have on Wednesday evenings Mr. Joseph Graber on Securityship.

Judge Michael F. Girtten, Professor of the Law of Domestic Relations, has returned from an extended tour of Europe. On Sunday, December 7, 1913, Judge Girtten delivered an address on "The Catholic Laity and Public Life in the Community," at a mass meeting of the Militia of Christ in Milwaukee. The public demonstration on June 19, 1914, at the unveiling of the statue to the famous writer Goethe, will be under the management of Judge Girtten.

Hon. John M. O'Connor, who was recently elected judge of the Superior Court of Cook County, was for two years instructor in Equity Pleading and Practice at Loyola. When elected to the state senate in 1910 his duties compelled him to resign his professorship.

TANGO TAUGHT FREE.

At Professor Maurice Leahy's Dancing Academy.

These were the contents of a notice which the young dancing wizard posted on the bulletin board. We are told that among his pupils are George Sullivan, Tom Guinane, and Sebastian. Captain Baumer has engaged the terpsichorean artist, Mr. Leahy, to instruct him privately.

Mr. Conners, of the Freshman class, has not announced the result of the little argument on Socialism which he had with one of the soap-box orators of West Madison street.

WALTER A. WADE.

Third Year.

Every member of the third-year class could echo with perfect sincerity the sentiments of the Irishman who was being photographed on his arrival at Ellis Island, "Shoot, but don't say I thrimbled." We have all begun to think seriously, I had almost said soberly, of a certain event heretofore regarded with equanimity if not with contempt. Most of us are beginning to realize just how little we know, and there are a few who suspect that what they do know isn't so. Despite these gloomy forebodings be it remarked that the class shows unmistakable signs of improvement over the previous years so we wont give up the ship just yet.

The Fortnightly Club has had several interesting sessions since the

last issue but none more so than the one of November 17 at the Lake-view Inn. With Mr. Mulligan, our lecturer on Practice and Procedure in the judge's chair, we staged a mock trial successfully. The cause was Gorman vs. Brophy, an action on the case. Messrs. Foster and Brundage represented the plaintiff and Messrs. Bosser and Maginis, the defendant. Nearly every member of the class was pressed into service either as clerk, bailiff, stenographer, juror or witness. Aside from such little incidents as the following the affair was a legal triumph, and who shall say that a great deal of enjoyment is not better than a little of law?

After the plaintiff had put in his evidence Mr. Maginis, for the defense, made this appeal to the court:

"Your Honor, I wish to enter a protest against the unethical conduct of the attorneys for the plaintiff. It was agreed between counsel that the plaintiff was hurt about the chest, and here I go and study for a month on injuries to the chest, and now they prove that his hip and leg were the injured members. Is this fair, is this just, is this legal? I have been basely deceived in this matter and I wish to call it to the attention of the court and jury."

He was interrupted at this point by voices from the rear of the room.

"You're in hard luck, Tom."

"Write us a letter about it."

"No, write to the Tribune, Mac. They'll tell you what to do."

During a recess for the jury our genial ex-president, Mr. O'Hara, who was one of the twelve, endeavored to secure admission to the ice cream parlor adjoining the restaurant only to be assaulted by the janitor of the building in a cruel and unusual manner. Said ice cream parlor being closed for the night, said janitor suspected Mr. O'Hara of harboring a design to commit burglary so he drew from his rear trouser pocket on the right side a pistol which he exposed to the gaze of said genial ex-president to his evident terror and confusion. A verbal altercation then ensued during which the sturdy clerk of the court, Mr. Leonard, arrived on the scene of inaction. Without an instant's delay, or you might say in the twinkling of an eye, he fixed his commanding gaze on the janitor aforesaid, and said in deep and direful tones:

"Lemme see that gun!"

There is a difference of opinion as to the facts at this point. Some think that Mr. Leonard's words were, "Will you allow me to examine that weapon?" but the preponderance of the evidence is the other way. However, Mr. Leonard's words, whatever they were, in conjunction with his masterful demeanor had the desired effect. The janitor mentioned in the premises dutifully handed over the aforesaid gun, pistol or weapon, saying with all due deference:

"You see, mister, it wasn't loaded. I was only tryin' to scare him. I never load it until after twelve."

After a critical examination his words were found to be true. The gun at least was not loaded. Then clearing his throat with a quasi-judicial cough Mr. Leonard spoke thus:

"See here, my good man, you are guilty of assault and battery, of inciting a riot, and of precipitating an affray, not to mention contempt of court, an effort to intimidate a juror, treason and lese majeste. However, I am sure I can get you off scot free if you retain me to defend you. I will accept the fee now if its all the same to you and you ain't got no objections."

But at this inopportune time the bailiff summoned us again to our duties, and Mr. Leonard was compelled to desist, leaving the janitor leaning against the door-jamb withering away from fear and the expectation of what was to come.

Second Year.

The Second-Year Class continues, by its increasing application, to live up to its reputation as a hard-working body; and should its members persevere, and their mental digestions withstand their appetite for legal knowledge, we feel we are not over-sanguine in predicting that some of them at least will prove potent factors in legal circles, and prominent figures in the community.

One important cause of this success, and the origin of our aggressiveness in speech, is the Wranglers' Club, founded last year by our worthy President, Mr. McCann. Two meetings, the third and fourth respectively of this year, were held since the last issue of the magazine. The first, which took place on Tuesday evening, October 28, at Lakeview Inn, was taken up with the impeachment proceedings against Mr. Guinane. The session proved to be a verbal, and almost a physical encounter, between the two rival factions—the Guinancites and the Boweites. After the sympathizers of Mr. Guinane had succeeded, despite the fact that Mr. Bowe occupied the chair, in having the trial temporarily side-tracked, the regular speakers for the evening were called upon. Mr. Guinane, the first speaker, asserted that he would, in consideration of his trial, relinquish his right to make an address. Mr. Guinane is thereupon censured by the Chair. Mr. Harkins, the second speaker, refuses because Mr. Guinane has done so. Mr. Lahey, the third speaker, responds by dilating upon the merits of the several chairmen who have graced the meetings. His remarks were frequently interrupted by the Chair because of alleged indulgence in personalities. Mr. Mulloy, the fourth speaker, asserts that he has not been notified of his appointment. Mr. McCann chides the speakers, and pleads that they deliver their speeches. The Chair again calls upon the speakers. Mr. Guinane and Mr. Harkins again refuse. Mr. Mulloy again asserts that he has not been notified. Mr. Lahey states that he has already spoken.

Mr. Bowe now comprehending the state of affairs—that there is much discussion, that order can not be maintained, and that some are ready to leave the assembly—arises, and in a very fitting and manly

fashion pleads that all ill-feeling be laid aside for the sake of the society. Such speech met at its conclusion with hearty applause. At this juncture Mr. Ryan moves that the meeting adjourn, and such motion was seconded and carried. After the adjournment the actual impeachment trial began, and the remaining time was occupied with the presentation of testimony by the prosecution.

The fourth meeting was held at Lakeview Inn on November 11, Mr. Bowe presiding. Mr. Guinane, the first speaker, began by deploring the lack of order at the last meeting; and his remarks prompted the Chair to interrupt the speaker, whereupon he relinquished his right to make further remarks. Mr. Harkins, the second speaker, dwelt upon the advantages derived from joining an elocution or oratorical society. Mr. Lahey, the third speaker, asserts that he spoke at the last meeting, but states that should he speak at all, he would address his remarks personally to the Chair. Mr. Mulloy, the third speaker, after remarking that the Chair had discouraged all speaking and thereupon receiving the Chair's censure, manifested how difficult a task it would be for a Catholic to obtain the Presidency of the United States. Mr. McCann, the last speaker, spoke upon the value of public speaking.

The meeting was then adjourned, and the impeachment trial begun. The prosecution proceed with putting in their case, and deal the defense a telling blow by producing as a witness a very attractive young woman. She testified in substance, that she operated a cigar stand in the Lakeview building; that the defendant, Mr. Guinane, purchased cigars from her for the school banquet; and that, when congratulated on being a representative of that institution, he stated that he hoped to acquire something higher, namely, an official position. Another coup was sprung when the prosecution called, without the knowledge of the defendant, a life-long friend of Mr. Guinane, who gave further incriminating evidence.

After such testimony, the lateness of the hour compelled the court to adjourn.

LEO L. DONAHOE.

First Year.

The first year men are beginning to feel like full-fledged lawyers. We are nearly finished with our course in Contracts and Elementary Law, and we have only about fifteen subjects and a Bar Examination to pass before we can hang out our shingles.

Moreover some of those same exams are on our minds right now. As one fellow says, the only remaining hope for some of us is that the person who corrects the papers is not a "spug."

The Equity Club, the First Year organization, is fulfilling the fondest hopes of its promoters. Its bi-weekly meetings have been very well attended, and several excellent speakers have been brought to light.

At the meeting of October 22, Mr. Featherstone presided. Mr.

O'Donnell gave an interesting little speech on "Looking Forward;" Mr. Pickett spoke on the "Evolution of the Trial System;" Mr. Koch on "Parliamentary Law;" and Senator Gorman gave a systematic analysis of legislative procedure, explaining "How Laws are Made."

The program for the following meeting was: Mr. Waugh, Chairman; Mr. J. J. Killgallon, "Taxation;" Mr. H. P. Beam, "The Evils of Modern Society;" and Mr. J. W. Fitzpatrick, "The Office of President." At this meeting Judge Sullivan, who lectures on Elementary Law, appeared for the first time in our midst and honored us with a very interesting talk on "The Liquor Question."

The next meeting was presided over by Mr. Quinn. Mr. Spiegel read an essay on Socialism. Mr. Quinlan spoke on the "Income Tax;" Mr. Tremco on "The Rights of States;" and Mr. M. R. Killgallon on "Home Rule."

At our last meeting Mr. Fitzpatrick held the reins of office. Mr. O'Connor gave us a synopsis of the "Mexican Situation." Mr. Regan gave a fiery denunciation of "The Initiative and Referendum," while Mr. Engels really surprised us with his able handling of the topic of "Personal Influence."

Everything considered, the Equity Club deserves congratulation. And we can only hope that it will even surpass this standard in the future. It can do this only if the members retain their enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is the vivifying spirit of any organization. It is the hall mark of well directed energy and honest endeavor and must be present in every member of an organization, a class, or a school. For as the old saying goes, "no chain is stronger than its weakest link." Hence if any individual lacks enthusiasm the best thing he can do is to get out of the way before he gets tangled up with the wheels of the car of progress. Remember this when the next meeting comes around.

"Say Professor!"—

I am afraid we will have to procure a Maxim Silencer for our old friend John "Forget-me-not" O'Connor. As Dwyer says, or might say if he stuck around long enough to think of it, "John is too ebullient."

"Bull" (typographical error I assure you) Waugh claims that the best plan is to wait until the end of the year to read cases, because reading them from day to day is like cutting off a dog's tail an inch at a time so it won't hurt so much.

"Stensgaard" Reilly says that passing that exam in Elementary Law is like finding a man at "The Greasy Spoon" who eats peas with a fork,—possible but not probable.

Quinlan, ever desirous to be helpful, came to our assistance with the following erudite question: "If Masten can walk, why can't Pickett fence." We use this merely to show that we are not too proud to use anything that will fill up a page. But we really must ask for new stuff after the first of the year. If you have no further questions Gentlemen, why, "Take the next seventy pages.—Mr. Beam!"

"T. M. S."

COLLEGE NOTES.

Senior Class.

Well, boys, here we are again! My, but we are getting fussed up having our name in print so much.

Our far-famed German Senator, the Honorable William Dooley, is quite active in connection with the now-pending currency bill. He declares he has no love for the base coin, but that he needs it in his business.

An argument concerning the extension of certain family cognomens caused a near-riot, and almost ended in the disruption of the renowned Senior Class. There was a faint idea lurking in the minds of the parties involved, to-wit: the greater the comprehension the less the extension, and the greater the extension the less the comprehension. Moral: Never deny, rarely concede, and always distinguish.

An Epitome of the Life of a Senior.

Time, Present. Place, Here. Music and Lyric by Lomht Nonnelc.

Act One, Scene Two—Seated at desk, Mohj Ehrube, Morao Monloc Monloc. Business of earnest conversation. Enter right Frebar Dnobrag; advances to group and piteously moans: "Jugged!" Business of anguish and weeping by trio. Closing chorus by entire class.

"Students may come, and students may go,
Prefects may walk to and fro;
Classes remain, and classes may wane,
But the Jug—No, no; never!
For the Jug goes on forever!"

Act One, Scene Two—Seated at desk, Mohp Ehrube, Morao Monloc and Frebar Dnobrag, weeping dolorous tears of bitter anguish. Enter Mailliu Yelood, gleefully tripping in joyful mood. Pausing a moment he joyfully shouts: "No Jug! No Jug!" Business of exultation and rejoicing. Finale, chorus by entire class:

"Students may come, and students may go,
Prefects may walk to and fro;
Classes remain, and classes may wane,
But the Jug for us? No, never!
What care we if it goes on forever!"

Mr. Colnon and Mr. Garland have both refused the nomination for the presidency of the French Club. The gentlemen are afraid of being put to shame by Mr. Burke, who was elected censor. The duties of the censor consist in maintaining order and correct pronunciation during all seances. On account of this very point of pronunciation I have been approached, and in all probability will fulfill the duties of President.

THOMAS CLENNON.

Junior.

Since so many of the class of '15 have one by one joined the great army of the "not present" and become dead to the college world, we propose this month to hold our own little obituary column. Scattered even like to the leaves of a peony, this once famous class still sends back tidings of its progress to the old nest. Thus:

Edward Dillon, after a trial of Wisconsin U., is studying for the priesthood at St. Viateur's.

Eddie Maher, James Major and Ray Bellock are making their novitiate at Florissant.

The great Mark Dowling was out West when last heard from.

John Mann has married in faraway Elgin. (Or is it Aurora?)

The knightly Robert of Connelly, athlete, amateur chemist, and charter member of the All-Oil Club, whose avowed purpose was to burn it o' nights, is pursuing an engineering degree through the classic halls of Wisconsin U.

John Clark, catcher of renown and boon companion of the above worthy, is now catching it at De Paul U. (Come on over, Jack.)

Among those who have anchored in the safe haven of the Loyola Law School are Bowe, Beam, Philbin, Dunlavy and the one and only John T. Noonan, along with such versatile geniuses as Danny Dever, who also manages the county attorney's office; Harry Tucker, who is raising whiskers as a side issue, and—to crown all—Dick Regan, who, between law classes, amuses himself with such frivolous pastimes as a course at the Metropolitan Business College and a job on the drainage board.

Doody, of soloist fame, after a whirl at the stage, is attending Bennet Medical, along with James Noonan and Bill Pickett.

Ralph Byrnes is enjoying himself in the employ of W. J. Byrnes & Co.

Charlie McDonough is studying for the priesthood in Toronto.

Charlie Hendricks and "Peachy" Foy, when last heard from, were making a violent onslaught on that terrible thing, the orangoutangorilla.

Norbert Thornton has betaken the remainder of his hair to the comparative quiet of Iowa University, where he is taking engineering.

We have received secret information that Caverly was guilty of joke-slaughter in the first degree on the following count: Kehoe had remarked from the depths of a newspaper that, on account of the scarcity of hares the hunting was poor in England. "Humph!" erupted Cav. "They should get a hare-restorer." But we have deeper depravity to disclose. To-wit (or the lack of it): Warz: "Why do they call it the political arena Lamb?"

Lamb (off-handly): "Because that's where they shoot the bull, of course."

Judging from Lamb's conversation, his acquaintance is largely

composed of "fiends," with, however, a fair sprinkling of "teamios," to leaven his demoniac proclivities.

After Caverly's initiation into that distinguished club, the Fraters, he returned with a smiling face but he absolutely refused to sit down. We can't understand it at all. Neither would he let us see the tattooing on his back, nor the curious designs upon his legs. When pressed by the curious, all he would say was "Wanta join?" Then a wild look would flash up in his eye, to be quickly veiled by the placid look we knew of yore. Frankly we are afraid of this Frater thing. It must be a combination of the gentle customs of the South Sea cannibals and the amusing little peculiarities of the Russian Nihilists.

Joseph Byrnes, '15.

Sophomore Notes.

The Sophomore class, by dint of much labor and a little mutual co-operation, is getting along swimmingly. The reading of Cicero's "Pro Lege Manila" progresses steadily, the rich, full flow of the classical Latin being turned into superb English that delights the ear. Demosthenes' "Phillipics" are rendered likewise only more so.

The course in chemistry, too, is pursued with much interest. We sometimes fear that some of the members of our class, in their endeavors to explore new fields, may eventually become martyrs to science. Various interesting experiments have been performed, viz: the effects of heat upon a sealed tube (containing bromine), the physiological effects of ammonium fumes and the actions of impure hydrogen when exposed to flame. The experimenters declare themselves quite satisfied.

We note from the last issue of the Magazine that the Freshmen refuse to admit our superior fame. We must again insist, however, upon our more importance. Aside from the queryings of Quigley and the murmurings of McConnell, by virtue of the colloquisms of Kerwin, the craft of Cunningham, the physique of Fitzgerald, the gravity of Di Giovanni, the moralisms of Murphy, the pompadour of Peterson, the thoughts of Thiele and the versatility of Vitmanski we still hold first place.

The "Sophomoriana."

This play, a part of which was published by special permission in the last issue of the Magazine, was written by certain members of the Sophomore class who do not wish to disclose their identity. The play has been lately published by the Buchoix Publishing Co., and is meeting with a very cordial reception from the press and public in general.

Freshman.

Following the example set by the youthfull writers of class notes in "The Scroll," we must needs begin with the statement that Ignatius P. Walsh captured the first ribbon, with the accompanying ap-

plause. We would give the names, also, of the first and second honor men, only they wouldn't fill enough space to make it worth our while. Quigley, however, after the manner of all Brighton farmers, reaped his reward by taking second prize.

This is not supposed to be a chronicle of Quigley's deeds and misdeeds, but, at his request, we must mention the "neckwear" he tucked under his chin one memorable morning. Someone was heard to imagine that the "neckwarmer" embraces all the colors of the spectrum; if this is imagination what, we ask, is insanity? No spectrum has that many colors.

Leo McGivena has suggested that we write some blank verse, similar to his "Sophmorianana," and call it "The Freshmaniac." After 'blanking' verse for half an hour we came to the conclusion that such a title would exclude too many of us—by "us" I mean the class. Mac evidently thinks Muszynski is still in our midst, whereas he withdrew his name from the role of students some time ago. We certainly regret Muzzie's departure; with his ready Polish wit and flowery eloquence upon all subjects pertaining to his fatherland he enlivened many of the otherwise dull class periods.

We are compelled to write something funny; so will hand out gratis two questions which found their origin in the library, asked by a second year student and Ignatius Walsh.

S. Y. S.: "Have you got Plutarch's Lives?"

I. W.: "Who's the author?"

"Yet," as Ostrowski says, "they lock up fellows like Thaw."

We were informed during a Latin class that violin strings and tones are affected by damp weather. Our idea of absolute zero in a good time would be visiting the homes of Dunne, Molloy, Richards or Quigley during the recent days of fog and mist.

The chemistry class is sailing like Sodium on water. Father Calhoun, who is going beyond his power to make the course a success, apparently hasn't any more to do than a Mexican undertaker.

The poetry class is not making very rapid progress; "but," one of our illustrious classmates remarked, "if it takes brains to write poetry we earnestly desire to remain in our present condition."

Teddy Ostrowski showed poor horsemanship during one of the Greek classes. We excused Quigley for wearing one patent leather and one ordinary shoe, on the same day (one on each "ped."), but we can never forgive you, Teddy, for reading one Greek sentence and translating another.

JEROME JACOBSEN, '17.

PHARMACY NOTES.

Senior Notes.

Phillipe Hernandez has just recovered from an eight days' illness. He is nourishing on fresh air and making very rapid strides.

A matinee theatre party was one of the recent social events of the class.

"Why should we have holidays?" asked Antlsperger and Waltemade.

Hammond has just received "official" news as to his appointment of "head bell hop" for the club.

Recent Christenings.

Steamboat Hanney and State Board Mike.

"Back's" monogram cigarettes have made a hit in the smoking room. Hanney is saving them.

The new universal transfer system is the excuse Hiss gives for his absence during the first hour.

If the wind had only blown the other way, Knowlton's moustache might not be there today.

T. J. CUNNINGHAM, '14.

Junior Notes.

Everything in this division is progressing. A glee club is being formed and some fine Carusos, etc., are much in evidence. The plans for the general school pin are being carried out and one of a "nifty" order is promised.

Something was said in the last issue about the social club which was formed and of various functions that were planned. However, at a general meeting of the engineers, college department and pharmacists the idea of a University club was discussed and met with the approval of all. The club is to be known as Loyola University Club, and henceforward the majority of the social affairs usually given separately by the several departments will be conducted as one under the auspices of the club. We are pleased to note that a committee is already engaged in the work of selecting a suitable house in the vicinity of the University for the home of the Club. The rooms will be fitted with furniture, piano, billiard tables and other amusements for the benefit of the members.

On December 5th, 6th and 7th exercises of a spiritual and social nature were held in the chapel of the Cudahy Science Hall for the departments of medicine, law, engineering and pharmacy. Father O'Malley was in his usual superb manner and was untiring in his efforts and exhaustive in examples quoted. The retreat proved very instructive and we wish to thank the faculty, especially Father O'Malley, for their kind consideration in this matter.

We continue to hear Burns' harmonious laugh in the corridors. Frank is trying hard to take away the glory of a certain author, who entitles a little ditty: "It takes a little rain with the sunshine," etc.

Who will donate some lead pencils for Mulvihill's pile-driving arm?

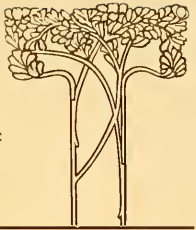
Listen! I think I hear Gollub springing a new joke!

Who knows where to go when we desire to know the "active constituent" of a certain drug? Answer promptly.

P. J. DILLON.



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EASTER DAWN

Iam Cantat Mare

Leo E. McGivena, A.B. '16

THERE is sweet music here to-night. For now the sea,
The shimmering moonlit vibrant sea with joy doth sing;
And lazy winds awandering far, the melody
In lingering cadence sweet unto my ear do bring.
To-night, a placid sea is breathing calm
Into its song; the hushed waves with single tongue
Sing peace; the sifted moonlight and the breeze's balm
Tempt drowsy sleep. The hundred songs the sea has sung
This night, would plunge a master into black despair.
Not even Wagner, with his interweaving melodies,
Could ever hope in wildest dreams to equal these.
Begins the wondrous theme, marked off with surging beat,
The throbbing theme; and through its mazes steal
A thousand tunes that wildly rise, and then retreat
Again, until I, rapt and charmed listening, feel
The solemn grandeur and the deep intensity,
The soul of all the restless, murmuring mass—the Sea.

A Reply to the Charges of the American Medical Association Journal

THE authorities of the Bennett Medical School, the Department of Medicine of Loyola University, feel that a sense of duty and honor require them to answer the charges of the American Medical Association Journal of February 6th and the Chicago Tribune of February 7th, in regard to the manner of admission of students.

It was stated that Bennett Medical College was only nominally affiliated with Loyola. This statement is false. As a partial proof of the close affiliation, we wish to state that Loyola University entirely controls the admission of students. No student is admitted into the Medical College until his credits have been officially approved by Loyola University. In this sense the article which appeared in the American Medical Journal was entirely misleading, for it gave the impression that Mr. Owen T. Owen, Registrar of the College, had the authority to admit, and actually did admit students. As proof of this we subjoin the following letter from Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J., to the Council of the Bennett Medical College.

Feb. 14th, 1914.

Council,

Bennett Medical College.

Sirs:

I am sending you this communication at the solicitation or suggestion of no one. At the beginning of the fall term 1913 our honorable President, Dr. John D. Robertson, asked me to take full charge of all entrance credits so that the university would be responsible for all students received. I agreed to do so, and if there are any students on the register without sufficient credits I alone am personally held responsible. With more than twenty years of experience with college work I believe that I am thoroughly acquainted with the routine and requirements of college entrance standards.

I left this matter to the judgment of no one. Personally I examined the credits, not only of every new student, but of every regular student now enrolled at the Bennett Medical College. The United States Bureau of Education has published an official list of the accredited high schools of every state in the country. Not only was this list consulted, but a letter was sent back to the principals and a direct reply received, so that the students could not possibly deceive the administration. I also accepted the results of examinations given by state or county superintendents of education. This is in accordance with the laws and regulations of the Illinois State Board of Health; to reject these credits would be an insult to the officials who represent the people of this and other states.

Loyola gave one examination last fall in which thirty persons applied—all claiming that they had the equivalent of a high school education. Among them were teachers, graduate nurses, graduate pharmacists, etc. They were men and women of an average age of at least twenty-four years. After a two days' examination only ten of the thirty applicants were admitted into the Medical School. They have far more mental training and didactic knowledge than high school students. The records of the past four months show that they are superior students.

I may have made an error or mistake in this work, which has extended over some months, but every motive prompted me to be severe in my official capacity, and the work was done carefully, prudently and conscientiously.

The readers of the American Medical Journal were led to believe that the registrar of Bennett Medical College had the power to admit students into the college. The accusation or insinuation is absolutely false. In the name of honesty and fairness in medical education I believe that the editors of the American Medical Journal should publish this entire letter and reply in the columns of the paper.

Respectfully yours,

H. S. Spalding, S. J., Regent.

In an editorial appearing in the Journal of the American Medical Association during 1913 the statement was made that this institution and two others in the city of Chicago were not needed and should not be permitted to exist longer. It is certain that the Council of Education of the American Medical Association has assumed the authority to determine what colleges in the United States are to exist

and what colleges are to be forced to close their doors. As Bennett Medical College is not among those which in the designs of the said Council are to exist, a deliberate and contemptible effort has been made to do this work effectively. It will be noticed that the sensational article appeared just before the meeting of the Council of Education of the American Medical Association in Chicago.

What actually happened? The American Medical Association sent a spy to the Bennett Medical College in the person of a Mr. Cowgill. This gentleman is about twenty-five years of age, and we are informed is a high school graduate. We call attention to this last fact because Mr. Cowgill was well able with his education and business experience to take an examination in high school matter. For four months by every kind of misrepresentation, this paid agent tried to gain admission into the Bennett Medical College. What was the result?

1. The said Mr. Cowgill never obtained admission.
2. The American Medical Association had an official list of the students before the article in question appeared.

The mere fact that the American Medical Journal, with the information that Mr. Cowgill was not a student, deliberately published such an article is a sufficient proof of insincerity and dishonesty. Even if they claim that the list was received too late to stop the publication, they at least had time to notify the Chicago Tribune and have it corrected in that publication.

Particular stress has been laid upon two letters written by the Registrar, Mr. Owen. In the first of these letters, in reply to a question, the Registrar simply informed the prospective student that the school would direct him in securing proper entrance credits. When it is understood that the Registrar had absolutely no authority to receive the student into the college it is evident that no sinister interpretation can be placed upon this letter of the Registrar's.

The second letter, in which the Registrar promised Mr. Cowgill that he would finish his course in four years, is absolutely without censure. The facts are these. Mr. Cowgill had first written that he had one and one half years of high school. Later on he came to the office and informed the Registrar that he had done considerable work with the high school principal of Port Huron, Michigan, amounting in all to nearly an entire high school course. After leaving the office he wrote and inquired whether he could finish his course in four years. It must be remembered that the Bennett

Medical College has ruled that all those who enter after January 1914 will be required to take a *five* year course. Since Mr. Cowgill asserted that he had practically a full high school course and was ready to enter in 1913, he wrote to enquire whether he could finish his course in four years. What is the evident meaning of the Registrar's words? Only this. Since Mr. Cowgill had claimed to have almost completed the work of the high school, and believed that he would be able to pass an examination in high school matter, he was told that he could enter the school, thereby having the privilege of taking the four year course. And yet the American Medical Journal, without any explanation of the circumstances, would have its readers believe that Mr. Owen, the Registrar, had the authority to receive this man into the school and to promise him to graduate in four years. This is another evident proof that the American Medical Journal was not seeking to put the truth and plain facts before its readers. It must be understood, of course, that Mr. Cowgill claimed to have almost an equivalent of a high school course, and would be required to make good his claims by a rigid examination. He did not make good these claims, and consequently never gained admission into the school.

A paid note for \$62.50 was offered as further evidence of the admission of Mr. Cowgill into this institution as a freshman student. The mere fact of the payment of a note for \$62.50 is no evidence of matriculation, which can readily be seen when it is known that all students applying for entrance into this institution are required to pay a five dollar deposit fee for matriculation and the first Semester's tuition, \$62.50. The receipt of the first five dollars states "deposit for matriculation" and they are also provided with a card admitting them into the classes with the word "provisional" printed in large type thereon. Why were not these two pieces of evidence printed in the Journal as evidence of his admission? Simply because the printing of a "provisional" card would have shown at once that he had not been admitted as a regular student, but was there subject to the examination of his preliminary credentials by Loyola University. Not having these he was dismissed and had he made application for his money it would have been returned to him.

This agent of the American Medical Journal asserted that his credits received from Supt. Kerwin had been changed by some one at the college. We can only answer that if they were changed, why was not the gentleman received into the college? It would

have been useless for any one to thus make changes and then refuse the gentleman admission. Mr. Cowgill came to the school with the intention of deceiving and misrepresenting. The evidence would prove that he himself or some colleague made these changes to strengthen his own case of conviction against the school.

The question as to dishonest methods being practiced by Balfour Johnson in assisting Mr. Cowgill in receiving twenty-six points of a high school education is one over which the Bennett Medical College has no supervision. Mr. Balfour Johnson conducts a private school and prepares students for the entrance examinations into all the universities of the city, the United States, County and City civil service examinations. His credits have never been recognized by this institution, and, as shown in Father Spalding's letter, only such certificates as are recognized by the Illinois State Board of Health, have been recognized by us.

This institution has never had any proof of Mr. Kerwin's being a dishonest man. We have at present six students admitted to the institution possessing the Kerwin certificates. A sworn deposition was taken from each student who took this examination, and each one proclaimed under oath, that the examination was fairly conducted and that no intimation of the questions and no help, direct or indirect, was in any way given to him by the examiner or any one else. Copies of these depositions will be gladly furnished to any one who desires them.

To recapitulate:

1. One named Cowgill made approximately a four months' attempt to gain entrance into the Bennett Medical College by improper methods.

2. He did not succeed in gaining admission to the freshman class and was never matriculated as a medical student.

3. The evidence of this was in the hands of the American Medical Association before the publication of the Journal. This evidence was contained in the Dean's, Dr. Herzog's, annual report to them of the names of new students admitted, which was delivered in person by Dr. Herzog.

4. The evidence of his non-matriculation was suppressed by the said Cowgill or the American Medical Association.

5. All of the history of Cowgill's negotiations for entrance into this school is not contained in the letters published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. These letters read

in the light of the personal conversations with him taken together with the subsequent action of the Registrar in his report to this Council, made out January first, proves conclusively that there was no intention on his part to do anything dishonest or irregular; and that the allusion to the four year course simply meant that he could take the four instead of the five year course.

6. The County Superintendent's certificate signed by Mr. Kerwin, under the regulations of the Illinois State Board of Health, was a legal document for admission; and Mr. Kerwin stands as an honest official until proven otherwise, and the publication of the evidence showing him dishonest. The only evidence to the contrary is that which is submitted in the Journal of the American Medical Association by a man who was evidently employed to secure it by any possible means.

7. In conclusion we desire to state that the officials and Council of this institution have done everything in their power to live up to the requirements of the Educational Council of the American Medical Association; and every dollar that has been received has been used for legitimate educational purposes. The charges of "commercialism" are not true, for no officer nor stockholder has ever received one penny in dividends or salary during the entire forty-five years of its existence.

Signed by the members of The Council.

MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH HERZOG, M. D., LL. D., Dean.

HENRY STANISLAUS SPALDING, S. J.

EDGAR MEAD READING, A. M., M. D.

NATHANIEL ABRAHAM GRAVES, A. B., M. D.

JOHN DILL ROBERTSON, B. S., M. D.

HENRY FOSTER LEWIS, A. B., M. D.

JACOB FRANKLIN BURKHOLDER, M. D.

ARTHUR BENNETT RANKIN, B. A., M. B.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER NEWMAN DORLAND, M. A., M. D.

OTTO CHARLES HUBER, B. S., M. D.

AIME PAUL HEINECK, M. D.

FRANK MARION HORSTMAN, Ph. G., M. D.

ULYSSES JOSHUA GRIM, M. D.

CHARLES HENDERSON MILLER, M. D.

JOHN VOSBURGH STEVENS, M. D., Secretary, (*ex officio*).

Rev. Frederic Siedenburg, S. J.

L. Frederick Happel

Sociological Department

WERE it left to men, strangers to Loyola's past, to select a leader of Loyola today, the lot would fall to Father Frederic Siedenburg, S. J. This is no mere guess, nor an attempt on my part to give the leader whom I have been selected to portray an exceptional or startling introduction. The fact of the matter is that strangers without request made the selection for me.

These strangers, men and women, whose choice we are considering, are prominent; they are the representatives of social welfare institutions, public and private, Catholic and non-religious. And the tribute they paid Father Siedenburg flowed from admiration for a remarkable, needed and modern task which under his direction has in the briefest time met with unprecedented success.

To quote now the glowing tribute might result in its not meeting the appreciation which it merits. It may seem to have been given with little cause when in reality it came as a reward to a zealous laborer. Better first to tell the work and then the praise.

Father Frederic Siedenburg, S. J., who has elicited this public tribute, is not a native of Chicago. Like many a man of German descent, he came from the German city of Cincinnati. Here he was born in 1872. Cincinnati, too, gave him his first smattering of education in its public schools. Then he attended St. Xavier's College in the same city and there finished his collegiate schooling, being graduated in 1893 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In August of the same year he entered the Society of Jesus. He served his novitiate at Florissant and studied philosophy and science at St. Louis University. As a scholastic he taught at two colleges. Three years he spent as professor of physics and mathematics at St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and two more in the same capacity at St. Louis University. He commenced his theological studies in 1904, was ordained to the priesthood in 1907, and then spent another year at his studies and one in teaching in Cleveland, Ohio.

In 1909 Father Siedenburg left for Europe to continue his studies, to specialize in a subject which all realized must be the



REV. FREDERIC SIEDENBURG, S. J.

most important of the century. Social economics was the subject which he was selected to master. He went first to Germany, where greater advances have been made along this line than in any other land. He attended lectures at the University of Berlin. Then he went to Innsbruck and later to Vienna. He visited the institutions and associations which were attempting to carry into practice the theories that were discussed by the professors from their lecture platform.

And what he saw and heard stirred him and gripped his heart. He came in contact with the great questions of the day, the great problems we call them, and they held him fast. He became one of the great body of serious, thinking men who selected for their task the guidance of mankind through the rapids of social changes that lie immediately before us in the world's course. Men of all classes have been roused to a consciousness that somewhere in our social order there is something wrong. And with grim determination they have set about to right the wrong. Mass movements are dangerous; and, unchecked and unguided, they lead to destruction. There must be clear-headed, far-seeing men to guide and direct. Father Siedenburg met the men who in Europe filled this need. He learned to appreciate their motives and methods. He determined to be of them.

Father Siedenburg returned to Chicago in 1911. Here the field was great. No city could present more diverse fields for social work. The need for this work was crying. And so loud had it called that it had drawn from the rank many men and women who had shouldered the burden, but who were unprepared to carry it.

The work Father Siedenburg set for himself was the work of instruction. There was shameful indifference to the leading questions of the day; there were erroneous notions prevalent and more were being daily poured forth by the rampant soap-box orator on the street corners.

The first work undertaken to establish a movement of Catholic social reform was the Loyola University Lecture Bureau. Father Siedenburg had gathered in this organization other thinking men, whose work or studies had made them familiar with some phase of the existing social evils. Socialism in its relations to various institutions, the economics of our daily life, philanthropy in its various forms were the subjects to be discussed. An almost marvelous result met this first effort. Over one hundred lectures were given

along these lines during the first season of the Bureau's existence.

Father Siedenburg was appointed to the board of directors of the Central Verein. He urged the need of a house for social studies. Others seconded his arguments. The need was realized. The school was planned. And property was selected adjoining Loyola University on the north shore of Chicago for the site of the Kettler House for Social Studies.

Still much time must pass before the needed funds could be gathered for the proposed institutions. And the need was immediate. Father Siedenburg was impatient. He proposed to start the work on a small scale. He planned a course of lectures on philanthropy for social workers, many of whom were engaged in their task without knowing the fundamental principles which should guide them.

Here, too, he met with unexpected success. Students, school teachers, workers from public and private social and charitable organizations heard of the proposed lecture course and enrolled as students. The first class comprised nearly one hundred persons. If they expected much, their expectations were fully realized. Father Siedenburg was untiring in his efforts to give them what they desired and needed. He gathered from Chicago and even from sections far away, clergymen, jurists, lawyers, doctors, professors, experienced workers in every field, brought them to the Shiller Hall, where the class gathered twice weekly, and had them explain the questions of economics, sociology and philanthropy in theory and practice. He was always there to explain the fundamental principles underlying all the fields.

The fame of the lectures spread rapidly. They attracted the attention and called forth the admiration of some of the foremost men and women of the city, both Catholic and non-Catholic. Nor were they slow to show their appreciation, for they presented Father Siedenburg with the following tribute:

WHEREAS, The success of welfare work for humanity—particularly the children of Chicago—depends upon the interest and co-operation of social workers, the public, the home, the church and the school,

Resolved, That we realize the importance of the extension lecture course of Loyola University under the very efficient direction of Reverend Frederic Siedenburg, and its educational value to those engaged in welfare work and to others who are interested in juvenile' reclamation.

Resolved, That we commend this course as a necessary and worthy feature of sociological work in Chicago, and in behalf of many in public and private service interested in civics, charities and corrections we extend our thanks and appreciation to the Reverend Frederic Siedenburg, S. J., and to the faculty of Loyola University.

Signed—

WM. L. BODINE, President, Chicago Public Service League;

MERRIT W. PINCKNEY, Judge of the Juvenile Court;

JACOB S. HOPKINS, Judge of the Morals Court;

MRS. LEONORA Z. MEDER, Protectorate of the Catholic Women's League;

MARGARET MCGOORTY LONG, Head of the Probation Department of the Juvenile Court.

When these men and women presented Father Siedenburg with this tribute of appreciation, they selected him as one of Loyola's leaders.

RUINS

THOMAS C. CLENNON, A.B. '14

The gentle moon was shining bright on high,
In silvery sheen it bathed the ruined pile;
Like marble pure beneath the starry sky
Shone every tier, where oft for many a mile
The Romans came the long hours to beguile.

But now a silence deep fore'er prevails,
Amid the ruins proud. No more the smile,
Of maiden fair is seen; the victim's wails
No more, nor roar of lion fierce the air assails,
For o'er the works of man time only now holds
sway.

The Prison Mine

James T. Mangan, A.B. '17

CALBOURN PRISON wasn't the very worst thing in earthly hells. If you were the sort that had been living in prisons all your life, you would have called it the best luck you had ever run into. If you had never before looked upon a barred landscape, you would have found it hard to realize that you were in jail. Your old friend, that daring and merciless highwayman, would enter it a fiery menace to the world, and after his ten years, he would come out again—a man, with the highway left behind. It was the boast of Warden Davis that he took in devils and sent out men.

Calbourn was one of the few prisons of Alaska. It had a fine site, about fifty miles inland from the southwestern coast, occupying two or more acres and consisting of the jail proper, a house, and a very high and formidable wall. The jail was for the prisoners, the house was for the guards, the wall was for keeping the prisoners on the premises, so to speak, and the acres—ah! that's where my story comes in; I don't know what I would have done without those two acres.

The prison had never been densely populated, and surely two acres were enough of a field for seventy-five wayward men to amuse themselves in. Their amusement was in the form of mining, and as the ground wasn't poor they usually realized about two dollars' worth of gold dust per day. Now the rules of the prison had it that half went to the prison and the other half to the individual convict, to be given him when his sentence was served.

When Ike Poole was sent up for twenty years, with his business-like head he started to add, multiply, and divide; and he told himself that when he got out he would have five thousand dollars due him by the prison. This startled him, and he passed the news around. Soon the whole two acres was buzzing with additions and multiplications, and the men became inspired with new life. Picks crackled, shovels clanked, rocks were splintered, earth flew in all directions, and Ambition, so long lost, jumped over those stalwart walls and filled each heart with its fire. You men who have ever visited the tomb-like recesses of Sing Sing, or have seen those dark,

dreary dungeons of Mexico, and looked into the wild, despairing eyes of those caged-in men, can you even imagine ambition in a convict?

Dick Harney was in for life, but that never took any of the ardor out of him. Steadily he worked every day as zealously as if he had a wife and family to support; and no one was surprised when, at every sunset, Dick came in with the largest pile of gold dust. But one sunny afternoon the spade turned over to his view, a bright, glittering lump of gold the size of a hen's egg. Its luster turned his head for a moment and he became tempted to conceal it, but his long years in Calbourn had worn away all his selfishness, and he called out to his fellow convicts.

"Whee-oo, fellers, lookee here!" and he held the bright yellow lump to their view. A wild rush for Dick ensued and there was a careful scrutiny of the nugget.

"A peach, Dick!"

"Where'd ya find her, boy?"

"She's worth a million easy!"

"Lucky old dog."

"Here, boys, what do you call this, a mutiny?" It was the voice of Jim Davis, the warden.

"What! A nugget? Let's see her, Dick."

"Mm-m-mm."

"It's fine clear gold, Dick, and ought to be worth a thousand dollars, surely. Where did you say you found her? Come on, boys, turn over a little dirt and see if there's any more in this vicinity!"

That night each convict's pile in the warden's office was swelled to twice its former size, and Jim Davis smiled enthusiastically as he carefully marked and put each pot of gold away in the safe. And then he sat down to think. If this much gold could be secured with plain pans, picks and spades, what could be done with real up-to-date mining apparatus? But where could he get enough money to buy the right kind of machinery for a good prospect like this? The half of the men's earnings which went to the prison was for expenses, and nothing could be drawn from that source; but what of the other half of the gold that weighed more than the heavy safe which incased it? Yes, he would speak to the prisoners about it in the morning.

The men were anxious to get to work at the new strike, but he stopped them for a few moments and ushered them into his office

where he clearly put the matter before them. He told them that the prospect was a very good one and that with the proper apparatus a large and profitable mine could be established. He hadn't yet asked them about the money question when Dick Harney arose.

"Well, Mister Davis, I guess you're right. She'd sure turn out a purty good mine with a man like you to back her. Of course you'll need money, and it's up to us crooks to give it to you. As a beginner you can have all the dust I got packed away in that ther safe!"

It was a long speech for the usually silent Dick, but the other prisoners saw the whole-heartedness of it and responded as freely out of their own savings.

In a week new apparatus had been installed, the shaft was completed, and work had begun. The convicts toiled with pride and joy, for the mine was proving a success. The finest ore in Alaska was being turned out and the supply seemed unlimited. Jim Davis was having his day at last. Richer and richer the prison grew, richer and richer the convicts. And then, of course, the news got out.

Alaskan goldseekers rushed in scores to the prison walls, planted their stakes and started to dig; but they found no gold, for they did not know where the vein that Dick Harney had struck was located. More information was passed around and the miners located exactly on a line with Dick's vein, but still nothing. And then the more logical of the prospectors awoke to the conclusion. The vein was running into instead of out of the prison yard!

Hal Loring was one of these that soon wised up to the fact. But Hal was after gold. He hadn't come a hundred miles to Calbourn City for nothing. So on a dark and dismal night he broke into Calbourn Bank and ingeniously allowed himself to be captured by the watchman. The Hon. Stanley W. Miles, regular mayor and irregular judge, sentenced him to Calbourn Penitentiary for a year and a day; and smilingly Hal took his sentence. Jack Howard tried to hold up Calbourn's only grocery store at midday, but carelessly laid down his two revolvers in front of the storekeeper while perusing the cash register. Judge Miles sentenced him to Calbourn Penitentiary for a year and a day; and smilingly Jack took his sentence. Mark Noble never was any good at stealing horses, and this time he was over careful not to cover up his tracks. The constable brought him in before Judge Miles.

"What! The third one in three days?" he bellowed. "Is this Calbourn that I am in, or is it Chicago? Well, you'll get your dose anyway. I hereby sentence you to three years and one—say, stop that smiling instantly, young man! What do you confounded rogues mean by continually smiling? Take him out of my sight constable. Next."

The "next" was merely the conventional form of dismissal he had acquired from his term in Chicago. He no more expected another prisoner for that day than he did the snow to melt upon the ground outside. Therefore when a deputy brought in two more smiling culprits, he sank back in his arm chair and gasped for breath. It was the first day the Hon. Stanley W. Miles had ever worked since he came to Alaska. That night before he dragged his tired body home to supper, actually twelve sentences had been written and filed away! With a sickly smile of reminiscence he told his wife:

"If it wasn't so cold outside I'd think I was in dear old Chicago!"

* * *

"Well, Jim, what's in the wind?" questioned the Hon. Stanley W. Miles, as Davis came into the office of the Mayor.

"I guess you know as well as I," said Jim. "Nearly half the people in town are right now trying to figure out how to do something bad, and get put into prison for a year or two, so that they can have a chance at the gold. As it is there's barely room for what prisoners we have."

"Yes, and the next prison is five hundred miles from here!"

"It looks like the mine will have to be shut down. But what gets me is how we're going to run that old prison without money, and still give the government their fifteen hundred every month."

"That's a problem too intricate for our delicate minds. I tell you what, Jim. Just stop mining operations for a few days and run down to Sitka and talk it over with the Governor himself. If he can't help us, nobody can."

"I was thinking of that myself; and now that you mention it, it seems about the only thing that can be done. I'll go right back now and close the mine, and then it's me for the Capital."

The impetus to the jail was stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The news spread quickly, and soon all was quiet in Calbourn City. But not so Calbourn Prison. That night seventy incensed, resentful, but somewhat satisfied minds succumbed to peaceful sleep. But there were fourteen more that kept vigil through the darkness. They

were the fourteen who had willingly thrown themselves within these cold, dark walls for gold which they could not get.

Two days passed, Jim Davis returned, and with him Robert Carroll. Robert Carroll was the new, young, crisp, thoughtful, energetic Lieutenant Governor of Alaska, who the Governor told Jim "had yet to fail on any old kind of a diplomatic mission." But in Calbourn he was up against something very difficult, as he joyfully told himself. To close the mine in Calbourn Prison would be to bury half a million dollars; to leave the mine open would be an act to instigate every crime imaginable. What was he to do?

One trip to the penitentiary sufficed. In company with Jim Davis he made a close survey of the yard. Strange to say, he didn't take much notice of the mine, although Davis was continually urging it. His whole attention was centered on that barren waste of rocks in the corner. He was pondering them in his mind. Rocks, rocks, what good were rocks? Rocks—the word seemed to have a hidden meaning. Ah, now he had it! Rocks and Penitentiaries—the two were synonymous. There was a secret conference of the Lieutenant Governor, the Mayor, and the Warden, and next morning large circulars were distributed throughout the town:

WARNING!

To all persons hereafter sentenced to Calbourn Penitentiary:

Be It Known

That they shall not be placed in the Mining Department of said Penitentiary, but shall be forced to serve their sentences in the newly founded **ROCK PILE** Department.

JAMES DAVIS, Warden.

The people read the announcement and laughed. A bluff, sure! "You can't fool us," they said.

A few of the less skeptical went to see for themselves; and seeing, they believed. What they saw is immaterial, but that night fourteen floundering hearts trudged into jail, with new sentences, to be sure, of only one month each. But nevertheless they were downhearted, for they had had a strenuous day of digging, hewing, cutting, and shaping; but there was a firm resolve within each penitent breast, never again to envy a convict, be he in Heaven, Hell, or a Gold Mine.

Father Tom Burke

Leo E. McGivena, A.B. '16

NICHOLAS ANTHONY BURKE was born in Galway, Ireland, on the eighth of September, 1830. His father, Walter Burke, manufactured and sold ship's biscuit, and though a man of little education, he possessed a refined and sensitive nature and the triple love of the Irishman—love for his faith, for music, and for the ludicrous; all of which his son inherited in no small degree. His mother had at one time been enrolled in the Third Order of the Sisters of St. Francis, and followed the spiritual discipline of that Order rather strictly throughout her life. She was noted for her great charity, and the beggars and poor of Galway knew her well; her pouch of coppers was ever open to the needy, for, she said, "Refuse no one, lest he whom you refuse should be Christ."

Nicholas, in his early years quite delicate, gained in health and strength, and gave evidence of a very lively disposition. When he was eight years old he was sent to the school of a certain Mr. McGrath in Galway, but his career as a "McGrath scholar" was abruptly terminated not long after when he sent a dog with several slates tied to its tail at full speed into the "masther's" sanctum. He was next a pupil in the school of Brother Paul O'Connor, a member of the Brotherhood of St. Patrick, who had arrived in Galway in 1830, with "cash in hand, one shilling," and in 1846 was feeding and educating over one thousand boys. This man had considerable influence in Burke's life, and the great orator often referred to him affectionately. He was under the tutelage of Brother O'Connor for four years, and having exhausted the limited curriculum of that school, was sent in 1843 to another conducted by a Dr. O'Toole, a gentleman of some scholarly repute. Nicholas attained considerable distinction here, and in his first year won fourteen premiums in science, Homer, Vergil, Cicero and Sallust.

The pupils of this school organized a company of players about this time and played to crowded houses. Nicholas first played in Macbeth and then in other classics, with such success that his mother became worried at his dramatic tendencies. In later life his friends often told him he was more actor than orator. He was always an

incorrigible mimic, caricaturing the speech and expression and manners of those about him with laughable accuracy.

About this time, too, Nicholas acquired a liking for political meetings. It was a period of great unrest and instability. The project of Catholic Emancipation launched in 1830 by O'Connell had reached its climax, and oratory and red fire (or its Irish equivalent at that time) nightly filled the streets of Galway. The great leader, O'Connell, was seeking to bring about the disestablishment of the Irish church, but the measure was defeated by four votes. O'Connell was imprisoned for some supposedly treasonable remarks he had made, and after a year in prison came back a broken man and died with the dream of his life as yet not a reality. Those were stirring times, and the Celtic temperament often gave way to rash and fiery outbursts. Nicholas naturally became infected with the fever and tried his own talents at oratory. This, too, was stopped by his mother after her neighbors had informed her of the budding "M. P." in her family.

After several sessions Dr. O'Toole was forced to abandon his school to go to London, and Nicholas with much regret entered the academy of a certain Mr. Winter. He was at this time much given to long walks and solitary ramblings among the old Irish ruins in the locality, and thus gained much of the knowledge of Irish architecture and Irish scenery that so often embellished his lectures. It is also on record that he would go down to the sea and talk to the waves, not, he said, for the sake of oratory, but to imitate Demosthenes.

In 1846 he became ill of a fever and for a long time hung between life and death. Before he had fully recovered, there occurred in 1847 the terrible "black" famine. The grain and potato crops failed that year, and want was imminent throughout the land. The Irish died like flies in their houses, in the churches, along the streets, filling the ditches by the roadside with their bodies. The English press, adding insult, called the famine a divine vengeance, and proselytizing parties went out among the dying with bread and meat, and came back with it again. The dying Irish laughed at their tempters, saying that they were too near the pleasures of heaven to forsake them for food. Such scenes were not without effect on Nicholas, and in 1847 he entered the Order of St. Dominic in Galway. After a brief stay at Dublin he was sent to the Irish novitiate at Perugia, Italy. On this long journey he nearly lost his life, but finally ar-

rived at Perugia, and on the twenty-ninth of December of the same year, 1847, he was given the habit.

After finishing part of his Philosophy he was to be sent to Rome, but the Papal War going on at that time had made the journey impossible, and it was not until January the third, 1850, after peace had been restored by the French troops, that he reached the eternal city. Here he was sent to his Order's chief church, the Santa Maria sopra Minerva, and later transferred to Santa Sabina on the Aventine Hill.

On Holy Saturday, March 26, 1853, he was ordained priest, and in August, 1854, passed his public examination in Theology. In September, 1854, he was sent to the new Dominican house at Tallaght, Ireland. Here, among the most hardened and godless persons, Father Tom (he took the name Thomas upon entering the Order) worked wonders. His sermons, although not to be compared to his later ones, took the wild mountaineers by storm. Here in the quiet life of Tallaght he read a great deal and obtained much of that general knowledge he afterwards displayed.

In 1863, he was made Prior of Tallaght, but the next year was sent to take up a new place as Rector of the Irish House, San Clemente in Rome, and on Rosary Sunday, 1864, assumed his new duties.

By this time he had gained no small repute as a preacher and lecturer, and consequently was expected to give the Lenten Discourses at the Basilica, a thing which Newman and later Manning had done. These Lenten discourses did much to establish Father Burke's reputation as an orator, for they were attended by educated and cultured men of all nations.

In 1870, after participating in the Oecumenical Council at Rome, his term of office expired, and he was sent again to Dublin, where he resumed his lecturing and sermons. Every church or school, every religious order and charity in Ireland that needed money was at one time or another the recipient of his charity, for where he spoke his hearers' purses were never closed.

The next ten years were the busiest of his life. He gave sermons daily throughout Ireland, and in 1872 went to America for a series of lectures and sermons. Everywhere, especially by the Irish, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The grim, ascetic looking Dominican with his white, shroud-like habit and harsh features, his magnetic voice and intense earnestness, seized hold of the American imagination as nothing ever had before.

While in America he delivered a series of lectures upon English and Irish history to refute the English historian Froude, who was at that time lecturing in New York upon like subjects, with a decidedly unjust and slanderous view towards everything Catholic. After Burke's fifth lecture popular sentiment was aroused so much against Froude that he did not complete his course of lectures. This refutation especially endeared Burke to the Irish Americans.

Upon his return to Ireland in the very prime of his oratorical career, with his developed style, familiar manner of speaking and long use of oratorical logical thought, he plunged again into his work with such zeal and energy that his speeches for the next ten years are almost without number. He often delivered four a day for a month at a time, going from end to end of Ireland. Time and again his doctors declared him at death's door, and yet, with the very chill of death in his bones, he rose to continue his work. Such a state of affairs went on for nearly ten years; but the end finally came. He rose from his deathbed to make one last appeal for the Donegal orphans, and on the 2nd of July, 1883, he died, and was buried at Tallaght, which meant so much to him and which he had done so much for.

Burke as an Orator.

At the beginning of his public speaking Father Burke always wrote out his discourses with the greatest care, and then memorized them verbatim, until in later years when he delivered several a day, his command of language, varied diction, rapidity of thought and ease of expression were little short of marvelous.

There is a certain pleasing quality of euphony in all his speeches. Hearers say it was enhanced by the slightly brogued and mellow voice of the preacher. His figures were never used for mere decoration or embellishment; each had a very definite purpose, either to emphasize, to make clearer, or to place the topic in a new and more striking light. Consequently, his figures never seem extravagant or unsuited to his subject. Another favorite means employed by him to emphasize his topics was the use of anecdote. He possessed an inexhaustible stock of stories, which he often used to the greatest advantage. Indeed, there is hardly a speech or lecture of his, in which he has not made use of some story or episode. This quality naturally did much to endear him to the common people, who could detect a point in a clearly told anecdote more easily than in a formal exposition. Before a cultured audience, his inexhaustible stock of

all sorts of knowledge could not but proclaim him a man of learning, extensive scholarship and broad culture; versed in the classic lore of all ages, and especially familiar with that of his own time and his own people. His philosophical and ethical turn of mind, his strict fidelity to facts attracted the scholar (as the anti-Froude lectures showed) as much as his humor and wit delighted the lowly; while his vivid imagination and easy faculty of adapting examples to suit his topic held the attention of both lettered and unlettered minds.

But perhaps the real secret of his oratory was his magnificent earnestness, which his grim, large-featured countenance intensified. In his sermons he would take one big idea, one salient point, and dwell upon it, placing it in every possible light, considering it in every detail, not letting one of his audience go away without some clear, definite idea upon the subject.

For a man in his position, a cleric and a monk at that, not actively concerned in politics, he has established a reputation equal to that of any secular orator, and easily superior to that of any ecclesiastic, unless perhaps we except his religious confreres Lacordaire and Monsabré.

Much of his character is evident from his speeches, but the most notable feature is, perhaps, that all of his speeches delivered in the last twelve years of his life, were composed and often delivered under excruciating pain. In the pulpit alone, the powerful mind was able to dominate the weak and suffering body.

Ode to Study

Ignatius P. Walsh, A.B. '17

EXACTING Mistress of the book,
O Study, if for love you care,
Who art a lamp to light, a crook
To guide our steps along the path, to where
Hoar Wisdom hoards his priceless piles
In subterranean cavern aisles,
Then, Nymph, thy rays about us cast,
And shed upon our heads the gift of learning vast.
Once was the time when follies led,
And wandering on, unconscious, numb
To stern reality, I fed
At Pleasure's board, and frolicsome
Along the flowery paths of Ease,
In musing fickle as the breeze
I, careless of thy cry, kind Maid,
Did stroll, nor heed to application longer paid.
At Comfort's well of gladness vain
I drank and tasted passing joys
Diverse, but these Regret to pain
Has turned, and, ruthless, now destroys.
And next did pampered Ease claim me
For its own prize and closed to thee
My eyes and ears: thus I was bound
A slave to changing whims and fickle Pleasure's round.
From Pleasure's sway I, weary, turn
To thee, O saving Mistress kind;
Thy yoke is sweet, and now I yearn
To thy behests myself to bind.
No more would I in gilded way
Ramble, nor follow phantoms stray:
O no; there is a richer load—
A better happiness, where Study points the road.
Then, Power great, on thee I call;
O hear my earnest suit, I pray:
Teach me to wait in Learning's hall
On miser Knowledge night and day,
And serve, attentive, thine own will
That, like a star, thou guide me till
To Truth and Wisdom thou may'st lead—
For this, than Croesus' gold more precious far, I plead.

Her Thousand Dollar Children

James T. Mangan, A.B. '17

THAT old cat was decidedly a proletariat. As a rule she had monthly or at least bi-monthly crops, and exceptionally large ones, too. The fact of the matter was that I was growing tired of the harvesting. Drowning kittens is by no means an easy task; it requires skill, patience, endurance, persuasion, stone-heartedness, and numerous other qualities; and from experience I had grown to be quite an artist. But though experience teaches it also palls, and driven to the wall by desperation I came to a last stand and declared myself to my wife.

"Mrs. Harris," I said, "we have run out of potato sacks; one whole clothesline has been destroyed; there is not another heavy piece of stone in the neighborhood; my face and hands have reached the acme of mutilation; therefore, as it is a fitting time, I do hereby solemnly swear with right hand toward Heaven—never again will I drown, or in any way destroy another of that cat's offspring!"

It was a very fine oath and I sighed a sigh of relief as I finished. It was the only manner in which I could get out of drowning the kittens. I might have lost the cat or given it away; but did you ever try to get rid of a cat?

A month rolled around and the kittens came. I didn't even deign to look at them. In a corner of the barn with their mother they were nestled, and for a week neither my wife nor myself gave them a bite to eat. But the self-reproach within me compelled me to surrender at last, and I went out to the barn with some milk and soft bread. What I saw there overwhelmed me. Six little wisps of playfulness they were; and oh! such combinations of colors! Nothing more than black and white; but my! how that black was placed! On impudent forehead here, on eager tender paw there, on tip of tail, on back, on breast; in stars, in hearts, in myriad shapes. Yes, one (you may believe it or not) actually had white whiskers on one side and black on the other! They saw me coming and ardently attacked me. Up my legs they scampered—three on each—after food, food their mother couldn't give. I rested the bread and milk on the floor and went over to congratulate the mother.

"The best crop yet," I said; "you ought to be proud!"

I looked. She was dead. This, the mother of a hundred or more generations, was dead and I was her murderer! Exhausted after the birth of her children and too weak to search for any food, she had died. I laid her tenderly in a nearby box, and carrying her to a secluded corner of the yard, I upturned the sod and gave her to her rest. It had sobered me, I know, for the cat, despite her proletarian tactics, had come to be a part of our very household. It seemed to me as if an own daughter had gone. And the poor kittens—ah, what would they do now? I went in to see them; they were the happiest things in the world. That was a poor way of celebrating the death of their mother and I started to chide them. But they fell upon me with true zest, trying to scratch, licking, striking blindly with their paws, climbing and sliding hither and thither about me, and soon I was one of them—just a mere kitten.

My wife came upon me in this state.

"Why, George Harris, what are you doing? My! look at the kittens!"

"Yes, aren't they dears?" I said. "I surely am not going to drown these!"

"No, they're just too sweet for anything. But pray tell, if you are not going to drown them, what are you going to do with them?"

"Oh, I think I can give them away."

"Yes, but to whom? Every one of the neighbors has a cat."

"Then the only thing to do is to sell them; you can't tell but what they might be worth something. To-morrow I will take one down to a cat dealer and see what he says."

And so I did. The dealer sneered at the kitten.

"What! You want to sell me that? Say, what alley did you pick it up in? It's a cat store I'm running, not a ——"

"But won't you buy it from me?" I faltered. "You must admit it is a fine looking kitten, and I'll sell it to you for—er—just a trifle."

"All right, here's a quarter," he said, taking the kitten; "and if you have any more like it, a quarter is all I can give you."

"Well, that'll pay my dinner today," I pondered moodily as I left the store.

Dejectedly I wended my way home that evening, feeling as a man feels after he has been crossed in love, planted flowers and plucked weeds, or expected Heaven and found hell. I picked up the newspaper and started to read. My eyes wandered over a few columns and then my heart bounded. From a four inch plate on the

paper a little kitten looked at me. The camera had done it justice and I couldn't be mistaken. It was the one I had sold that morning for a quarter. From the item its price had gone considerably above par:

KITTEN IS SOLD FOR FANCY PRICE.

"This afternoon, J. Maxwell, a cat dealer, sold the above pictured kitten to Mrs. Sarah K. Matthews of this city, for the record price of one thousand dollars. The kitten is a most wonderful production of the cat family, being a cross between the white angora and the black maltese. The remarkable part of the animal's beauty lies in the fact that it has absolutely no pedigree or references. Mr. Maxwell said that it was the only one of the sort that he had, but that he hoped in a few days to secure all its brothers and sisters. It is certain that the kittens will sell for an enormous price."

I drew in a long, deep breath as I finished.

"That old Jew took me in fine," I soliloquized. "A thousand dollars for a quarter! Oh, what a fool I am! And I suppose he would have got them all for nothing if I had not luckily seen this. Well, he'll make up for that one in the five others!"

An earthquake wouldn't have moved me next morning, although Mr. Maxwell used his best diplomacy.

"Well, sir, what do you wish this morning? I hope it isn't another kitten to sell."

I fooled him that time.

"No, I drowned the other five last night."

You should have seen the consternation on that fellow's face. It looked like heart trouble, and for a moment I was anxious. But he came to directly.

"Drowned them! Can't you possibly have known that they were worth at least a thousand dollars each?"

"Why, yes; I did read that you sold one for a thousand dollars, and now that I remember—I didn't drown them at all!"

His face cleared instantly, and then in another moment darkened. He realized that he was trapped. I had won more easily than I thought I could.

"Maybe you might like to buy the other five since you got so much for that one?"

"Where are the kittens? You haven't them with you. If they're anything like the other one, I'll give you a hundred dollars apiece for them."

"You'll give me a thousand dollars apiece or I'll go to another dealer!"

"I've got to see the kittens first," he protested.

"All right, then; come out to my house and you can look them over." He came, he saw, I, or rather the kittens, conquered. He may have been a discreet man of the world, but he certainly had an eye for beauty and breed. I received my five thousand dollar check in an instant.

"Take them away," I said. "I don't care how much you sell them for now."

"Oh, I'll get it all and more back from my customers! By the way, where is the mother of these kittens? I'd like to see what breed she is."

"The poor mother is dead and buried," I sighed. And he left.

I would not that he should have seen the mother, for she was no credit to her children.

The Woods at Night

Francis T. Sujak, A.B. '17

I LOVE, when twilight falls, to rest and dream
Beneath a tree in some lone wooded glade,
Where rippling waters of a sylvan stream,
With soothing music charm the brooding shade.

The vocal leaves their vesper hymns recite,
As zephyrs softly fan them to and fro.
And oft the firefly's scintillating light
Pierces the Cimmerian shadows with its glow.

And as I wind my way along the road,
Where fragrant jasmines sleepy odors fling,
And fill the woods with sleep-inviting spells;
An owl the silence from his weird abode
With harsh, discordant hooting breaks; then ring
The echoes trembling o'er the hills and dells.

The Gaelic Revival

Lambert K. Hayes, A.B. '15

Awarded first place in the Annual Oratorical Contest

THE Renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries gave to literature an impulse that has been felt throughout all succeeding generations. Together with this rebirth in the Latin and Greek classics came a like regeneration in the fields of painting, sculpture, law and politics. All Europe was aflame with a burning desire for the arts and sciences, and the thirst for learning was felt even in the remotest villages and hamlets of the North.

As to how far the world would have advanced had the Renaissance never been known, we can only surmise. Certainly progress would have been slow, painfully slow. We might even now have been laboring under the difficulties of the sixteenth century, had not that great awakening given to the world men of genius who have ever since been an inspiration towards all that is noble and good.

In all the great works the world has since known, be they in literature, in art, or in science, traces of this ancient movement can be seen. Traverse Europe from the North unto the South; whether you stand in awe of Westminster's massive arches, or study with devout heart one of the Madonnas of the Louvre, or listen to the liquid flow of one of Italy's legends, the touch is always there—the faint, the delicate, yet the unmistakable touch of the fourteenth century.

Yet, ladies and gentlemen, I do not mean to say that all Europe was thus affected. There was one part at least that never knew the influence of this movement. Ireland never needed to be awakened to the pursuit of learning. She had been developing, even in the most remote epochs, a civilization entirely her own, which afterwards became the solid foundation upon which Christianity was established. Unmindful of the rest of the world, she had evolved a literature from her own traditions and customs—one in which she sang of the soul of her people in her own simple way.

For generations England strove entirely to subdue the island; but there was ever that fierce, aggressive spirit which she could not break. It was only a little less than a century ago that she with her keen insight perceived wherein lay Ireland's strength. She struck then at her very soul; abolishing her literature from the

schools, and forbidding the old customs and language in the home. She attempted to anglicize the Gael as the only means of subjecting him; but without success. The language still lived—a lingering, death-like life—spoken only in the secluded mountain districts of the land by aged grandsires, who gathered the children about the open fireplace and told them the tales of Deirdre or of Ossian in the Land of Youth.

And so Ireland's mother-tongue has slept for something like a century, awaiting the call to life; awaiting the time when its knowledge would no longer be considered a crime; awaiting the new Renaissance which was to lure the scholars of the world to the study of a language so old, and yet so new!

And this Renaissance is now a reality, even as was that of the Middle Ages. But, unlike the ancient movement that awoke a sleeping and indifferent Europe to a realization of the true value of knowledge, this movement comes to arouse the world to the value of *true* knowledge, to turn us from the freaks and fads and superficialities of the day and to bring us back to first principles—to an appreciation of true literature, culture and art.

The revival originated only some twenty years ago. But, like all epoch-making events, it had its forerunners, preparing the ground and making possible what followed. There were many men of true Celtic spirit whose ardor the years of oppression had failed to cool. Among these, the most prominent figure, the one that stands out in boldest relief against the dark background of history, is the celebrated John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

He was a most enthusiastic and learned advocate of his mother-tongue. His entire life was devoted to its encouragement in every possible way. He demanded of his priests a thorough knowledge of the language; and the enthusiasm aroused by his Gaelic translations of the modern and ancient classics was but the spark that the revivalists later took up and nourished into flame.

The revival proper dates from July 31, 1893. On that day seven literary men, among whom were John McNeill and Father O'Growney, founded what is known as the Gaelic League and chose as their leader the now famous Douglas Hyde. Their object was to revive Gaelic as the spoken tongue of the island; but as their influence grew, so also did their purpose, until it included the rejuvenation of the native industries, sports, music, and in short whatever was typically Irish.

You can imagine the terrible odds with which such a movement had to contend. Years of oppression had not failed to have an injurious effect upon the people. It was no longer a battle against English power, but against Irish indifference—against the indifference of a people to that which was their only hope!

For the first few years this apathy seemed unsurmountable; but as the study of the language was gradually introduced into some of the schools this apparent unconcern was found to exist only on the surface. Underneath there slumbered that proud old fighting spirit, which soon manifested itself in a new interest in the old ideals. Nor did Ireland's narrow limits limit the enthusiasm. It assumed international proportions, taking the form of Gaelic Leagues in almost every country of the globe where the sons of the Celt were to be found.

The heritage of the movement in Ireland exceeded all expected bounds. Here at last was a platform on which all who had the welfare of their country at heart could unite regardless of creed. Here at last was a field of endeavor where Protestant and Catholic alike could labor for a common cause, the preservation of themselves as a race. And they did unite, and they did work; and the result of that union and labor can be seen in Ireland's progress during the past fifteen years. In the marvelous advance in literature; in the innumerable schools that have arisen where her own language is taught; in the newly awakened fields of music and art, and last, but not least, in her great industrial development—in all these we can clearly trace the influence of the Gaelic movement. So strong indeed was the spirit of patriotism with which the revival animated the people, that they began to consider it well-nigh traitorous to buy other goods than those manufactured in their own country. Mills and factories sprang up all over the land and Ireland began to have an air of independence. Their old confidence returned, together with the knowledge that they were capable of self-support, and the fight that had long been so weak gradually gained strength—the fight for freedom that promises to give Ireland back her government before 1914 is spent.

But, ladies and gentlemen, what should particularly attract your attention is the effect this intellectual renaissance will have on the world in general. It has already enlisted the sympathy of the greatest intellectual lights of the day. Scholars from France, from England, from Germany, from our own country, attracted by the mar-

velous beauty of the language and the boundless wealth of its literature, have dwelt among its people to learn from them the folklore and legends of their ancestors. Nor have the universities of the world been slow in recognizing the worth of the language; for in many places chairs of Gaelic have already been established. The mighty influence exercised by scholars and universities and by Gaelic Leagues the world over cannot but have a material effect upon the literature and consequently upon the morals of the day. Certainly there is a crying need for some such influence. We see its necessity manifested in the modern novel and the modern drama. For so immoral is the standard to which these have fallen, that they seem to find the readiest patronage when they deal with the obscene and vulgar scandals of the day. The influence the revival has thus far exerted has been manifestly for good, and there is no reason to believe that it will ever be otherwise. For the literature is of its very nature so sublime, the music of the language so beautiful, the characters so noble, that it is folly to expect any other than an inspiring effect upon the generations to come.

It was this moral and literary beauty that attracted to the language the scholars of the world. Yes, it was this that inspired the revivalists themselves. For Douglas Hyde narrates how even as a child he sought the firesides of the peasantry to hear the quaint Irish songs and stories that had been handed down from generation to generation. So impressed was he by their simplicity and moral beauty that he was led in after years to devote his entire life to their study.

Were this the only effect of the movement, it would of itself merit the world's approbation. But it promises far more. It promises a new school of classics. It promises a keener insight into history. It promises, when Ireland shall have come unto her own, another world-example of government founded on Justice and Liberty.

Man cannot prophesy all the benefits to which, as a result of this movement, the world will fall heir. Nor can he, looking down the ages, indicate definitely what shall be its effects. But man can see good where good is manifest. He can discern in the affairs of the day foreshadowings of what the morrow may be. And perceiving in this movement of promise faint glimmerings of hopes fulfilled, of aspirations realized, he can lend it all his vigor and strength, to make the rejuvenation of the world a reality, to bring mankind back to an appreciation of the noble and the sublime.

Through St. Joseph

Peter E. Nolan, A.B. '16

THREE young men were issuing from the University of Toulouse, where they were studying theology with the intention of being raised to the priesthood.

"Now that it is Lent," remarked the first, Louis Fontaine, "I intend to save the money my parents send me that I may donate it to the missionary fund."

"And I," chimed in the second, Francois Berne, "have decided to forego my trip home Easter and make a donation for the same purpose."

"And I," concluded the third, Joseph Lorraine,—and then he stopped suddenly, for he was poor and could promise none of the world's goods,—“I will make a pilgrimage on foot to Limoux.”

"Why," cried the other two simultaneously, "Limoux is over sixty miles distant!"

And Joseph, seeing that his promise equalled, if it did not surpass his fellow students', continued with his face aglow:

"I shall wear a white robe, as Joseph of old, since he is the Patron Saint of this month, and I shall try to do good works on the way."

So these three formed their good resolutions in Lent. In the slow hours of the night, when Joseph Lorraine had time to review the events of the day, he wondered whether in his excitement and in his desire to equal his companions he had not acted rashly. Then, doubting the stability of his purpose, he determined to start on the morrow on his pilgrimage.

Along the road from Toulouse to Limoux the farm lands were beginning to awake from their long Winter's sleep. The last snow had already swept across the fields; and now the sun, grown confident of victory, was pressing onward to the attack. Around each hillock the circle of moist brown earth was widening, and in the hollows the rippling of the brooks began to be heard once more. Here and there an early flower shone bravely in the sun, presaging Spring.

Joseph, then, was in joyful mood when, on the evening of the third day, he came within sight of the spires of Limoux. How

narrow at times is the barrier between happiness and woe, between life and death! In a cottage hard by the road along which Joseph was to pass Therese Rochelle lay dying, alone with her aged mother. Each instant death drew nearer; and with each gasping breath the dying girl called for the priest. Her mother knew that she did not indeed require his ministrations; for had not her soul, always innocent, been fortified only that morning by Holy Communion? Nevertheless she would have summoned the priest had it been possible to do so; but she could not leave the sick child, and communication with her neighbors was out of the question, since the nearest farm was a mile distant.

Evening had come; and the mother, having lighted the lamp, had gone to the window to draw the shade when she saw a traveler garbed in white stepping rapidly onward toward Limoux.

"My friend," she cried, stepping outside the door, "how far do you go?"

"To Limoux," made answer Joseph Lorraine, "provided I can make it tonight."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "would you be so kind as to tell the priest, who lives hard by the next bridge, to come at once, as my daughter is in a dying condition?"

"Certainly," agreed Joseph, glad to perform such a service on his pilgrimage.

He had walked onward for some time before it occurred to him that he had forgotten to ask the name. But he did not turn back, for he recalled the house was first from the forded stream.

In another cottage, a mile nearer to Limoux, another soul was about to pass from earth. Here the widow Le Fevre had lived in solitude for many years. But today her son had come home; come home to die, a victim of consumption. Worse yet, he had lived a sinful life; and despite the exhortations of his mother, he refused a priest as often as she broached the subject. Perseveringly she prayed then, that God might change her son's attitude.

Shortly after seven the change came, for when she again approached the subject, he said he would see a priest. But now she was in the same predicament as Madame Rochelle. But she felt if Heaven had not forsaken her during the dark hours, surely its inmates would assist her when the dawn was beginning to glimmer; and she breathed a prayer to St. Joseph as she hobbled to the door. When she opened it, for what purpose she did not know, she saw

a retreating figure clothed in white. Here then, she thought to herself, was the answer to her prayer. And straightway she began to make the necessary preparations for the administration of the Last Sacraments.

How the gay folks in Paris would have laughed at this simple old woman! How the wise physicians would have argued that it was a mental delusion brought on by senility! How the psychologists would have explained it to the satisfaction of themselves, and to the dissatisfaction of the rest of the world, by expounding on their theories of the workings of the brain! St. Joseph, however, looked upon it as an implicit act of faith, and acted accordingly. About an hour later, the priest in answering the sick call saw the lighted lantern in Widow Le Fevre's, a sure sign among these simple folk of the expectancy of the Blessed Sacrament. Soon the dying man was fortified by the Last Sacraments.

That night there was great joy in Heaven. Two souls had winged their flight to the judgment seat of the Almighty. One, a soul in the garb of its baptismal innocence; the other whose sins had been as red as crimson, but had been made as white as wool. Therese Rochelle, however, had no priest to help her to die that night. When the priest had received the lost sheep back into the fold, he believed his work was ended. The call had been the first house from the stream. Now the priest at first supposed that the call had come from Rochelle's, but when the light shone from the Widow Le Fevre's cottage, he thought that here was the source of the summons. Le Fevre's house was the first from the stream on the East side, the other's the first on the West.

Five years later, by the terms of her will, Widow Le Fevre had a church erected at the spot where she thought she had seen St. Joseph; and though unaware of the mistake by which he had sent a soul to heaven, Joseph Lorraine was assigned to the new church as curate.

Little Chats with Big Alumni

By Lambert K. Hayes, A.B. '15

John K. Moore

THE scribe is now a firm believer in signs. One could not well have an interview with John K. Moore without being convinced of their efficacy. For Mr. Moore was born on Decoration Day. There are those who will contend that this had nothing to do with his future greatness. This, however, is because they have not seen the vast collection of medals, badges and other insignia of honor which overflow a safety deposit vault in a downtown bank. For were one to view these as did the scribe, he would be possessed of the same opinion that Mr. Moore's birthday was an evident indication of the decorations which were afterwards to be bestowed on him; an indication which no doubt any student of the occult sciences could have read.

Certain it is John K. Moore was one of the greatest athletes St. Ignatius ever knew. He won all the track and field events in which he competed in the college meets of '01 and '02. And we have even heard it rumored that those prizes for which *he* contested were always engraved with his name before hand, to save the athletic director another trip downtown. Whether this be true, or merely a rumor, we were unable to learn; but the fact remains that he was a great athlete. Nor was he content with mere local honors. His love of conquest won him laurels in Milwaukee, and it is said that the distant city of Pullman has not yet recovered from his invasion.

Mr. Moore was born in Osage Mission, Kansas, a fact that no doubt accounts for his marvelous build and athletic prowess. His folks are numbered among the pioneers of the place; and he himself, though born in the recent year of 1879, saw days when bears were killed from the front yard as a pastime, and when the whites carried a 48 "smoke wagon" on either hip, as a manifestation of the love they bore their red brethren.

He was still very young when the family moved to Chicago, where he completed his course in the public High Schools. Entering Humanities class at St. Ignatius in 1896, he followed the regular course, receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1901. Father Mullen, the present professor of Philosophy, was his first instructor.



JOHN K. MOORE, A.B. '01

This much was learned only after diligent inquiry on the part of the interviewer. For Mr. Moore, he it observed, hates to talk about himself. The writer cast about for new avenues of attack, and finally ventured.

"Mr. Moore, didn't anything ever happen while you were in College?"

"Why, yes," he replied mildly, "I lost my nose once."

We sat up excitedly. At last we had a "scoop," something worthy of headlines and red ink. The reportorial instinct seized us. "Manner, please? Time? Place?" we shot between intervals of mad scribbling.

But Mr. Moore was laughing unrestrainedly. "Oh, I got it back again," he explained; "it was only part of my makeup in one of the College plays. You see I took the role of a crazy philosopher, and an elongated nose was one of my proud possessions. It was in the midst of a duel scene that my opponent, being more valiant than wise, made too long a stroke and sliced it off. But my faithful second made a brilliant pick-up and slapped it back on my face before the audience appreciated the clever bit of surgery."

Mr. Moore recalled many of his old classmates, among whom were Frank Moran, Assistant Attorney General of Illinois; Frank Geraghty, President of Sellers Manufacturing Co., and Father William Griffin, at present located at Holy Angels' Church. The latter was so attached to Mr. Moore, that after every football scrimmage the referee had to blow time out until they disentangled his arms and legs from around John K.'s neck.

On one subject we found our victim most talkative. That was the gym exhibition. "This originated," said he, "in 1901, the last year I was at College. Father Louis Fusz, at present a missionary in British Honduras, was the one who first conceived the idea, and we have had an exhibition every year since, but one."

Mr. Moore was too modest to tell us that he is the one who kept the time-honored custom alive. It is he who is now preparing the team for an exhibition that will take place within a few weeks. The interview was necessarily brief for it took place in the gymnasium just before practice was to begin, and as we saw him take up the drilling of the athletes, a position which he has faithfully filled the last twelve years, we could not but feel that here was an example of a faithful alumnus.

The Earthquake Children

Ignatius P. Walsh, A.B. '17

WHEN the Warners, like many other families, found themselves homeless after the great San Francisco earthquake, the most pressing need that confronted them was that of a suitable habitation. After a consultation with his wife, Mr. Warner declared: "Well, you and I can go to your brother's place at Ashland. You can help Agnes about the house, and I can assist Joe on the farm, so it will be no imposition to stay with them, until we can decide upon the location for our new home. But what will we do with the boys?"

"Why not send them down to Cousin George? He and Martha invited them to go down there last summer, so we may as well let them go now," said Mrs. Warner.

"Fine! That's just the thing," agreed her husband. "I'll wire George at once."

As a result of these deliberations, Al, Dan and Robbie, preceded by an explanatory telegram, arrived at the Fleming farm that evening.

Mr. Fleming and his wife Martha, who were well on in years and had never been blessed with children, had forgotten the mischievous pranks in which childhood is prone to indulge, so the boys were left to amuse themselves. The novelty of country life rendered the first week of their visit uneventful; and aside from jumping off the high barn, and unsuccessfully attempting to instruct a dignified turkey in the gentle art of swimming, the boys clung tenaciously to the narrow path of rectitude.

The second week, however, brought developments, for by this time the youngsters had become well acquainted with the locality. Feeling that their previous inspection of the whole farm had been merely superficial at best, the three young gentlemen, under the leadership of Al, the oldest brother, set out to give the property the benefit (?) of a very thorough examination. The old windmill was the first scene of their activities. When they had contrived to disengage the pump from the arms of the windmill, so that for three days no water gathered in the reservoir, much to the farmer's surprise, they voted their endeavors in this spot a complete success.

The next place to merit their undivided attention was the tool-room in the barn, where they analyzed, in as far as they could, the harrow, the plow and the thresher. Needless to say, Mr. Fleming and his hired men were very much surprised when these implements fell apart in the field, as soon as they attempted to use them; but Al, Dan or Robbie could have given them some "inside" information on the subject. Satisfied that they had scrutinized and investigated the farm as much as they were in duty bound to do for that day, the boys ceased their labors.

Next morning, after some preliminary exercises, such as racing, mounted on pigs, which they guided by the ears, our valiant band proceeded to the real business of the day. Straying toward the barn, Dan chanced to catch sight of the bull and the harness at about the same time, and instantly conceived an idea.

"I dare you to harness the bull," he said to Al.

"What?" demanded Al.

"I dare you to harness the bull."

"Pshaw, that isn't any fun."

"Huh, Scaredy! You're afraid."

"I'm not afraid."

"O you're afraid," chimed in Robbie.

"Well, I'm not afraid, and I'm not going to take a dare from you, either, so come along," and Al took the harness off the hook, and set out for the pasture where the bull was corralled. A tree just outside the fence was selected as the strategic point in the maneuvers. When the bull had been attracted beneath the tree, Al set about his difficult task, and in an hour his brothers agreed that the bull was "harnessed." It was not an expert job of harnessing, but it had the desired effect, for the harness was so hopelessly tangled about the bull that it was evident that he could not free himself.

More adventures awaited them. Happening down into the cellar, the exploring party came upon a jug, out of which Dan promptly pulled the cork.

"Um-m-m-m. Cider," he cried.

In ten minutes the gallon of cider was no more, so our astute young men replaced it with a concoction of their own. Robbie obtained some strong, black chickory, while Al procured water, and by carefully diluting the chickory with the proper amount of water, they left an amber-colored fluid, very similar to cider in appearance, in the jug.

Heretofore Fortune had been kind enough to shield the boys from detection, but on this evening an old and dear friend of Mr. Fleming's came to visit him, so when the evening meal was almost finished, the farmer said to his wife:

"Martha, please bring up the cider, and I will give John a taste of it."

"You see," he explained to his friend, "I didn't make any cider this year, but Fred Bowden sent me a gallon, and his is always the best in the state, too."

After the friend had praised the rich color of the liquid, he and Mr. Fleming drained their glasses in one drink. The result may be better imagined than described; the friend yelled for a doctor, and Mr. Fleming called for the priest.

The next two days were days of pain and sadness, the boys being confined to their room by illness, brought on by partaking of too much cider, not by remorse of conscience. Likewise, the three days following the boys' recovery were undisturbed by any new activity on the part of the youngsters.

The boys, who went to bed about seven o'clock in the country, had retired to their room but a short time, when there was a heavy double rap on the kitchen door. Mr. Fleming, upon answering the knock, was greeted by—nothing.

"Well, that is strange," he remarked to his wife, and returned to his newspaper.

After a few minutes, he again opened the door in answer to a persistent tapping on the window-pane, but, as before, he met only emptiness. Greatly vexed, he returned once more to the perusal of his paper, only to be soon interrupted by thunderous knocking and by that peculiarly irritating tapping.

"Martha," he said to his wife, when, upon jerking the door open quickly, he saw nothing, "I am going upstairs, and find out what mischief those young rascals are up to."

"They're sleeping as peacefully and quietly as babes," he reported to his wife, when he returned. Foolish man! How could he expect to see the brick, wrapped in cloth and tied to a long rope, with which they were belaboring the door, or the nail, attached to a thread, which was doing the tapping, when they were concealed in the bed with the boys?

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Tick! Tick! Tick!" The door boomed,

and the window squeaked. When Mr. Fleming angrily flung the door open, and rushed forth this time, he saw things, and saw them in many different forms. In front of him some terrible monster, half black and half white, with a big, round, yellow head, was madly rushing about. This ferocious beast, by the way, later developed into a pig, the latter half of which had been painted white, and over whose head a large hollow pumpkin had been placed. Over in the wheat field some white object, suspended above the ground, was vigorously waving its arms and legs, and excitedly bobbing its black hat up and down, while weird, unearthly shrieks were emitted from it.

"Martha, come here, and see if you see the same things I do," shouted Mr. Fleming, rubbing his eyes.

Mrs. Fleming came, saw, and screamed "Help!" as loudly as she could, while the two workmen rushed in terror into the house. Conjectures as to the exact nature of that ghostly white object were numerous and varied, and were supplemented by frequent looks at it. Sometimes it stopped waving its arms and legs, only to commence again with new energy.

Meantime, Al and Dan upstairs were giving heed only to the operation of the "ghost," and Robbie, wearying of this, sought some new form of entertainment. Chancing upon the hole in the floor, through which the stovepipe was brought in Winter, and seeing the cat snugly curled up on the rug in the kitchen below, Robbie decided that she needed a bath. Seizing the pitcher of ice-cold water from the wash-stand, he emptied the contents into the room below. Disaster followed. No one can tell why Mr. Fleming should have chanced to cross under the hole at that exact time, but suffice it to say that he did, and that he received the icy deluge right upon his bald pate. A thorough search of the boys' room, which resulted in the discovery of the cord which worked the ghost's arms and legs, the finding of the brick and rope and the nail and thread, along with the discovery of two chickens tied together under the ghost's hat explained the whole mystery, and, likewise, explains the following telegram:

Mr. David Warner,

273 Fount St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

Send the earthquake, but take the kids.

George Fleming.

So the next afternoon saw the boys safely back in their new home in San Francisco, and for many a day thereafter they regaled their city friends with the stories of their adventures among the "simple" country folks.

Desiderium

Leo E. McGivena, A.B. '16

To live the life of children, and to know the thrill
Of raptured visionings in dim celestial lands;
To be a playmate with the fanciful, the still
And the unknown; to feel the touch of elfin hands,
To sense the thousand mysteries and intrigues
That lurk within the petals of a bud, or lay
In exquisite cocoon; to watch the leagues
Of sunset paths where Romance stalked to fair Cathay,
The brooks where pirate barques cruised o'er a new-found main
And left great scenes of carnage in their bubbled wake;
To hear the soldiered squadrons of the soft night-rain
Rush madly through the dark— could I but take
Away the wall of years, then could I happy be
In loving simple things and better knowing Thee.

Spring Visitors

Francis T. Sujak, A.B. '17

DELIGHTFUL Spring was coming,
"The strange, sweet days were here again,
The happy, mournful days."

I could feel her soothing touch. My spirit rose within me as she stirred me with a strange new life, and a stranger happiness. How the warm breath of Spring winds sends the blood tingling through the veins! We seem to be born into a new world of delights and surprises. And all around us Nature too bursts into life afresh. The trees begin to assume a soft green color as the mild weather rouses the sap and sends it streaming through every pore. The buds at the touch of the life-giving sap suddenly break open, flinging to the breeze their pungent, stimulating odor. From beneath the decaying grass and weeds upon many a sunny knoll and meadow the velvety patches of green appear again. The brooks also have felt Nature's magic touch and, awakening from their long wintry sleep, renew again their woodland chants. To the fields and woods their voices come as the voice of a long unseen friend.

This morning when I stepped out to breathe the fragrant air I knew that Spring had not only come, but that she had come to stay. The clear blue sky, the pleasant odors of the soil, the merry chirps of the more hardy songsters—these were indeed fair signs of Winter's departure. I felt, as you perhaps have felt, while strolling beneath the budding trees, the gypsy spirit awake within me, and I longed to be in the fields once more, and in the woods with their noisy streams and placid ponds. I passed into the meadows, still dank with melting snow, and on every side observed how far Spring had progressed. The meadow-larks and bobolinks, the heralds of Spring's oncoming hosts, flooded the fields with their mellow notes. From bushes, from rocks, from the bursting sod, their flute-like melody arose, and quivered, and died. Would that I could feel the joy that fills the tiny breasts of those feathery creatures, the bobolinks, as they hover in spiral flights and, when their song is spent, drop back to earth again as if to rest!

No poet, I think, has ever eulogized the call of the small tenant

of marshy ground, the frog; yet in his strong, sonorous song there is a plaintive note that appeals, above all during the quiet Spring evenings when other choristers have retired to rest.

A hen-hawk hovered far above me as I walked along. How gracefully he balanced himself on outstretched pinions, now dipping, now rising, soaring always with a perfect ease! What majestic elegance and magnificent amplitude of circles does not this daring bird exhibit! I watched him as he rose higher and higher, rising without effort into the vast vault, until he was a mere black speck against the soft azure background. Then suddenly, as if stricken with a deadly malady or wounded by some unseen foe, he shot downward, cleaving the air in one straight black line. On nearing the ground he suddenly expanded his wide wings and sailed away, disdainful of the strong currents of wind. Indeed, it is when the wind blows fastest that he best shows his marvelous mastery of aeronautics. At such times he is almost stationary, slightly flapping his wings as if suspended from an invisible cord.

And as I sat down to rest upon a rock hard by a small meandering stream I heard a soft honking call, muffled as if sounded from afar off. Again it came, clearer than before. It was the call of the wild geese who at this season, in their perfect V-shaped ranks, leave the Southland, while

“High through the drenched and hollow sky their wings
Beat northward hard on Winter’s trail.”

A beautiful picture they made as they sailed slowly toward the North, their gray bodies sharply defined against the blue! And with them, what memories come!—reminiscences of those pleasant Autumn days when I watched them on their journey southward to a more congenial clime.

Another early visitor is the bluebird. At home in an instant, he swings back and forth upon a small branch, pouring from his small throat a wealth of richest music. He can be seen everywhere, singing and skipping

“From post to post along the cheerless fence
Shifting his light weight of song.”

Together with the bluebirds come the robins. We may see them scouring the fields and groves in large numbers; and during the cool mornings they are among the first to greet the coming dawn. I cannot imagine any song more welcome than the robin’s first carol rising on the clear morning air of Spring.

Another visitor I met was the golden-winged woodpecker, or flicker. Unlike the other birds, he announces his arrival from stake or dry tree by a long, loud, and repeated call. The woodpeckers are the carpenters of their race. We find them building their home in some decaying tree or pole. When they have reared the brood they depart, leaving the cozy domicile to be occupied by the bluebirds or the noisy wrens.

I had spent the day afield; and now the sun began to hide behind the western hills, painting the heavens with the most ravishing crimson, yellow, gold and blue. It was the end of my first spring day beneath the open sky, but the first of many such, for beyond a doubt the reign of Winter was past.

RECESSIONAL

LEO E. MCGIVENA, A.B. '16

God of the league-long legions,
Awatch from the eery heights,
Lord of the world's wide regions,
We fall in a night of nights.

One and another the fires go out,
Little by little the flame dies low;
The seas rise up in an angry rout;
The spinning spheres above us slow
Their stately courses. Shard on shard
The earth-shelves quake. The hill tops tall
Crash peak on peak, as fast and hard
They shatter—God have mercy on us all!

The dust collects on Thy altar stone,
The reeking fleshpots seethe and boil;
The laden winds of heaven groan,
The earth is red with angry broil.
Black is the face of thy bright sun,
Deep do we sink! Far do we fall!
Long is the course that we have run
Away from Thee—have mercy on us all!

Gilbert K. Chesterton

Ignatius P. Walsh, A.B. '17

FROM an unknown clerk in a London publishing house to one of the foremost figures in the modern literary world; from a neglected newspaper reporter to one of the greatest writers of the age, whose every utterance is as eagerly awaited and as greedily caught up as the words of an oracle, is certainly a high and rapid rise for the short space of thirteen years; and such has been the meteoric career of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, the famous young English author. From the narrow confines of Fleet street, which can hardly be called a literary atmosphere, this idealist of thirty-nine summers has come forth, and has literally assaulted the English-speaking world with his individuality, until he has compelled recognition.

In that portion of England's great metropolis which is known as Campden Hill, Kensington, Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born on the twenty-ninth of May, 1874. His mother was Marie Louise Grosjean; his father was Edward Chesterton, a successful real-estate agent of London, who at times did some literary and art work himself. Even during his school days, the greater portion of which were passed at St. Paul's School, the author displayed such mental ability as might well forecast his present intellectual power. Among his fellow students he was a leader in scholarship, despite the fact that he was placed in competition with youths whose talents later won for them authoritative and important positions in the world.

In 1891 Chesterton left school to study art, and with this end in view, applied himself diligently for some time in a well-known London *atelier*. Gradually, however, he began to venture into the literary domain, at first by reviewing art books for the *Bookman* and the *Speaker*, and later by contributing to the *Daily News*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Literature*, the *World*, the *Fortnightly*, and numerous other publications. Subsequently he laid the brush aside, to devote himself entirely to literature. But Gilbert's father, though somewhat of an author and artist himself, had destined his son for a business life, so for a while the author toiled in the London publishing houses, first with Redway, and, after Redway's failure, with

Fisher Unwin. In 1903, however, at the instance of Mr. Johnson, the publisher of his book, *The Defendant*, he abandoned his commercial work, and definitely took up his profession of literary journalism. Since that time he has written copiously, and has risen steadily to his present exalted station in the literary world. He was married in 1901.

Mr. Chesterton can be assigned to no one class of writers; he is a novelist, poet, essayist, philosopher and controversialist, and very recently he has won rank also as a dramatist. He is brilliant, quick-sighted, penetrating in thought, a practical philosopher, and, above all, he is paradoxical—he delights in bombarding his reader with seeming absurdities, and then proving the truth of these apparently absurd statements. Moreover, he loves to revel in the abnormal, and to let his restless imagination have free rein in the realm of the mystic and the ideal. All that he touches bears the indelible imprint of his personality.

Mr. Chesterton's complete independence of other people's views or opinions on a subject, which at times amounts even to positive disregard of them, is very refreshing at the present day, when there is such a tendency to accept the assertions of others without examination, and is in fact the predominating characteristic of the man. Unprejudiced by history, or by other men's writings, he insists upon going directly to the root of the subject under consideration, analyzing it, dissecting it and hacking it to pieces; and then he gives his decision, utterly regardless of counter opinion. It may be owing to this trait that the author, who professes no religion, is such an ardent defender of Christianity against atheism and agnosticism. I might dilate for a long time upon this distinctively individual feature of the man, and yet would probably fail to convey as good an estimate of his character, as do his own words in that pithy, personal introduction to his book on George Bernard Shaw: "Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw, or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who understands him, and I do not agree with him."

Along with this absolute ignoring of other people's impressions, there is a cheerful conviction in his own views, and a youthful certainty that no one will be able to refute his assertions. This does not mean that the author imagines that no one will take issue with him; nothing could be farther from both his thought and desire, for Mr. Chesterton thrives and grows stout on disputation, and he

not unfrequently exposes seemingly vulnerable points to ensnare unwary adversaries into a controversy. His right to disagree with others he bases upon their right to disagree with him. His gauntlet is always down; he is ready to defend his beliefs at all times, in all places, and under all conditions against anyone soever, race, color, or previous condition of servitude to be no bar to the challenger. But to engage Mr. Chesterton in debate is one thing, to overcome him by argument is quite another; for he is gifted with a fertile brain and an elusive imagination.

Notwithstanding his racy, vigorous style, his use of paradox has made him quite as many censors as his other qualities have won him admirers. The first denominate him an insincere mental acrobat; the latter hail him as the herald of a change in human thought and convictions who is decidedly sincere and serious, maintaining that seriousness and humor involve no contradiction, and each side cites every new production of his pen as an additional proof of its contention. Regardless, however, of the objections his critics may raise, and of the examples they may adduce to prove them, Mr. Chesterton's position as one of the great literary men of the day is firmly established, and even when the reader cannot agree with him, he retains his place by the interest inevitably aroused by his clever findings and fascinating presentation.

Not only has Mr. Chesterton's range of subjects been truly immense, but his books have been startling because of their unusualness, their uncommon point of view, the strange subjects dealt with, and the originality and freshness of their treatment. Such of his books as *The Wild Knight*, *Graybeards at Play*, *Twelve Types*, *The Ballad of the White Horse*, *Tremendous Trifles*, *Heretics*, *The Man Who Was Thursday*, *Orthodoxy*, *What's Wrong with the World*, and *Defence of Nonsense* are among his better known works, but by no means comprise all his productions.

The appearance and habits of a writer so different from other litterateurs may well deserve a little consideration. Nature has been kind to Mr. Chesterton, for she has given him a giant frame to correspond to his giant intellect. Tall and obese, with a massive head, flowing, wavy hair, a broad, high forehead, and shaggy brows to frame his piercing eyes, his head surmounted by a huge slouch hat, he presents a formidable appearance when swaggering down Fleet street in the crowd, which eddies about him like a stream about a tall tree. Mr. Chesterton's independence extends into the realm

of clothing as well as of literature; and he is so unhampered by conventionalities and fashions that some critic has been unkind enough to style him "the untidy genius." At heart, this strange, enigmatical individual is a generous, simple boy, subject, at times, to boyish caprices. Though he has long since given up illustrating work, he always carries with him a piece of crayon, and considers any blank wall he may chance upon a fitting canvas for the reproduction of any fantastic idea that may at the time seize upon him. He is, moreover, a confirmed optimist, and though wont to recuperate in the country when wearied with his literary labors, he finds more beauty and poetry in the noise and bustle of London, in the rattle of her vehicles and the surge of her people, than in all the varied moods of Nature.

Whatever may be any individual's opinion as to the merits of this author, his refreshing originality and striking personality offer sufficient reason for making a short inquiry into his life.

RETURN OF SPRING

ERNEST W. THIELE, A.B. '16

"Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,"

Before the balmy air of Spring stern Winter's giving way,
The tackle draws the idle ships once more unto the bay;
His stall no more contents the ox, no more his fireside bright
The swain. With hoary frost the fields no longer glisten white;
Now lovely Venus and her band their revels have begun
Beneath the moon; the comely Nymphs and Graces every one
Are tripping gayly, while that Vulcan, ruddy with the glow
Of his Cyclopean forges, sees that all things smoothly go.
Now let us wreath our shining heads with myrtle green and
flowers,
The first-fruits of the quickened meadow's newly awakened
powers;
And sacrifice to Faunus good, who in the grove lies hid,
A ewe lamb if he wishes it; if he prefers a kid.
Death knocks alike at beggar's hut and rich man's palace high;
The too brief span of human life fortells we soon must die.
Dear friend, the night is hard at hand when you, a spectre thin,
In Pluto's narrow house shall dwell; once there, you'll never win
The conduct of the banquet, nor young Lycidas admire,
Of whom the youths enamoured are, who soon the maids will fire.

Jaeger, Medicus

Leo E. McGivena, A.B. '16

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH JAEGER MEETS OPPORTUNITY.

THE next morning, during Jaeger's first class, Dr. Forbes, the Dean, came in and announced that the College had been endowed with another scholarship, consisting of a two year post-graduate course in Vienna, to be awarded for the best work in Anatomy that year. Members of all classes except the senior and post-graduate were eligible. The requirements were twenty theses, detailed reports of all clinics and laboratory work in dissecting, and a final examination to be held in May. The Doctor, in conclusion, dwelt upon the advantages of winning such a scholarship; financial independence after graduation, a more complete medical education, and the consequent polish and prestige that Vienna alone can give to a medical man. He hoped, he said, that such a prize would be appreciated and worked for.

This was welcome news to Jaeger. Like every young medicus, he dreaded the period of waiting that is inevitable between graduation and an established practice, either in a long wearisome internship or in moping about an office somewhere while one's shingle hangs outside unnoticed. Accordingly, he determined to make a strong try for the scholarship. Apparently the rest of his class made the same resolution. The following week, a tremendous interest in Anatomy pervaded the entire school. Daily recitations became more perfect; clinics were crowded, and a large assemblage of brand-new note books much in evidence. The actual work in dissection also received more attention and was performed with unusual care and accuracy. Every man thought that two years of Vienna was too much not to be worked for.

Jaeger, accordingly, worked steadily, both at his recitations and at his theses. Dissection came rather easy to him; he had surgeon's hands and fingers, long, pointed, sinewy, enabling him to use lancet and scalpel with a sort of natural ease which was foreign to most students. The instructor, Dr. Brown, often praised his "touch"

and efficiency in cutting, in recognition of which his classmates dubbed him "le cut-up premier."

The first quarterly examinations occurred in November, and Jaeger came through with flying colors. Thus encouraged, he worked harder than ever, especially in the scholarship branch, Anatomy. He spent hours in reference libraries, delving through ancient dust-covered tomes for material to embellish his theses. He worked long and late, exercising considerable ingenuity to secure the necessary illumination at night, despite the untiring vigilance of Mrs. Smith. By covering up the transom with a blanket, plugging the keyhole and improvising an instantaneous extinguisher from a stick, a string and a small spring, to be used in case of a sudden raid on the part of his estimable landlady, Jaeger was able to study as long as he liked in a state of luminous safety. And every night, or rather every morning, he fell asleep to dream of long rows of white beds, rooms of shining instruments and glass-covered tables; of white-coated surgeons with queer speech and Van Dyke beards and of wonderful, impossible operations with marvelous, startling results—all in the englamoured atmosphere of dream-peopled Vienna. Vienna became the desired Mecca, the vision of his waking and sleeping hours, the only heaven this young Trappist of science considered worth striving for.

Affairs at Smith's were about the same. Mr. Nibbles still talked steel; Luella still admired. Mrs. Smith continued to look upon both with smiling maternal affection, and concocted special dishes for her daughter's "fee-an-say." Jones, the shoe salesman, had gone to St. Louis, and his room had been taken by a young man of Italian origin, who sang nightly in a downtown nickelodeon. By the sterling quality of his second-class barytone voice, coupled with an amorous Italian disposition, and the judicious use of free passes, he had quite won the fickle fancy of Miss Marie, the manicure, and consequently had incurred the warm Celtic wrath of Casey, the plumber's apprentice, who looked upon free passes as a totally unsportsmanlike means of conquest. The old discussions still went on at the table. Questions of much and little moment were still threshed out by the capable Mr. Nibbles, aided by the approving Mrs. Smith, and the capable Casey. Jaeger, as before, preferred the gold of silence to the silver of speech, and gained much information and amusement by doing so. He was regarded with deep suspicion by the lady of the house, however, who, with the almost

uncanny instinct of boarding house keepers, held the ingenious Jaeger guilty of the recent inexplicable bullish tendencies in her gas bills. But, by diligent application of the aforesaid ingenuity, Jaeger pursued his well-illuminated course without being detected.

He was ill for a few days in December, having contracted a severe and obstinate cold which clung to him tenaciously in spite of sundry dosings of syrups, and although absent from his classes a few days, he continued to follow his studies even while he was confined to his room.

In the dissecting room Jaeger still held first place. His thorough theoretical familiarity with his subject, his easy manipulation and steady nerves easily made him the star of the class. Section after section of the cadaver was explored by his skillful knife, and the knowledge gained on these occasions was secured by accurate detailed reports and sketches. The structure and function of every organ was examined; its contour and essential characteristics noted, beginning with the lesser and more insignificant organs, and ending with small red mass of muscular tissue that is the engine of life, the great heart, that

"Arras'd in purple like the house of kings" comes at last

"To stall the grey rat and the carrion-worm

"Statelily lodge."

And finally, not without a feeling of sacrilege, Jaeger one day inserted the tip of his scalpel into a small gray mass of jelly that had once been the brain of a man—so essentially divine in function, so absolutely base in substance.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH JAEGER LEARNS SOMETHING OF TUBERCULAR GERMS AND
IRISH CHARACTER.

Christmas and New Year's passed uneventfully at Smith's. Mrs. Smith remained most of the time in a soured gloom, as the holidays always caused more expense and the boarders ate more than at any other time. She brightened up occasionally, however, when she looked at Luella; Luella was now wearing on her right fourth finger a thin band of gold holding a small white stone, her engagement "solly-tear" from Mr. Nibbles. She was the envy of the other female boarders now, and treated them in much the same

manner as ladies on Fifth avenue are supposed to treat their maids—with condescending impersonal affection; Luella, in fact, was doing her best to cultivate Fifth avenue manners these days, for, as Mrs. Smith was wont to tell the neighbors, “Luella had hopes”—referring, of course, to that Utopian golden day when Mr. Nibbles steel should reach its summit and might be sold again with tremendous profit.

From behind the shield of his own silence and his landlady's suspicion, Jaeger was amusedly watching the progress of the Luella-Nibbles affair. Jaeger, to tell the truth, was beginning to have vague suspicions concerning the supposed affluence of the star boarder. He had passed Mr. Nibble's office one day while downtown and caught a glimpse of that gentleman sitting upon a very high stool in front of a quotation board—minus both his dignity and Prince Albert. Twice at the table he had regarded Mr. Nibbles so earnestly that Mr. Nibbles began to “get flustered,” and attempted to polish his already highly finished nails, and ceased to talk of steel. Jaeger, after this had occurred a second time, consulted the stock quotations in the newspapers and found steel was thirty points lower than it had been three months before. He said nothing, however, but let the comedy run its course.

One day, not long after he had gone back to college, Dr. Brown asked him if he would care to assist him in a case of tuberculosis at the free dispensary. The doctor had come to like the quiet brilliant young medic and helped him as much as he was able. Jaeger brought back to him none too pleasant memories of his own student days, when fresh from the West, he had run the gauntlet of Metropolitan lodging houses and spent a miserable, grubbing existence of four years until he was graduated.

Together, the two went over to the dispensary. The case was a little girl. She had first come there three weeks before, and the doctor had made the preliminary examination and placed some of the child's sputum in a sterile solution to make the germ culture. He would examine the culture to-night and make sure of the presence of the disease, although, he said, the appearance of the child proved its presence without doubt.

The little girl came to the dispensary with her father, a rough Irish laborer, in mud-stained trousers and tattered coat. Their story was brief and typical of so many of New York's poor. They lived in a Ghetto tenement. The mother had died, and the care of the flat had devolved upon the child. A year of foul air, dark rooms

and under-nourishment had done the work; the little victim was pale and thin, shrunk into a premature old age.

The doctor took some of the culture and placed it under the microscope. After looking at it he called Jaeger over. Through the high power lens, Jaeger saw thousands of the little baccilli; the infinitely small, yet infinitely powerful enemy that resists all skill, defies all serums, is invincible to all counter-attack and impervious to all treatment. Jaeger stepped away, shuddering. The doctor shook his head.

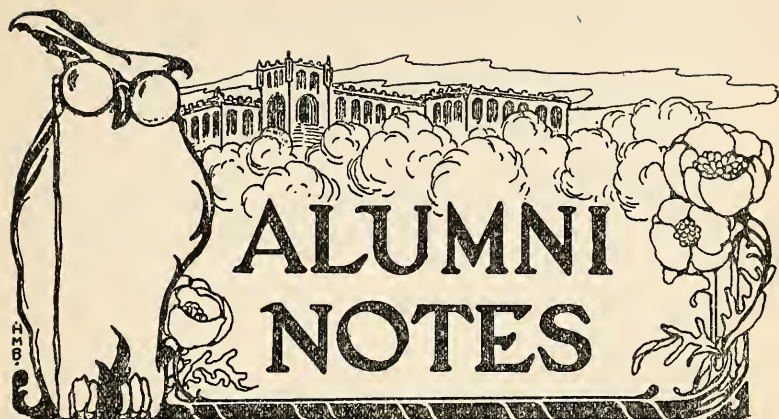
The Irishman's face lengthened perceptibly. "We might send her out to the country for a while," the doctor told him, "but it wouldn't do much good, and the expense ——"

The man nodded. With great dignity and infinite tenderness he stooped down and gathered up his stricken child in his capacious arms. "God's will be done. Good night, and thanks, doctor," he said huskily, and went out.

The doctor looked queerly at Jaeger; and, with an imperceptible shrug of his shoulders, began putting away his instruments.

"It's the cursed fatalism of those people that make them so hopeless and helpless. You can't do anything with them," he remarked, disgustedly.

As they left the building, a great blast of wind struck them, and Jaeger could not help coughing. The doctor looked at him with some alarm. "Take care of that cough, old man," he said, as he left him. Jaeger nodded and thanked him, and went his way. And that night, his dreams of Vienna were all blotted out by a tiny face, pale and shrunken with the white death. And the terrible, foolish, superstitious words of the Irish father rang in his ears all night. Jaeger was beginning to learn of something more worthy than science and more desirable than Vienna, more inexplicable than diseases—God.



The last meeting of the Alumni Association was called to order by the outgoing president, Mr. Justin McCarthy, on Monday night, February 16. From the beginning of the session until the end, a most entertaining and delightful time was had by all; and if at any time things appeared to quiet down, the irrepressible and laugh-provoking Mr. Sayre was always ready to step into the breach and, better still, to successfully fill it. Mr. McCarthy made a short speech in behalf of the terminating office-holders and thereupon subsided save for such few remarks as were necessary to carry on a very skillfully managed session. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read by Mr. Augustine Bowe and, after a short delay, finally accepted. The next thing in order was the reading of the resolutions drawn up by a committee on the deaths of Frs. Hoeffler and Gleeson. The resolutions were read by Mr. Bowen and Mr. Finnegan, respectively, and unanimously adopted by the members of the association.

The main purpose of the alumni meeting, however, had been to elect new officers, and this business was proceeded to immediately. Mr. Finn called upon both presidential candidates for expressions of their platforms, and when both Mr. Leo J. Doyle and Mr. James P. Shortall had expressed themselves the chairman then read the members of the two tickets. Two tickets were proposed, the Regular and the Members'. On the Regular ticket were:

President—Leo J. Doyle.

Vice-president—Payton J. Tuohy.

Honorary vice-presidents—Anthony Schager, Edwin J. Stubbs, John G. Kreer, Charles G. Byrne and James Fitzgerald.

Recording secretary—John K. Moore.

Corresponding secretary—James R. Quinn.

Treasurer—M. Malachy Foley.

Historian—Rev. John J. Lannon.

Executive committee—Justin McCarthy, Eugene M. Keeley, Edward M. Gueroult, Robert I. Piggott, Edward F. Garraghan, M. D., and Frank J. O'Byrne.

On the Members' ticket were:

President—James P. Shortall.

Vice-president—Augustine J. Bowe.

Honorary vice-presidents—William J. Henderson, Michael Hogan, Michael V. Kannally, John A. Shannon and Edward White.

Recording secretary—Patrick J. Minogue.

Corresponding secretary—Rev. Sidney Morrison.

Treasurer—Louis T. Sayre.

Historian—Rev. W. Murphy.

Executive committee—Edgar Cook, Thomas Hogan, M. D., Bernard McDevitt, Jr., George Mulligan, Joseph A. Finn and Clarence E. Mercer.

The Regular ticket was elected with the exceptions that M. V. Kannally was elected instead of J. G. Kreer, and Bernard McDevitt instead of E. M. Gueroult. Short and appropriate speeches were then made by Mr. Payton J. Tuohy, Fr. Mathery, the Rector, and Fr. Lyons, the Moderator, and a most agreeable meeting was brought to a close.

Dr. Charles J. Rowen, of the class of '95, has been appointed head of the surgical staff of Iowa State University, to succeed Dr. Jepson, resigned. Dr. Rowen was given a farewell dinner at the Great Northern hotel by a number of his friends. Dr. John B. Murphy paid a splendid tribute to his sterling qualities and predicted a brilliant future for the young surgeon. Dr. Rowen has made great strides in his profession since leaving St. Ignatius. Completing his course at Rush Medical College with high honors, he soon won a place in Cook County Hospital. At the end of his term in the hospital he was successful in a competitive examination for army surgeon, and his commission took him to the far Orient, where he demonstrated his surgical ability on numerous occasions. He then took special courses in surgical pathology in

Vienna and returned to Chicago to become a staff surgeon at Cook County Hospital. Dr. Murphy declares that Dr. Rowen is one of the best teachers of surgery in the West and believes that he will make Iowa State University one of the great medical centres of the country.

John Suldane, '09, has opened offices at Halsted and Polk streets, where his practice is growing fast. He is a graduate of St. Louis University Medical.

Louis J. Behan, a graduate of Loyola University, New Orleans, was elected president of the Chicago Chapter, Knights of Columbus, to succeed William N. Brown, class of '86.

Edgar J. Cook has just returned from an extended trip through the West, where he found conditions flourishing in Jesuit institutions.

Edmund M. Sinnott, '08, and John F. McCarty, LL. B. '12, are Assistant Attorneys of the Sanitary District of Chicago.

Frank F. Moran, '01, has recently been appointed Assistant Attorney General of Illinois, in charge of the Inheritance Tax Department.

Thomas A. Furlong is with the Allis-Chalmers Co., Milwaukee.

Thomas D. Nash, Alderman of the Third Ward, is campaign manager for James C. McShane, candidate for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator.

Thomas J. McGrath, ex-'90, has been appointed Assistant Cashier of the Hibernian Bank.

Joseph F. Finn, '94, of the Nichols-Finn Advertising Agency, has occupied new offices in the Consumers' Building.

Dr. Edward F. Garraghan, '94, has opened a new office at Wilson avenue and Broadway.

Patrick J. Minogue has moved to the Tower Building.

M. Malachy Foley, ex-'02, paid a visit to St. Louis during the Christmas vacation.

William M. Smyth, ex-'01, died in Tucson, Ariz., January 15, 1914.

Edward J. Corcoran, ex-'00, long a resident of Seattle, has returned to Chicago.

Stuart J. Kusters, ex-'10, is a civil engineer with the National Good Roads Commission in Southern Illinois.

Frank J. Prindiville, ex-'10, was graduated from Illinois University last June and has accepted a position with the Fire Prevention Department.

William J. Oink, '08, is assistant buyer in the Book Department of Sears, Roebuck & Co.

James R. Quinn, '09, has been appointed Assistant State's Attorney.

Mrs. Bernard McDevitt, wife of Bernard McDevitt, former professor at St. Ignatius, is the authoress of "The Suffragets in Ireland," a musical comedy lately presented in Our Lady of Sorrows Auditorium. Mr. McDevitt's son is now a student in St. Ignatius Academy.

The following clipping from the *Denver Catholic Register* relates to Father Bernard Naughton, a graduate of St. Ignatius:

"A story of wonderful heroism on the part of a Catholic Priest is now going the rounds of the Denver diocese. It concerns the Rev. Father Bernard Naughton, of Central City, who crawled under a wrecked locomotive on the Colorado & Southern Railroad, although his life was in grave danger, to administer the last sacraments of the church to Engineer James T. Duffy, who was recently killed in a crash.

"Mr. Duffy was an excellent Catholic, and the priest was sent for shortly after the wreck. The engineer was pinned under the locomotive, and for several hours hissing steam squirted squarely into his face. All efforts to release him from his perilous position failed, and when Father Naughton arrived many persons who were standing nearby warned him not to approach the dying man, as the engine was liable to topple over.

"'Don't mind me. My duty is under the engine,' Father Naughton is reported to have said as he crawled beneath the locomotive to administer the sacraments.

"He grasped the victim's hands and said: 'I am a Catholic priest.'

"The wounded engineer understood and, though his face was so terribly scalded that he could not speak, he pressed the rector's hands and let it be known that he knew what was going on.

"Then, while the victim languished in bodily torment, the priest administered peace to the soul. The many persons who knew him in life say that it was undoubtedly because of his exemplary life that

God allowed him to live long enough to receive the last rites of the church."

The classes of '04 and '05 held their annual banquet February 4 at the Great Northern Hotel. Of the graduating class, twenty-two were present. The guests of the evening were Father Lyons and Father Kenny. A very interesting evening was spent, one of the features being a discussion by Richard Finnegan, lately appointed Editor of the *Chicago Journal*. He discussed "Progressive Journalism" as a power for good or evil. Fr. Paul Drevniak acted as impromptu toastmaster and handled the office in an efficient manner. Each of the class responded and enlightened the gathering on their different works of life. Fr. John Lannon and Fr. John Kieley spoke on the growing evil of the times. Mr. Tuohy, Mr. Rice and Mr. Tyrrell discussed business and the legal profession. Mr. McCarthy took issue with the clergymen of the class on the growing evil and suggested a conservative policy. The real surprise and gem discussion of the evening was given by Fr. Hector Brosseau, who is located in the northern part of Canada. He enlightened his classmates on the works and trials of missionary life in the northern province. The class adjourned to meet a year hence.



Editorial

The Medical Situation.

The recent charges against the Medical Department of Loyola University, first published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and reprinted with hyperbolic headlines in the *Tribune*, are answered in a statement signed by the Council of the Medical Department, which appears in this issue, and to which we direct the attention of all friends of the university. This statement, intentionally brief and restrained, places little stress upon those features of the attack that reveal the malice and dishonesty of its instigators. And it is to the credit of the Medical Council that they make little reference to this startling anomaly—that an organization ostensibly standing for efficiency and honesty should stoop to the use of deceit and misrepresentation in its futile attempt to collect evidence. That the effort did fail is the best proof we could desire that Bennett has set a standard and means to maintain it. The vital question, in the opinion of the Council, was not whether the American Medical Association had resorted to methods unworthy of itself, or the *Tribune* republished without investigation charges wholly false, but whether any man or group of men officially connected with Bennett had, through a misdirected desire to increase the enrollment, made concessions which the President and Council would not for an instant have tolerated. The fact that Mr. Cowgill's name does not appear upon the list of matriculants now in the possession of the American Medical Association, and that the only matriculation card he can show is plainly marked "Provisional" is a convincing proof that no such concession was ever made.

But to appreciate fully the uprightness of Mr. Owen T. Owen, the Registrar, it would have been necessary to be present on the day when Mr. Cowgill, the indefatigable and resourceful agent of the champions of righteousness, made his final attempt to secure admission. Appearing attired as for a journey and carrying a valise, he informed Mr. Owen, with manifest emotion, that his mother was about to depart this world, and that the greatest consolation he could give her on her deathbed would be the knowledge that he had finally been admitted as a student of medicine. This, it seems, had been the dream of her life. He pointed out that he had passed all the examinations save two; and promised, were he admitted, to work day and night until he passed the ones in which he was delinquent. And still the only matriculation card that Mr. Cowgill can show is plainly marked "Provisional." Perhaps the fertile imagination of the *Tribune* can suggest for what reason the man who had assisted Mr. Cowgill to pass a fraudulent examination was unwilling or unable to secure him admission as a regular student under circumstances such as these.

**Liberty
or
License?** There occurred recently in Chicago an incident which, though not of itself momentous, appears like the handwriting on the wall, mutely testifying to an abuse which has sprung up in the name of one of our most sacred prerogatives, Freedom of Speech.

On January 28 a Socialist meeting was held in Workingmen's Hall. After a number of speakers had harangued the audience of unemployed garment workers, the assembly took on a thoroughly anarchistic tone, and the expressions "Down with Capital," "Down with Law," "Down with the Police" were freely employed. In due time the police were notified and, after a violent resistance, succeeded in arresting the more violent of the disturbers and confining them in the Maxwell Street Station. To this point the erstwhile audience changed its base of operations and loudly threatened a jail-delivery and the death of Captain Storen. Their justification for this outrageous behavior was that the police had infringed their "Freedom of Speech."

Freedom of speech is one of the most sacred rights of the American citizen. By its exercise he obtains redress for wrong and is able to repel any infringement on his privileges. It is one of the best means of initiating measures for the public good and of obtaining desirable legislation. Properly exercised, it will help

to promote better feeling between the classes. But license, or an abused freedom of speech, has far different effects. It has given men a mistaken idea of their own rights, and has been their justification for transgressing the rights of others. It has in many cases filled them with contempt for the authority which they find they can revile with impunity. It has, by creating an expectation of privileges which they can never enjoy and which are beyond reason, instilled into the working classes hatred of their employers and made a breach between these two orders which cannot but result disastrously to the State.

Let the American who vaunts his liberty keep it true. Let him give to others a measure of what he would himself enjoy. Let him remember that no rights are secure unless each citizen understands the meaning of duty. Without this the effort to safeguard our liberty must result in a selfish and lawless struggle for supremacy.

University Chronicle

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The benefit play held at the Thomas Orchestra Hall in the latter part of December proved a great financial success. It was pleasing to behold such an active spirit shown by the students, the faculty and the friends of the school, particularly the wives of the faculty members. It is a difficult proposition to state which of these groups worked the hardest. Yet we must admit that the Ladies' Auxiliary of Jefferson Park Hospital, enthused by their chairman, Mrs. Ulysses J. Grim, wife of Dr. U. J. Grim, did some noble work, and we have nothing but the best of praise for their well-repaid efforts.

The program was made up of splendid musical numbers. It was too bad that many were disappointed because of the non-appearance of Raymond Hitchcock. D. N. Schaffer, a junior, and property man at the Blackstone Theatre, acted as stage director. The orchestra was under the direction of H. H. Sherman of the senior class.

Sherman's orchestra held the audience spellbound while the strains of the sextette from "Lucia" filled the hall.

Miss Ruth Klauber then followed with a piano recitation.

Miss Eleanor Sherwood carried the audience back to the days of childhood in her impersonations.

The fourth number was filled by the Mrs. Frank Farnum Trio, but reduced to a duo because of the absence of T. McGranahan, a tenor. Mrs. Farnum was assisted by Harry Simpson at the piano.

Miss Jessie Armager Power, accompanied by Mrs. P. J. Power on the piano, furnished a novel number in her group of cantillations.

A suite from Henry VIII, with an encore consisting of a popular song hit, by Sherman's orchestra, made up the sixth number.

"Chicken Reelers" took the house by storm. The little fellows made a big hit and had to repeat their act. Members of the group were: Sanderson Robertson, son of Dr. Robertson; T. Bowers, N. Crowley, S. Petaeci, J. Perry and H. Campbell.

After the intermission Mr. Lacy Coe, violinist, was called to entertain the audience.

The ninth number was a vocal solo by Mme. G. B. Marcusson, wife of Dr. Marcusson, member of the surgical staff. The selection was the "Prayer" from "Tusca," and the accompanist was Katherine F. Rieplinger.

Another interesting number was now produced. Mrs. V. E. Eisfeller directed a group of Oak Park girls in a series of Indian dances and songs.

It is the intention of the directors of the Jefferson Park Hospital to

give a similar affair each year. They promise that next year the performance will be on a much larger scale.

Senior Class.

We have lost a few of our members by graduation, but they will be with us in June to receive their diplomas.

The Year Book committee complains about the absence of literary work from our class. The trouble is with the members. Some are not inclined that way, while others are. In the latter group there are some who have not the time to write, while others do not care if the class is represented or not. It is a sad but true condition. If some form of stimulus could be invented it might be possible to burden the Year Book editors with more "junk."

A. N. Gray, who took a furlough for four months, is back with us again.

J. N. Barnes succumbed to an attack of "Dan Cupiditis" on December 3, 1913. Miss Mary Laishre, a true and faithful nurse to him throughout his disease, fell a victim at the same time. We congratulate you, and we envy your position in the better world. We thank you for the fine cigars.

B. E. PECHOUS.

Junior Class.

The Junior class of 1915, following in the wake of the preceding classes of the Medical Department of Loyola University, are making preparations for the publication of the "Annual Year Book." The Editor in Chief, R. C. Oldfield, in expressing his opinion of the work which has been done thus far, assures us that there will be much improvement in many respects and some additional advancement in this work.

It is expected that the book will be ready for distribution on or about April 15, 1914.

At a recent meeting called by our president, Mr. I. B. Robertson, the question of the Junior Prom. was brought up and debated, but nothing definite decided on at this time.

The Junior class was present in the large majority at the annual benefit of the Jefferson Park Hospital given by the Ladies' Auxiliary committee.

DAVID N. SCHAFFER.

Sophomore Notes.

The second dancing party given by the Sophomore Social Club was held at the Garfield Park Refectory and was surely a grand success. The music, which was furnished by Mr. Kruse, one of our members, went far toward making the evening an enjoyable one. Several members of the faculty were present, among whom were Dr. Steiner and wife.

Officer Powers, our honorable sergeant of police, says that the villainous perpetrators of the window-breaking outrage are known and that

he hopes to have them apprehended soon. It is rumored that men high up in the ship of state are involved.

Sweeny says that there would be something doing if he could spell the gentleman's name who used his in Washington Park. How about it, "Sub"?

Preparations are now under way for our Dinner Dance, about which more will be said in the next issue. BERNARD BENKENDORF.

Freshman Class.

The roll of the Freshman class has been augmented by the names of about twenty new students. The high standard, however, set by the faculty at the semi-final examinations has reduced our ranks.

The entire class has gone through that awful ordeal of being photographed for the Year Book. Subscribers this year no doubt will be agreeably surprised to note that medical students may be handsome as well as the many other things that they are said to be.

There have been many cases of "Squinter's Eye" among the histologists lately. This, however, is a malady easily overcome. The most popular method seems to be to cut out the "lab." sessions.

Mrs. C. J. Johnstone, one of our respected co-eds, has been confined to the Lakeview Hospital for the past six weeks as the result of a very serious operation.

The request to purchase stethoscopes was joyfully received by some of the boys, as a stethoscope to a doctor is like a star to a policeman; and of course if it sticks out of our pocket while we are on the car, that is not our fault.

JOHN COUGHLIN.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE.

The Annual Oratorical Contest for the Carter H. Harrison Medal took place on Wednesday evening, February 11. The speakers were: Leo E. McGivena, Ignatius P. Walsh, J. Aaron Colnon, Robert J. Garland, Lambert K. Hayes and William G. Dooley. The speeches were well up to the standard set in former years. First place was awarded to Lambert K. Hayes, with William G. Dooley second and Robert J. Garland third.

Very Reverend Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J., Provincial of the Missouri Province, paid his annual visit to the college during the week of February 8. In company with Rev. George J. Leahey, S. J., he visited the various classes and seemed well pleased with the signs of application he found there. On February 24 the students enjoyed a holiday in his honor.

Senior Class.

**Mysterious, Baffling Puzzle—Mysterious Actions on Part of Senior Class
Defy the Efforts of World's Greatest Brains—All
Investigation Has Come to Naught.**

The circumstances which surround this inscrutable mystification are as follows: On a certain Monday morning, February 2 (the second), the

Seniors, wrapped in deep and moody silence, were seen wandering through the classic corridors of the renowned college of learning known as St. Ignatius. Some wore a wild and fearful look; others were uttering incoherent implications. One by one they slipped silently into a hidden room, and behind barred doors held conference with occupants therein.

At 10:30 they had all quietly disappeared. Any suggestion or clew bearing directly or indirectly upon this affair will be greatly appreciated.

It has been alleged that auburn-haired people (vulgarly known as red-heads) are not very successful in certain lines. This statement I emphatically deny; and in this denial I have the hearty support of Mr. Dooley (more commonly known as "Bill"). For further verification of this fact Mr. Colnon and Mr. Garland will testify that I have gained the best and most excellent that could be found in this line or any other.

THOMAS C. CLENNON.

Sophomore Class.

We learn that the Freshmen are establishing, as it were, a new school of poetry. Whereas it has formerly been the custom to court the Muse, await the coming of the divinus afflatus, or imbibe inspiration with tobacco smoke, these scholars resort to no such arbitrary methods. They cold-bloodedly disregard all precedent in this matter and proceed without Muse or anything else in a way that makes us Pre-Raphaelites in verse shudder. The results may be judged from the following piece of criticism, now quite familiar to the Freshman: "Your title is good, suggestive; your metre most judicious; your diction quite suitable; your rhymes most felicitous; your figures apt; your handwriting excellent. You must not, however, permit the sense to be determined by the rhymes. Otherwise this is a very good effort."

We have noted the following tableaux:

Of the humorous: Certain tall, red-haired Sophomore dispensing verbal entertainment in the reading room just as the librarian comes in the door.

Of the pathetic: Certain Freshman attempting to elucidate oxidation equations in chemistry class.

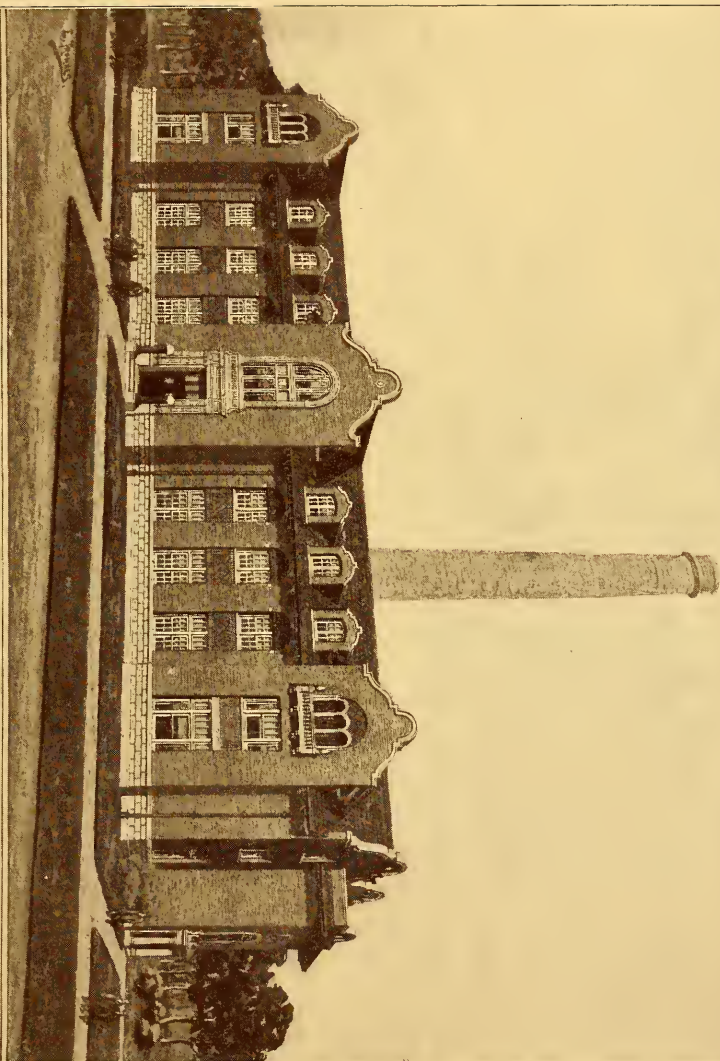
Of innocence: Any man with a 12:30 noon ticket attempting to pass at 12:35.

Of indignation: Freshman claiming St. John Chrysostom as their patron.

Of heroism: Seniors asking for a holiday.

Of enthusiasm: Sophomores while being informed that they ought to take calculus.

LEO E. MCGIVENA.



• ENGINEERING HALL • LOYOLA UNIVERSITY •

Freshman Class.

Mr. McGivena and gentlemen of the Sophomore class, we still maintain that we are somewhat superior to you both in numbers and fame. We mention the "numbers" while we have the chance. Why, Leo, Quigley has more physique now than Fitzgerald will ever have, although we admit most of Q.'s physique is confined to a small space, vertically speaking. Since Peterson no longer wears a pompadour, we can now boast of first place in that respect also—witness Dunne's newly curled "pomp" any day. But enough of this petty arguing—we silence you by saying we have had dissension in our class. However, for the benefit of those few Sophs who deny our superiority, we will tell how Iris sprung her coup and give a detailed account of the battle, both inside and ring-side.

Chapter I.—The Quarrel.

And when they were sent into the Lab., the Freshmen in the one part and the Sophs in the other, there arose a great din like the car which carrieth Maresch to Longwood makes when it crosseth the Belt Line at Two and Seventieth street. And above the clamor could be heard the voices of these twain contending:

"Truly, Quigley, thou takest much upon thyself whensoever thou wishest to run this class," spoke the wavy-haired Duffy. Immediately, then, answered he of the fancy neckwear and funny collars, Quigley:

"In truth, I take no orders from thee, son of Mr. Duffy;" and, quick as the phosphorus, which burneth like the dickens when it is out of water, retorted he of the curly hair:

"Whensoever I give orders thou shalt, in sooth, take them." And, verily, in the Lab would they have clashed had not the fiery-haired Richards and swift-footed Hanrahan held them apart. Then upspake the long-haired one, held by Hanrahan:

"I will do thee battle when the class is done." And Duffy answered him sneeringly, "Well canst thou talk, thou braggart, since I am restrained by Dunne and swiftfooted Hanrahan, and well dost thou know thou shalt hie thyself homeward at the first opportunity." But Quigley in a mild manner replied:

"Only come thou down to the Gym and thou shalt see for thyself when we have put on the soft-skinned, well-padded gloves." And truly, till the end of class did the rotund Mangan strive in vain to dissuade Quigley, saying:

"Duffy indeed can outrun thee."

Chapter II. The Battle.

Thereupon, after they had tied on the soft-skinned, well-padded gloves, did they shake mitts while horse-taming Crotty, the judge, stood to one side but within the ring made by the onlookers. And then a mighty swing did sleek-haired Quigley make and the air around was greatly disturbed. Again and again did the corpulent one strike, while the nimble-footed Duffy dodged and ducked. At last did Duffy put

his curly-haired dome in the path of an oncoming glove and indeed, he was smitten on the optic. Then did the heavy Walter rush as if to tear him limb from limb, but Duffy struck straight out and truly did the face of oncoming Quigley sink itself into the well-padded glove. And his long, raven-black hair didst indeed desert its position as a pompadour and continue to come forward although his head had stopped in the soft-skinned glove. And the mighty Quigley dropped on one knee; but arising quickly with a loud grunt he swung and again the heavy-armed one missed but the wind from the swinging ham didst indeed blow Duffy over. Soon would Tug-boat Quigley have rushed some more but Fate, stalking into the Gym and resembling a Prefect very much, intervened. And indeed did the judicious Crotty call the battle a draw.

ENGINEERING NOTES.

We are pleased to be able to notify our fellow students that, with the exception of one or two, all the Engineers passed in their studies.

At the beginning of this semester Mr. Cahil, one of the most prominent Engineers in the city, was added to list of faculty members, as professor of Civil Engineering.

Judging from what we had seen of Prof. Cahil during the past week, we venture to assume that owing to his efforts at least four or five lights will work overtime during the coming few months, attempting, no doubt, to aid us in dispersing the shadow webs of laziness, which appear to have engulfed some of us.

The class of 1916 not being very large this year, every student is assured of practically personal supervision in all his work by the professor interested in that particular line of endeavor.

Many of the freshmen and sophomores were seen lately coming to classes in the morning with a fair sized bundle tucked under their arm, but upon inquiry I have been able to ascertain that the packages in question contain nothing but overalls. Surely no Sherlock Holmes is needed to form a theory concerning this.

One of the first duties the Civils were intrusted with this year, was the designing of a foundry which is to be erected on the University property as soon as the plans are completed. At the present time however, their hopes seem to be centered chiefly on the fact that the rest of the class will have to build it.

We are also informed upon good authority that the freshmen are at present greatly engrossed in the praiseworthy and beneficial occupation of solving problems in descriptive geometry; and what is more, if reports are true, they have amassed a scandalous amount of knowledge concerning this subject.

Herb Kelly, with the capable assistance of Firby, has succeeded in putting up the equipment for the Engineering Lab and a formidable array of lathes, etc., now greets the embryo Engineer upon his entrance to that chamber.

Firby was complaining about not having enough work to do last semester, so now the hours are increased from thirty-three hours a week to thirty-eight; but even that was not enough for him. In order to strike a happy medium he is now taking up electrical, mechanical and chemical studies. The rest of the class wish him luck.

H. SMITH, '16.

PHARMACY.

Senior Notes.

The new year was ushered in very quietly, and without much commotion to the Senior class. Jose Archilla being the only one who failed to make an appearance after the holidays. However, we are proud to dream that he has not forsaken that calling which has made him one of our number, and sincerely wish that in his new capacity he will make rapid strides towards the pinnacle of success.

The second semester has started with a renewed spirit and interest, and if the present appearances are any indication, it looks very much as though there will be no special students after it closes.

On Wednesday, January 14, Dr. von Zalinski surprised us by bringing with him Prof. Nielson, of the Abbott Alkaloidal Co., who very professionally demonstrated the action of various drugs on living animals, and the methods by which these drugs were tested for their quality and strength. Prof. Nielson held the interest of the class for over two hours, during which many things of pharmaceutical importance were learned.

On January 24 a trip was made to the Abbott Co., for the purpose of finding out how the manufacturer does it. Here three very enjoyable and interesting hours were spent, and methods known to us only through books were shown in actual operation. A thorough investigation was made of every department from the engine room to the garret, much valuable data being collected en route. A unanimous vote of thanks was extended to Prof. Nielson and the Abbott Co., for the interest taken by them, and some future day awaits the reciprocation of their courtesy.

President Nelson is seriously contemplating calling a class meeting. So all have on your Sunday clothes.

Several members of the class are preparing to take the State Board Examination in March. Why not have more—the Juniors have already been represented there. Among the Seniors dear old S. I. C. is well represented by Antlesperger, Waltemade and Cunningham.

Purck's trichomes seemed to attract more than one of the fair employees of Abbott.

Graber spends his evenings hunting up catchy questions for the following laboratory period.

State Board eligibles might do well by consulting Piasecki.

O, tempora! O, mores! and the structural formulae still pursue us.

THOMAS W. CUNNINGHAM.

Junior Notes.

Greetings! All pleasant dreams of a happy holiday season were set aside soon after our return by the announcement of our regular monthly examination. Yet we wish to set aside all apparent discomfiture, and try at least to appear as if we were really happy. The new schedule for the second semester has just been posted, and it is a source of interest inasmuch as it contains a good deal more practical and scientific work to be covered this term. We are sorry to note that our course in physics and mathematics are dispensed with, and only wish to extend our appreciation to Professors Kelly and Neff for their instructive lectures in the past. We also desire to proffer our sincere thanks and esteem to the Instructors connected with our department for their kind consideration for each and everyone.

Menakus specializes in difficult pharmaceutical problems, whilst Herdrick has the "honor" of being the best glass tester in the Laboratory. "Kelly" Budnik relates many thrilling anecdotes about the "wild and wooly" town called Lemont. We sympathize with him! On social affairs Conforti continues to be a source of unlimited information. De Ambrossi has promised a radical change in the taking of pictures since a late scholarly interview with Prof. Kelly on the "wide" subject of photography. Our bowling phenomenon, Mulvihill—*noted for terrific line "strikes"*—is on exhibition Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Who wants to compete? "Come one! Come all!"

P. J. DILLON.

LAW SCHOOL.

Third Year.

When classes were resumed after the Christmas holidays, a name which had appeared on the law register for the past two years was missing.

Mr. Noonan announced his intention of entering the Jesuit Order. A farewell banquet was given by his classmates Monday evening, December 22nd, 1913, at the Republican Club in the City Hall Square Building.

Oratory overflowed, and classic speeches were made by all the boys, to which Noonan very nobly responded.

A silver watch was presented to him as a remembrance.

Mr. Dillon says that he believes that the concrete example which Fitzmorris gave the other evening would be given a prominent position if placed on exhibition at the cement show.

Ed O'Hara is taking on weight. Jesse Phillips says it is because he has secured a political job, and breathes so much cigar smoke.

Gorman still insists upon regulating the windows, and giving the boys fresh air.

Mr. Foster when seen last evening refused to be interviewed in regard to Mayor Harrison's plan for a comprehensive subway, but he said he was in favor of a Dinky Subway from Thompsons to the Ashland Block, for the convenience of the school.

DANIEL W. DEVER.

Second Year.

The Wranglers Club continues to comprise a part of the routine of the Second Year class and to play an important part in its progress.

MEETING OF THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1913.

Thursday evening, December 18th, became the occasion of another regular meeting of the Wranglers Club at Lake View Inn.

Upon calling the meeting to order they proceeded to call upon the evening's speakers. Mr. Meister, the first speaker, in an interesting address impressed upon every member their duty of striving to their utmost to solve the many difficult problems confronting the public today. Messrs. Reeve and Sullivan being unavoidably absent, the last speaker, Mr. Schaff was next called upon. That member in a praiseworthy address explained the keynote of a lawyer's success to lie in his respect for others.

The addresses being concluded and the evening still not far advanced, the Chair conceived the plan with the approbation of all of calling upon each member for a three-minute extemporaneous speech upon different subjects of the Chair's selection.

Upon the conclusion of such extemporaneous speaking a motion was made to the effect that a portion of each meeting, at the discretion of each chairman, should be allotted to such speaking. A motion was then made to incorporate the Club. In accordance with the spirit of this motion each member pledged himself to be present at each subsequent meeting.

After some further discussion Mr. Meister was appointed chairman for the subsequent meeting and the meeting adjourned.

MEETING OF THURSDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1914.

Another regular meeting of the Wranglers Club was held on Thursday evening, January 8th, at its new club rooms in the Illinois Republican Headquarters situated in the City Hall Square Building, under the chairmanship of Mr. Meister.

Mr. Reeve, the first speaker, in a comprehensive address advocated the teaching of Sex Hygiene in Public Schools.

Mr. G. Sullivan, the second speaker, dealing with the achievements of the Wilson-Bryan administration, set forth the merits of each in

detail. Mr. E. Sullivan, the third speaker, stated valid reasons why the Board of Education should not be permitted to teach Sex Hygiene in the Schools. Mr. Trainor, the fourth speaker, taking issue with Mr. G. Sullivan as to the merits of the present administration, picked out one of the Wilson Cabinet, Mr. Burleson, known as the father of Parcel Post, and accused him of injustice to the railroads. Mr. Wahl, the last speaker, dwelt upon the much mooted question of a subway for Chicago.

MEETING OF THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22nd, 1914.

Thursday evening, January 22nd, was the occasion for another regular meeting of the Wranglers Club, at its Club Rooms, under the chairmanship of Mr. Reeve.

After a discussion of the Club's business affairs, the evening's speakers are called upon in their chosen order.

Mr. Trainor, the first speaker, gave the members the benefit of a very interesting and comprehensive discourse upon the lack of justice through the law. Mr. Ulrich, the second speaker, after setting forth the dissipated habits of the early Egyptians, and the abstinence practices of the ancient Greeks, and that latter nation's consequent victory when the two nations went to war, asserted that preparation is the sure road to success in any undertaking. Mr. Wade, the third speaker, in an amusing and praiseworthy speech, advocated the restriction of emigrants and praised the progress of the Negro. Mr. Ward, the fourth and last speaker, in an instructive and praiseworthy address took up the history of Mexico from early times to the present, and very clearly set forth the various steps in the growth of its government.

Upon the conclusion of such speaking the meeting was adjourned.

MEETING OF TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11th, 1914.

On Tuesday evening, February 11th, another regular meeting of the Wranglers Club was held, at its Club Rooms, under the chairmanship of Mr. Trainor.

After a reading of and acceptance of the minutes of the previous meeting and a disposal of Club business, the speakers of the evening are called upon in their chosen order.

Mr. Bowe, the first speaker, in a clear and convincing address, manifested that laws are gradually becoming more just. Mr. Donahoe, the second speaker, endeavored to charge the members to array themselves against two great dangers to the impartial distribution of legal justice—corrupt political influence and a corrupt press. Mr. Dunlavy the third speaker, in a praiseworthy effort, dwelt upon the position of Religion in the law. Mr. Dwan, the fourth chosen speaker, was unavoidably absent. Mr. Ginnane, the last speaker, in a forcible talk urged drastic action criticsers of the Catholic Religion.

The balance of the meeting was consumed by extemporaneous speaking on the part of all the members, on different subjects.

Upon the conclusion of such the meeting was adjourned.

LEO L. DONAHOE.

First Year.

The Equity Club is progressing famously. The members have shed their oratorical pinfeathers and are venturing on a few more or less lusty chirps. Indeed, when a few of the leading "chirpers" get together the banquet hall resembles the Forum on one of those memorable occasions when Cicero "threw the hooks into" Catiline.

On January 15, Mr. J. J. Kilgallon, the ringmaster for the evening, could produce only two speakers, so the greater part of the meeting was spent in open debate. Mr. Featherstone spoke on "Subways", and Mr. Smith said a few words on the question of "Sex Hygiene in the Public Schools".

The meeting of January 29, brought forth a more formidable array of talent. Mr. Stack spoke on "The Electrification of Street Railways"; Mr. Quinn on "The Regulation of Public Utilities"; Mr. Carel on "The Federal Reserve Bank Act," and Mr. McManus on the "Panama Canal."

Without exception these gentlemen are deserving of congratulation for the way they handled the various subjects, as well as for the time and care they put on the preparation.

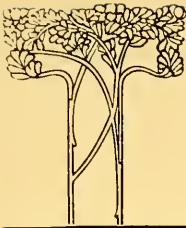
At this meeting Mr. Hughes, Professor of Criminal Law, was present and favored us with a short speech.

We have but to mention the fact that the class has been honored by the enrollment of three new men, Messrs. Juhl, Duffy and Coleman, and our work is done.

T. M. S.

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CLASS OF 1916
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
LOS ANGELES

1916

For the University of California
Medical Department
Los Angeles



The Breeze of Spring

John Aaron Colnon, A. B. '14

Gently I hear your hand
Tap on the window pane,
I haste to admit you, and
Lo, you are gone again!
Sweetly I hear your song,
Wonderful, wild and free;
Though it be not for long,
Sing it awhile to me.
Stirring the lattice vines,
Often you come at the gloaming,
Pungent with hints of the northern pines,
A rover restlessly roaming;
Now in the depths of the night,
Shouting a mad refrain;
Oh, then the foam is white!
Eager the arms of the main!
Now in the heat of the day,
Soft as a lover's sigh;
Oh, then the scents of the hay
And the hedgerow blooms blow by!
Tarry, I pray you, tarry;
Fain would I have you spare
A passing of the songs you heard
In the land from which you fare.
Wind of the North, of the South,
Wind of the East, of the West,
Kissing the Creole's mouth,
Chilling the Eskimo's breast;
Sweetly I hear your song,
Wonderful, wild and free,
Though it be not for long,
Tarry and sing to me.

The Bank, Producer of Prosperity

Joseph F. Elward, LL.B. '14

THE recent widespread discussion of the new currency bill served to focus upon the money questions of our country an interest that had not been felt in years. The arguments pro and con not only embraced the money problem in general, but extended to several associated matters, especially to banking. The newspaper reader, on perceiving how this bank opposed the bill or that bank supported it, began to realize what an active part the banks took in the question and what a tremendous influence they seemed to exert on either side. Naturally enough, the query came to him: For what purpose is this power wielded; what part have these commercial giants in helping industrial welfare, in promoting the prosperity of the community as a whole?

Correct Definition of Prosperity.

It is a necessary misfortune in discussing questions of economics, that the words with which we are most familiar, which we employ frequently in daily use, are often difficult to define when it is a matter of giving their accurate scientific meanings. Value, labor, money—how often we hear these terms on the tongues of speakers who would be puzzled to tell precisely what ideas the words convey. The term “prosperity” is no exception. We all have a vague, general idea of the word; we know, say, that 1913 was a prosperous year, or that 1907 was not; but none of us might agree on the same particular definition. The laborer on the construction gang will say the country is prosperous when there is plenty of railroad work going on; the small shopkeeper, when his customers buy liberally and his stock turns over rapidly; the manufacturer, when the demand for his goods is brisk and his salesmen are bringing in the orders. All of these definitions, however, describe the effects of prosperity rather than prosperity itself, which may be defined as that industrial condition of the community in which wealth is increasing extensively and trade and manufactures are flourishing. This definition might perhaps be made more precise, but it will serve for our purpose.

The general notion of prosperity, then, being in the nature of an increase in the country's wealth, we maintain that banking plays a large part in this increase; first by the accumulation or production of capital, and secondly, by the manipulation of this capital

so as to multiply its capabilities. We shall consider each method at some length.

Wealth and Capital.

The first step toward increasing the wealth of a country is the accumulation of capital. Before going ahead with this idea and showing the bank's part in accomplishing this accumulation, it may be in place to say a few words about the difference between wealth and capital, as these terms have practically identical meanings in everyday speech, and the intrinsic economic difference between them is important in our discussion. Political economists define wealth as the attribute of an article whereby it possesses value, *i. e.*, confers on its possessor the power of commanding, in exchange for itself, the labor, or the products of the labor, of others. Foodstuffs, an estate in lands, a mineral bed, a sum of money, are all wealth, because in each case the possessor can transfer his right in them, and thereby gain the power to require others to work for him, or to give him the results of their toil. Now capital represents a step in advance of this and is applied, not to all wealth, but to that body of wealth which is devoted to the production of other wealth. It is active, productive wealth, as contrasted with that wealth which is immediately consumed or is kept idle begetting nothing. A concrete example will illustrate. John Brown, an ordinary man of family, comes into an inheritance of \$10,000. In disposing of this windfall, he has several courses of action open. He can use the money to satisfy more luxurious economic wants, dress his wife and children better, build a larger house, purchase an automobile. Again, he may be of a saving, prudent turn of mind and be unwilling to expend such a sum at once, preferring to keep it as a reserve to provide against sickness or sudden misfortune. He is loath, however, to trust it to anybody and keeps it in his own possession. Lastly, he may seek to invest the \$10,000 so that each year it will produce some additional money for him. In the former two cases, the \$10,000 would possess value as defined above and would undoubtedly be wealth; but it would have no productive power, and hence could not come under the definition of capital. In the last case, however, the \$10,000 would produce each year four or five hundred additional dollars for Brown's enjoyment without his losing his right to the original sum. The \$10,000, then, would be a begetter of other wealth, *i. e.*, it would be capital.

How the Bank Converts Wealth Into Capital.

That the bank does not produce wealth as wealth, or even as the foundation of capital, no one denies. Capital, the body of wealth, which is saved up for the generation of new wealth, must come from the outside. Of course, the bank has a capital of its own to start with; but this is generally in small proportion to the total extent of its business, and is used principally to build up the bank's own credit. The bank, for the bulk of its operations, depends upon the money furnished it by others, and it is on this that it must make its profits. Yet the function of the bank in the accumulation of capital is of vast importance. There is at all times in a civilized community a large body of wealth in the hands of private persons, ready to be invested. This wealth has been obtained in many ways: by sudden good fortune, by inheritance, or, principally, by saving. Likewise there is also a large class of persons with some new enterprise to initiate or some old one to expand, who are eager and willing to pay for the privilege of using this wealth. The interests of the community require that these two classes—that with money to lend and that with money to borrow—get together in some way, directly or indirectly; and it is here that the function of the bank comes in. The bank brings the two classes together indirectly. It pays the investor for the use of his money, and with the sum thus obtained it accommodates him who wants to borrow, charging him, of course, a fee large enough to leave the bank a reasonable profit after paying the investor's interest.

The Principle of the Division of Labor.

It may be objected that, while this bringing of the borrower and lender together for the purpose of transfer of wealth is a highly desirable thing and necessarily promotive of the well-being and prosperity of the community, it could, perhaps, be just as well accomplished in some other way without the intervention of the bank. Could not, for instance, the parties meet through common business acquaintances and conduct negotiations without the useless expense of the bank as a third party? We answer, No. The necessity for the bank as an intermediary in these transactions rests upon a principle that is as old as business itself and that lies at the bottom of modern industrial development—the principle of the division of labor. This principle of production has been

defined by an eminent economist as "the joint action of men in producing, the differentiation of productive processes, the specialization of trades and the organization of industrial forces." Let us analyze the origin of the principle. In primitive society, the division of labor, to any considerable degree at least, does not exist; each man builds his own wigwam, does his own fishing and hunting, makes his own rude tools. With the increase of knowledge and of civilization, specialization arises out of the varied capabilities of different individuals. Some men are better hunters than others, and the procuring of game is left to them. Others excel in the crafts, in working in wood or in iron, and this occupies all their energies. A third class may be adept at building canoes, and that becomes their special province. So it runs through the whole gamut of occupations; each man, in place of devoting himself to half a dozen occupations and doing them all indifferently, concentrates on one and exchanges the products of that one for any other goods he may desire. The fisher gives up some of his food and receives in return spears and hooks from the smith, a wigwam from the tent-maker, etc. The advantages of this division of labor are as manifold as they are evident. The centering of the faculties on one line of work, with the consequent freedom from distraction, tends to eliminate waste, develop dexterity and make experts. In a short time, under the new system, the smith becomes so proficient that in one hour he can do four or five times as much as under the old arrangement when he had several occupations. Such probably was the simple origin of the division of labor. Society, realizing its tremendous advantages, has tended ever to increase its scope, and modern business each year applies it to a more and more refined degree. Specialization seems to be the watchword of the hour.

The Bank An Indispensable Agent Between Capital and Enterprise.

It is because of this fundamental law that the necessity arises for a banking class, *i. e.*, a class of persons whose function is the lending and borrowing of wealth, typified, of course, by its ordinary measure of value, money. It is conceivable that each individual, when he required any extra money or had some to invest, might personally seek for the proper lender or borrower among his friends and conduct all the negotiations himself without the intervention of the bank. It is also conceivable that if he wanted to

build a house, he might himself hire the mason and the carpenter, and personally superintend the job. But, just as in the latter case, he would most certainly employ an architect or general contractor, whose experience and technical knowledge would enable him to put the house together at a vastly lower cost than our private individual could do it; so in the former case he would apply to some one whose business, he knew, consisted in the investment and lending of money, realizing that this man's peculiar skill and wisdom would enable the affair to be conducted most efficiently and economically. This person to whom he applies is called the banker; and just as the smith in the primitive division of labor became more perfect at his craft, so the banker in doing the entire money-lending of the community, becomes an expert in this field and is able to work for the best interests of all concerned. His conspicuous public position and the public knowledge of what his office is save all parties time and labor. Each man can busy himself in his own occupation without having to worry particularly where he shall acquire or invest his funds. The borrower knows the bank is there to lend money, and it is only a question of terms and security whether he will get the amount he wants. The lender knows the bank is there to invest money, and it is only a question of how high a return he wants whether it will be able to place his funds for him and create capital out of them.

Does, then, the bank create capital? We maintain that it does; not in the sense that it evolves capital from nothing, but that it makes capital from what otherwise would not be such. But, it is said, that cannot be so; the bank is a great aid in facilitating the transfer of money, but it does not produce anything. It merely takes money from the investors with one hand and gives it to the borrowers with the other; and there is surely no creation of money in that. Admitting the bank's part as an agent of transfer, we still contend it is a producer of capital. It will be recollected that in a preceding paragraph we spoke of the distinction between wealth that is idle and unproductive, and capital, or wealth devoted to the making of other wealth. The money the bank takes from the investors is wealth before it reaches the bank, for it possesses value; but it is not capital, for it is unemployed and does not yield any other wealth. The investor might keep ten thousand dollars hid in a bureau drawer for twenty years and be no richer at the end of that time than he was at the beginning. But once

this wealth reaches the bank, it is made to give up a threefold profit. First, it yields a return to the investor, which is paid to him by the bank; it is for this purpose he made the investment. Second, it yields a return to the borrower to whom the bank has lent it. He invests it in his business and expects to receive a net profit above the sum he is paying the bank for its use. Lastly, it yields a return to the bank, the measure of this return being the difference between the money the bank pays the investor for its use and the money it receives from the borrower. We speak, of course, of the ordinary results; as it may easily happen that, by miscalculation, either the bank or the borrower, or both, may lose their profits. But ordinarily the results will be as indicated; and the bank will change wealth, previously unemployed, into capital tending to reproduce itself in three different ways. So we see, then, that the bank does create capital; or, to be more exact, it converts idle wealth into capital.

The Bank a Means of Credit.

So far we have spoken of the part the bank performs in the accumulation of capital, and we have supposed that in all cases it was actual money that it paid out. If its service to the community stopped here the bank would be of great value, but its scope is still wider; for, by skillfully managing its capital, the capital's power of production may be multiplied almost inconceivably. This employment of its credit we shall sketch in brief.

Suppose that A and B, two business men having regular dealings with each other, are depositors at the same bank. Each time A makes a purchase of B, he gives B his check on the bank; and each time B makes a purchase of A he does likewise. These checks are carried to the bank by the respective payees and indorsed over to it. Does the bank pay out actual money as is represented by the check? It will, if requested; but what A and B want is not necessarily money, but the power of using money on demand. They realize that at any time they can draw a check on the bank, and obtain the money for their purposes; and consequently they do not ask the bank for payment of the money, but merely instruct that the different sums be added to their accounts. This the bank does, at the same time debiting the value of the check from the account of the man who drew the check. The advantage of this procedure is that, while A and B may pay each other, at different times during the month, amounts aggregating

two or three thousand dollars, the actual balance on one side or the other at the end of the month may be comparatively small—two hundred dollars, say. Now if each transaction was to be paid for in cash, it is evident that for each month A would require three thousand dollars cash and B a similar amount; whereas, under the credit system, a balance of a few hundred dollars may satisfy all the obligations. This balance, too, or rather the money to wipe it out, is transferred not in actual coin or notes from one party to the other, but in credit from the account of one to that of the other.

This is the first step in the use of credit. Now let us suppose, as is more often the case, that A and B are depositors, not in the same bank, but in different banks, and A gives a check to B. The situation is slightly more complicated, but we have the same employment of credit. B deposits the check in his own bank, where it is credited to his account; and the second bank sends it back to the first upon which it is drawn, where it is charged to the drawer's account. The two banks in the complexity of modern business probably have many customers who draw checks on each other to make payments and who receive checks from each other in lieu of payments. The banks will all follow the same practice of crediting to the payees' accounts all checks deposited, and forwarding them to the other banks on which they are drawn. The bank on which the checks are drawn will then owe the second bank, where the checks are deposited, the values of the checks. A great many cases of this kind arise, sometimes one bank owing the other and sometimes vice versa. It is the usual practice for the two banks at stated intervals to strike a balance, and for the debtor bank to pay to the creditor bank the amount by which the checks drawn on it exceed those deposited with it. Here again the use of credit between the banks results in a vast volume of business being done with the actual transfer of little money.

We have taken the relations between two banks for the sake of obtaining a clear idea of the principle on which this mutual interchange of credits rests. As a matter of fact, the case is much more complex in a large city, where there are many banks; for each bank has checks drawn on all the others, and these others have checks drawn on it. The same method, though, of striking a balance and only paying what is due over is followed out. In most large cities the banks have formed voluntary associations called

clearing houses. Here, once a day, each bank brings all the checks on the other clearing-house banks that have been deposited with it the preceding day, and all the other banks do likewise with the checks drawn on it. The officers of the clearing house put down all the debits and credits of each bank, and the bank whose debits exceed its credit pays over to the clearing house the sum lacking while the bank whose credits exceed its debits, receives from the clearing house the surplus sum. In this way the amount of exchanges may run up to \$1,500,000,000 (the approximate weekly average in New York) and this vast sum be taken care of by an actual transfer between the banks of only about \$100,000 in real money. And this credit power is still further strengthened in times of financial stress by the clearing house's permission to its member banks to pay their balances not in money but in paper clearing house certificates.

Complexity of the Credit System.

This use of credit between the banks is still further increased by transactions between banks, not of the same community, but of widely scattered places. A person living in Chicago and having an account in a Chicago bank, may pay his New York creditor by drawing a check on the Chicago bank and mailing it to the New Yorker. The latter will deposit the check in his New York bank, his account will be credited and it will then be the duty of the New York bank to collect the value of the check from its Chicago confrère. In the case of Chicago and New York banks, each would probably have a large number of checks drawn on the other, just as in the case of two banks in the same community; and a balance could easily be struck at regular intervals. If the transaction, however, was between a Chicago bank and a bank in Florida or Oklahoma, considerable labor might be required of the bank in collecting, though the work of the depositor would be no greater than in the former case. All he does is to deposit the check and let his bank look after the collection.

Without the Bank Only 5 Per Cent of Our Present Business Would Be Possible.

The above is a brief outline of some of the more important ways of using credit through the banks to carry on the vast and multitudinous transactions of modern business. Each year the employment of credit is growing, and already it extends not only

all over this country, but even to foreign nations. This credit enables business to be conducted on a gigantic scale with only an occasional use of real money to settle balances; and it has been highly instrumental in developing production and commerce to the commanding position they have attained today. It has been estimated that in the United States, in times of ordinary business activity, ninety-five per cent of all the exchanges take place by means of credit. This means that with a strictly cash method of conducting transactions, only five per cent of the volume of our present-day business could be carried on; we would not have enough capital or nearly enough to go round. Certainly the bank, through which most of this credit is effected, is deserving of a high place in reckoning the causes of a nation's prosperity and is well entitled to compensation for the great services it performs.

We have tried to consider the bank's influence in the increase of wealth from a general standpoint, without citing any particular instances of this beneficial power. We are all of us aware, however, of the large part the banks have taken in developing uncultivated countries, building railroads, putting new inventions on a commercial basis, etc. How different was the state of affairs before the modern bank's advent may be seen from a passage in Bagehot's "Lombard Street," that is well worth quoting:

"We have entirely lost the idea that any undertaking likely to pay, and seen to be likely, can perish for want of money; yet no idea was more familiar to our ancestors or is more common now in most countries. A citizen of London in Queen Elizabeth's time could not have imagined our state of mind. He would have thought that it was of no use inventing railways (if he could have understood what a railway meant), for you would not have been able to collect the capital with which to make them."

Banking Not a Trade But a Profession.

The interest of the bank and that of the district in which it is located have always been felt by bankers to be identical, and they have never been behind in anything that would tend to promote the industrial welfare and prosperity of the community. We speak, of course, of bankers as a whole. There are, unfortunately, some few who think of a bank as a catch-all to rob the ignorant and provide the means for embezzlement and speculation, but they are not bankers in the proper sense of the word. And it is because of this close connection between the banker and the people he serves

that many look on banking, not so much as a trade practiced solely for self-enrichment, but as an occupation more in the nature of a profession similar to that of the doctor or the lawyer in its duties to the country.

The Federal Reserve Act

T. J. Carroll, LL.B. '16

THE function of the Federal Reserve Banks is not to make money, but to defend, control and protect the banking and currency system of this country, which is reluctantly admitted to be perhaps the worst of any in the civilized world, and which has been for years the scoff of European scientists and practical bankers. The existing currency is rigid and non-elastic, because it is based upon the indebtedness of the nation. It is what we know as a bond-secured currency, and its expansion when the necessities of commerce demands depends, not upon the requirements of trade, but upon the state of the bond market. In other words, if a banker can make more money by buying or selling bonds, as the case may be, than he can by accommodating the needs of the people and commerce, he buys and sells bonds, and expands and contracts his currency in response to the requirements of the bond market, rather than in response to the needs of the business. Our almost unexampled prosperity has been achieved in spite of our currency and banking system, rather than through the aid of it. There had not been written upon the federal statute books any material alteration of the system adopted in 1863, although effort after effort was made in that direction without result, until, after a half century of our old monetary system, it was materially changed by the Federal Reserve Act, popularly known as the New Banking and Currency Law, which made its bow at the Christmas Season.

The new law is in response to a nation-wide demand. Business and banking had paid a heavy toll to the merciless demands of an inflexible and unresponsive money system which choked the channels of supply and tightened purse-strings, while commercial en-

terprises passed out of existence for lack of aid. The foundation of the new law is the bank, which in this act includes State Banks, Banking Associations and Trust Companies. A bank, in the modern sense, is a manufactory of credit and a machinery for facilitating commercial paper. As you are aware, banks are a necessity; it is conservative to state that ninety per cent of the daily transactions, involving millions of dollars, are handled through banks; therefore it is essential that we properly reform, regulate and control that ninety per cent; the other ten per cent will automatically adjust itself, so to speak, this being a credit question rather than a currency question. In emphasizing the importance of the Federal Reserve Act, perhaps it may be well to state that one of the chief objects is to prevent panics, which have been very prevalent in this country, the cause of which is the existence of notes and debts which cannot be met at maturity. If all persons could pay their debts when due there would be no panic, large or small. Under the new law, panics are a thing of the past.

Purposes of the Federal Reserve Act.

One of the important features of the new law is the establishment of not less than eight or more than twelve Federal Reserve Banks, incorporated for twenty years, in districts apportioned with due regard to the convenience and customary course of business, which will furnish an elastic currency, cooperate rather than dominate in the centralization of reserves as a basis for an elastic currency and credit system, have control over the currency, and in times of stringency distribute it where and when it is needed, and supply the demand at all seasons of the year. Under the old system, banks having currency in their vaults during stringencies held it, and those needing currency could not obtain it. As an illustration, let us compare a fire to a panic; both are extremely alarming and dangerous, and result in loss. Chicago, with Lake Michigan as its source of water supply and with pipes leading out to every point in the city enjoys adequate fire protection; whereas under the old system we would have practically no protection if we had ten or twenty thousand individual buckets of water spread all over the city. The spectacle of a sound and solvent bank being wrecked because it cannot quickly secure sufficient actual money, under the new law, should be known no more.

A Stimulus and Protection to Industry.

Another important advantage is the provision for affording banks means of rediscounting commercial paper which encourages the promotion of agriculture and commerce rather than speculation, whereby business men can go to their banks with prime commercial paper for agricultural, industrial or commercial purposes of ninety-day maturity, but not for speculation, and get accommodations. If the bank has not the currency on hand, instead of having to go out into the bond market and buy two per cent United States bonds in order to accommodate its customers, it will simply have to call upon the Federal Reserve Bank in its district and convert the notes into cash when necessary. In this manner the banks are given what we may term a working fund. As far as the elastic credit system is concerned, under the present methods, as you know, when a bank reaches the limits of its reserves (which are that part of a bank's property that it is obliged by law to keep on hand in cash, to pay depositors who may call for it), it has to stop lending money, and comes to a dead stop; there is no elasticity possible unless the law is disobeyed. In some respects, perhaps the most important part of the new law is, that it makes national commerce and not national speculation the basis of our secondary reserves. Of course, there will be a certain rate of discount charged the member banks for rediscounting these notes, but the rate will be uniform to all member banks, and the notes must be of good security.

The Governing Board.

The Federal Reserve Banks will be governed by a Federal Reserve Board, consisting of seven members, including the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency, both *ex officio*; the five others will be appointed by the President, selecting not more than one from each district, for a term of ten years, two of whom must be experienced in banking or finance, one to be given title of Governor and another Vice Governor, who will be in direct charge. All the members are required to give their entire time to the business of the Board, at an annual salary of \$12,000. Assistant Secretaries of Treasury and members are prohibited from having any affiliations with any member bank while in office or for two years thereafter. The Board will have power to examine Federal Reserve Banks and member banks, to

permit or require Reserve Banks to rediscount paper of other Federal Reserve Banks at rates to be fixed by them, and if deemed necessary, to suspend for stated periods, reserve requirements and to establish a tax on decreasing reserves, as well as to regulate the issue of notes or to add or re-classify existing Reserve and Central Reserve Cities, and will be vested with authority to suspend, liquidate or reorganize Federal Reserve Banks violating this Act, or to remove or suspend officials from office.

There is also an Organization Committee, consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Comptroller of Currency, to designate as soon as possible Federal Reserve Cities, and establish Federal Reserve Districts. New York City and also Chicago are both assured regional banks. The importance of Chicago, owing to its geographical situation and its supremacy in the broad field of business, and as a financial and commercial center for practically three-fourths of the United States, will make it the keystone of the new banking system, as Chicago is known as the business capital not only for Illinois, but for the adjacent States of Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Iowa.

Modus Operandi of the Reserve Bank.

Each Federal Reserve Bank shall be controlled by nine Directors, three elected by member banks representing banks, three representing business interests of district in which bank is situated, and three appointed by Federal Reserve Board, one of the latter to be Chairman and designated as Federal Reserve Agent, who will be in direct charge, and who is prohibited from affiliations with any bank, and from being a member of Congress.

The capital of each Federal Reserve Bank cannot be less than \$4,000,000, the stock of which sells for \$100 par value, is exempt from tax, and is to be subscribed by member banks in the district, who are compelled to subscribe six per cent of its combined paid-up capital and surplus, the earnings of which will be six per cent cumulative dividends which the member banks are guaranteed; and if subscriptions by member banks are insufficient, provisions are made whereby the United States Treasury can subscribe for the required balance, or the general public may subscribe to the amount of \$25,000 on the six per cent cumulative dividend basis, although the latter stocks will not have voting

power, this being granted only to member banks. As this is more or less of an experiment, it is not definitely known whether it will be profitable or not for the Federal Reserve Banks; but the Treasury assumes responsibility in case of loss in operation, and on the other hand retains all earnings, if any, over the above dividends. They are required to maintain reserves in gold or lawful money of at least thirty-five per cent of their deposits, in addition to reserve against notes.

The Federal Reserve Banks will be conducted along the usual legitimate banking principles, and the one here will be known as "Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago," which will deal exclusively with member banks, and not non-member banks or the public. They shall receive at par checks and drafts on any of its depositors, discount commercial notes of ninety days maturity when properly endorsed, issue circulating notes under conditions provided in National Bank Act, except that issue is not limited to amount of capital; they can deal in gold coin and bullion, buy and sell United States bonds and notes, also State, County, District or Municipal notes, revenue bonds having not longer than six months to run, and establish branches in districts and agencies in foreign countries.

There will be Federal Reserve Notes issued to Federal Reserve Banks at the discretion of the Board, in denominations of \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, redeemable in gold or lawful money at any Federal Reserve Bank, and in gold at the Treasury. Federal Reserve Banks shall carry forty per cent gold reserve against outstanding notes, of which not more than five per cent shall be with the Treasury. Therefore, these notes are well secured by having forty cents in gold deposited for the redemption of every dollar issued, the inflation being sixty per cent. If the gold reserve behind the notes falls below forty per cent a heavy tax is imposed on the bank. The notes will be printed by the Government, with a distinctive style for each regional reserve bank.

All National Banks are compelled, within thirty days after notification from the Organization Committee, to join the Federal Reserve Bank in their district and subscribe six per cent of its capital and surplus, or forfeit their franchise from the State. Under certain conditions State Banks may become National Banks and the latter having capital and surplus of \$1,000,000 or over, with permission of Federal Reserve Board, may establish foreign

branches. While the member banks will carry a certain prestige, it does not necessarily mean any reflection on banks which are non-members.

Member banks are prohibited from keeping on deposit with a non-member bank more than ten per cent of their own capital and surplus, except under certain conditions; and unless by special permission of Federal Reserve Board, no member bank shall act for non-member banks in obtaining discounts.

Another very good feature is the double liability which is imposed upon stockholders, and the provision holding them individually responsible for all contracts and debts to the amount of their stocks. Stockholders who transfer their shares within sixty days before the date of failure, shall be liable to the same extent as if transfers had not been made.

There are many other important features in the new Act which cannot be dealt with at length in this short space, and there are still some provisions in it which are not yet understood and which will require interpretation by the Federal Reserve Board immediately upon its organization.

In conclusion it may be stated that there has been no more vital question than that of the banking and currency reform presented to the American people since the Civil War, in as much as it has a direct bearing upon business, and upon banking, the machinery for commercial exchanges, and effects in a large measure our present and future development and prosperity. This was recognized and admitted by previous executives, who declared that it was more important than the question of trusts, conservation, tariff or any political legislation proposed, yet it was not remedied until our present occupant of the executive chair heeded the appeal of the business interests of this country for relief, and solved the problem on December 23d, 1913. Since its enactment, the country, as a whole, has heartily accepted it as the solution of our inadequate banking and currency laws.

Contrasting the situation today with that of four months ago, the tremendous changes in the current of affairs become at once strikingly apparent; and considering the short time of transition, the improvements have been most remarkable in many directions. It is generally believed that with the enactment of the new law a new era of opportunity, prosperity and contentment has been established.



MICHAEL V. KANNALLY

Little Chats with Big Alumni

Lambert K. Hayes, A.B. '15

Michael V. Kannally

THE class of '94 is not large numerically. But what it lacks in numbers it makes up in quality, a fact that no doubt accounts for its ability to keep in the lime-light. Some, however, jealous souls that they are, advance other theories in explanation of this prominence. And one, so it is rumored, went so far as to charge that the editor of this column had been bribed. An accusation no doubt based on the fact, that two interviews with certain members of that illustrious class, have appeared during the last year in this column of, "Greats and Near Greats." We, however, can with a clear conscience deny this charge, admitting at the same time however, that whatever members of that class we have met, smoked good Havanas.

It was under the soothing influence of one of these clear Havanas, that we lolled in a roomy chair in Mr. Kannally's inner office, and listened while he exploited the deeds of the heroes of his day, and told us who was who and why. To tell the truth, we had to call a halt on him, and inquire whether in all college affairs he had been but a passive on-looker. Under a gruelling cross-examination, in which he gave the testimony, his modesty gradually vanished, and we saw Michael Kannally as he really is, discussing old college days with us as enthusiastically, as with one of his own classmates.

"Oh yes," he said, "I was very interested in athletics."

"Did you ever play on any of the teams, Mr. Kannally?"

"Well," he replied, "I played half-back on the first football team the college ever had, that is, football as it is now played. All our class members were interested in some form of athletics, some in baseball, some in football and some in track."

Then the praises of each and every one of that illustrious six were heralded, until we felt we knew them all as well as Mr. Kannally himself.

Michael V. Kannally entered St. Ignatius in 1888, and graduated in the class of 1894. He read law in the law office of one of his present colleagues, and was admitted to the bar in 1897. He was one of the first members of the Alumni Association, and has ever since remained one of its most enthusiastic supporters. We have also heard, not from him, but indirectly, for he in his modesty hid the fact, that he was one of the founders of the Lincoln Law School, the law department of Loyola University.

Mr. Kannally told several stories of his life at college. We would like to divulge them, but they are too good, too rare for promiscuous circulation. They will be dispensed at reunions of choice spirit, at annual alumni banquets, when hilarity rocks the genial board, and through the smoke-wreathed atmosphere, famous speakers hurl their destructive anecdotes at the heads of dignified lawyers and portly leaders of civic life. Then we will be there, and Mr. Kannally will be present as the guest of honor flanked by watchful waiters (true followers of Wilson) and wholly unable to escape. And then shall we divulge the stories; the table will roar with laughter and we—ah happy thought!— shall be revenged for that cigar, which so grieved us when, as a lowly reporter, we braved the inner precincts of his office to beard this man of law in his den.



Financial Crises, or "Panics"

Leo Harkins, LL.B. '15

A CRISIS, or panic, when relating to trade or finance, may be described as the prevalent disposition during a brief period in which the real situation, serious in itself, is made much worse by the general excitement and alarm. The crisis is practically a product of the nineteenth century. They have been regarded as successive stages of an extended period to which the name cycle has been given and which embraces all the varying conditions from the highest degree of prosperity to the lowest point of depression. It is generally recognized that there exists what is known as the periodicity of crises. Mr. John Mills divides the cycles as follows: After each crisis the first three years will witness diminished trade, lack of employment, falling prices, interest rates lowering, and general distress. Then will come three years of slowly rising prices, fair employment, and improving credit; then three years of speculation, unduly excited trade, prices rising rapidly, and an unusual number of new enterprises. The tenth will be one of crisis, followed by the repetition of the same conditions.

Former Theories of Crises.

Although many theories for their periodicity have been advanced, none seem to be satisfactory or universally accepted. Among the theories proposed, the "Sun-spot and Harvest" theory of Mr. Walter Jevons was accepted by some earlier writers. In it he endeavors to establish a relation between sun-spots, harvests, and economic crises. Mr. John Mills assigns the cause to the growth of certain tendencies which lead to the destruction of confidence in the minds of merchants and bankers. These explanations were generally accepted by earlier writers, but have since come to be disregarded. The true cause of crises is a problem of relative capitilization, as we shall see later on.

In reviewing the history of the United States prior to the beginning of the nineteenth century and for some time thereafter, we find no crises similar to those of later years. While earlier disturbances occurred, that of 1814 may be considered as displaying the general phenomena belonging to a crisis. During this

period many new banks sprung into existence, which financed a multitude of new enterprises. The next crisis was that of 1818. The immediate causes that may be assigned to it were the unnatural expansion of trade, increase in import duties and decrease of the public debt, which was reduced between 1817 and 1818 more than \$80,000,000.

History of American Crises.

During the period intervening between 1819 and 1837 the country was subject, in 1825, to a reaction and diminished demand for our products as a result of the depression existing in Europe. A stringency in the money market made conditions such that they may be said to have bordered on a crisis. When the crisis of 1837 came, the country was at the close of an unequalled season of industrial and commercial growth. With the wide extension of credit came the usual excesses of waste and loss. A period of depression set in, followed by liquidation, during which many failures occurred. An attempted revival was made, but in 1839 there was again a reaction and a multitude of failures. This was primarily a land and transportation crisis, land values being over-capitalized and financed by the numerous "Coon-box Banks." In all, according to reports of 1841, 33,000 failures involving a loss of \$440,000,000 occurred.

In 1848 a maximum of discounts and a great falling off in specie occurred. One year prior to this Europe experienced a crisis which exercised little influence here, for scanty food supplies there caused exportations to be very large, thereby neutralizing the bad effects.

As distinguished from previous panics, the one of 1857 was the most sudden, and was caused primarily by over-activity in trade speculation, together with over-banking. It should be termed a panic of circulation, because financial disturbances were much more prominent. The period that followed this depression, assisted by deficient crops, reached its worst point in 1859. But from that time an onward movement continued until 1873, with the exception of slight reactions in 1867 and 1869. Objects not immediately remunerative, such as railways, machinery, docks, buildings, and factories, were being constructed on an unprecedented scale. As a result, capital was much less available, money was scarce, and rates of interest high. The crisis broke forth in

the latter part of 1873, through the failure of Jay Cooke after a miserable year; during which money was much sought for and held at very high prices. The issuing of Clearing House certificates did much to alleviate the stringency and probably prevented the greatest of disasters. The depression that followed continued until the latter part of 1878, and in some lines until 1879.

In 1882 failures were frequent in the United States, although many indications of prosperity could be observed. A crisis occurred in May, 1884, with some of the conditions of the previous panic in evidence. At that same time Grant & Ward of New York and the Metropolitan National Bank, together with other institutions, closed their doors. The total losses amounted to \$240,000,000. This was essentially a railroad crisis, due to the speculative building of railroads leading to temporary disturbances at large. The entire mileage of the country was increased in five years by 50 per cent. The Clearing House came to the rescue by issuing certificates which they accepted in the name of the most embarrassed institutions, whose fall they wished to avert in order to prevent the failure of others.

In 1890, as a result of the depression in England and other European countries, which grew out of the collapse of Argentine securities and the failure of Baring Brothers in England, a reaction was experienced here. Business and industry suffered on account of the immense outflow of gold from the United States. However, these conditions existed but a short time. The following year this country produced an extraordinary grain crop, and as this was coincident with the shortage in European harvests, the trade balance turned sharply in our favor. The net gold importations during the last five months of 1891 amounted to \$37,500,000. With this influx of gold, the money market was made easy.

Beginning with the latter part of 1892, conditions were such that British investors began to distrust the currency system in the United States and disposed of their holdings. This was followed in the latter part of 1893 by a widespread effort among American investors to dispose of their holdings, which affected all classes of securities. Gold became tight; depositors hoarded it, thereby helping to contract the money supply. Everybody desired to convert goods, securities and other obligations into gold, fearing a reversion to the silver standard of payments. The tightness

of money developed into a money panic, and all forms of money were held at a premium. Later on in the year the scarcity of money was relieved somewhat by the issue of Clearing House certificates, which were used among a combination of bankers to facilitate the importation of gold from abroad. After August 28th, on which date the House passed a Bill repealing the silver purchase clause, confidence in the country's financial integrity was restored. The immediate cause of the crisis consisted in a widespread fear that the United States would not be able to maintain a gold standard of payments. This was borne out by the very nature of the crisis itself, for it was essentially a monetary crisis, featured by the numerous failures of banks and financial institutions. Over-capitalization in the various industries did not play as prominent a part in this crisis as in previous ones.

Causes of the Crisis of 1907.

For some years prior to 1907 enterprise flourished in every direction, due to the immense increase of the gold supply, which enabled the financial institutions to expand their credit facilities enormously. The immense increase of immigration and the record crops tended to enhance land values throughout the country. The output of gold and petroleum doubled, and that of pig-iron and steel trebled. This prosperity continued until it became apparent that the pace set was too fast; and in the latter part of 1907 the panic was precipitated. Loans were curtailed, and held at a premium of 3 per cent. The conditions were relieved somewhat by the importations of gold, the issuing of Clearing House certificates, the placing of a new bond issue, and the emission of Treasury loan notes.

The True Causes of Stringency.

Under the present system of enterprise, production is carried on in mass, for a prospective market, rather than as formerly in small quantities to fill a definite order. Good times may be due to many reasons: such as increased gold output, the increase in the demand for some special product, whether in the iron industry, through a new Navy program, or in any other industry through a change of fashion, or in many other ways too numerous to mention. Prices rise and production increases in these particular lines, which gradually spread to other lines. We put great quan-

tities of money in new enterprises, receiving the credit facilities of the banks; or place the securities on the stock market. The new enterprises are financed by loans or by the sale of securities on a capitalization proportionate to the anticipated earnings. We are continually capitalizing anticipated earnings during times of buoyancy. This is nothing more than capitalizing the future by believing we shall earn an income which will justify this capitalization.

If we capitalize our anticipations too liberally, as is usually the case, and our expectations are not realized, or there exists a fear that the actual and estimated earnings are not equal, it then becomes necessary to reduce the capitalization to a sum proportionate to the actual earnings. This costly process is necessary. If the realization of its necessity is sudden, we have a crisis or a panic. In the height of the period of prosperity, something happens to disturb confidence. Sometimes a rumor may suffice. Some bank may refuse to respond to new demand; considering its credit too heavily engaged, or suspecting the adequacy of its collateral. Its refusal starts or intensifies the feeling of insecurity, and together with the failure of some firm to meet its obligations a failure occurs, and the crisis is precipitated.

If the situation is well handled by gradually adjusting the over-capitalized values to actual earning capacity, we have a period of liquidation and a period of depression until the next cycle sets in.

The important point, therefore, is not production, as some of the earlier writers assume, but capitalization. Over-capitalization may occur without over-production. Over-production may accompany over-capitalization, but the stress must be laid on the discrepancy between the investment and its returns, and not on the relation between production and consumption. While the general features of crises are the same, details usually differ. It may be a bank, or the general business enterprises, that fails first. Again, the railway securities may first feel the strain. But, no matter which line is first affected, the explanation can be found in the adjustment of capitalization to actual earning capacity.

The New Currency Bill Eliminates the Crisis.

All possibility of a sudden financial panic appears to have been precluded in the new Currency Bill. Some of the European countries have been operating under a currency system not unlike ours for some time. England has had no crisis since 1866; and in

France and Germany also, the disturbances are assuming the form of industrial depressions which occur periodically.

The new bill provides for an elastic bank note currency, the volume of which expands as the number of trade transactions throughout the country increases, and contracts as the number decreases. Banks will buy and sell commercial bills, acceptable to the Federal Reserve Banks, so that the surplus funds of one state will be available in some other state where the crop moving requires the money. This will prevent commercial panics by enabling the banks to respond promptly to the demands of the agricultural, industrial and commercial activities of the country.

With the power of note issue on commercial paper, and the facilities for rediscount, all the disastrous effects of stringency seem to be forestalled, and it will be interesting to observe the practical operation of the law at such times.

Of course, even under the new system business will continue to have its ups and downs, as it does now. But the disturbances will probably assume the form of periodic industrial depressions, during which a gradual adjustment of conditions will take place as is now the case in leading European countries, rather than of acute financial crises, such as we have experienced during the past century.

THE COMING OF CHLORIS

BY JOHN AARON COLNON, A.B. '14

The path I trod when winter neared its end
Was spanned by heavens heavy-eyed and drear,
And all the death and drooping of the year
Saddened the world till I met you, my friend;
A hand-grip at the crossing of the ways,
And then we parted; yes, but when I strode
Skies smiled serenely, and beside the road
Lay violets and the slim arbutus sprays;
And oh, from out a copse—strange, sacred thing—
A God-sent bird-voice noted of Spring.

Poetry

James T. Mangan, A. B. '12

THE very first sentence of the letter had a strikingly confidential tone, and thereupon, as a curious woman would do, I turned over four pages and looked at the signature. It was:

James Hinman, 14 Clarendon Ave., Traverse City, Michigan.

Satisfied, I went to the beginning and started in again, wondering what Jim Hinman, my old classmate at Harvard, could want of me. It was simply an invitation to come out to Traverse City and spend a few Autumn days with him. Of course I would!—providing the managing editor and boss was willing.

"Well," said the boss, "you have done some pretty good work of late, and I'll let you off for a couple days; but come back with a few new ideas, or scoops, or inspirations, or whatever you call that bunk you hand out in the form of verse."

I caught the next train for Traverse City and soon was shaking hands with Jim Hinman. We went to his house and in the evening he came out with his plan.

"Art," he said, "what do you say to a little trip up into the woods? I've got to look over some forest lands I'm thinking of buying, and besides see what my men are doing on the land I own."

"Fine," I said. "When can we start?"

"I've got the date fixed for tomorrow, and some wardrobe picked out for you and myself. All we've got to ride on is horses, and we'll have to rough it for a few days."

"'Rough it' is my middle name," I acquiesced.

"Then it's settled. Be ready to get up early to-morrow."

Starting in the first hours of the morning we were at noon amongst the pines and hemlocks. Ah, how I enjoyed that journey! What a wonderful thing is a forest! It awes you; it inspires you; it makes you feel very, very small; it is the heart of nature. And the sun, and the color, and the sky above, and the birds, and the bees, and the flowers,—tell me,

what can compare with a forest? My heart was lifted to sublime heights, and for once in my life I felt like a real poet and was revelling in this newly found province, never heeding the droning voice of the man beside me.

"This here is a pretty good stretch. Look how thick those trees lie, all monsters, never a stunted one among them. Do you see those pines there? Well, they'll be ready for cutting next spring. And those—Confound you, are you listening to me?"

"Ah yes, how the sun is shining! And that robin there, just preparing to leave for the south; and the leaves, the kaleidoscopic leaves, how—"

"Say, Arthur Morris, are you going crazy or are you just seasick?"

"Sir," I said, "have you no soul? Does not the beauty of this forest stir any emotion in you?"

"I should say it does! Do you know how much that land is worth? It's some of the best in these regions; why a fellow the other day—"

"Have a heart," I exclaimed, "what have I done to deserve this?"

"All right, I'll let off, but only because we're at the end of our journey."

I looked ahead. Sure enough there was a lumber camp, large and looming. We entered, and Jim went into a deep and strange conversation with his foreman, and feeling bored I went out to stretch my stiff limbs after the ride.

Then it was that I began to commune with nature. I fell into a poetical trance to compose some very fine, though disconnected, verses. But when I returned to the camp I had gotten a trangle-hold on some four, and had impressed them deep in my memory. That night I quoted them to Jim Hinman:

"When winds go organing through the pines
On hill and headland darkly gleaming,
Meseems I hear sonorous lines
Of Iliads that the woods are dreaming."

"Pretty good," he said. "But speaking of poetry, that hasn't anything on some stuff I once turned out."

"I didn't know you ever tried verse. Let me hear it," I said. And then he started in:

"The trees are growing every day,
Their limbs are long and funny;
But I don't mind how queer they are
For limbs are worth much money.

Yet I must fell the pretty trees
Despite the robins' choler;
For though a bird is worth a lot
A tree is worth a dollar."

I was indignant. "There is no comparison at all!"

"Now," said Jim, "I knew mine was pretty good, but I never thought it was so much better than yours."

"Tell me," I cried hopelessly, "do you know what real poetry is?"

"Yes," he said, "real poetry is the thought of the courage required to read what is called poetry."

Astounded, perplexed, and overwhelmed by the definition, I gave in and agreed with him.



Currency

Edwin F. Meister, LL.B. '13

THE NEEDS of man are diverse and manifold. Even under the conditions of primeval life it was well nigh impossible for any individual to make with his own hands all the things necessary for his sustenance and comfort; and the complex life of today renders every man dependent upon the skill of his fellows for innumerable articles indispensable to his happiness. But what return is a man to make for the things thus received from others? Is he to repay them in labor? This is impossible; for he cannot afford to divide his time among the hundreds to whom he is indebted. Nor can he repay them in the product of his own skill; for the article thus proffered might have no value in the eyes of the recipient. Hence arises the necessity for some medium of exchange, constant in value, recognized and accepted by all men, and divisible into units of any size as circumstances may require. This medium of exchange we call Money.

Ancient Monetary Systems.

Money, or currency, is something accepted by the entire community as a standard of exchange. Down through the ages we find different objects, varying with the period, the climate, and the character of the people, used as money. Oxen were used as money in the old Homeric days; sheep by the Italians; rice in Japan; furs in North America; tobacco in Virginia, and wampum in New England.

Of these few mentioned let us consider Wampum Currency. In the common course of exchange for the necessities of life, or for luxuries, a valuation was placed on the white bead made out of the end of the periwinkle shell, and on the black ones made out of the black part of a clam shell. This evaluation remained steady as long as supply and demand did not change it, or as long as there was no depreciation from some other cause. This currency possessed all the requisites of sound money in that it was a circulating medium, and had a standard of value; and as used by the North American Indian it was, strictly speaking, faultless currency. But in our early colonial days, the colonists found

that in their commerce with a country that used gold and silver, it would not satisfy foreign debts; and, in fact, as far as the colonists themselves were concerned, they did not want it except for the conventional purpose of money, while on the other hand they had a real value as ornaments for the Indian. In this system two black beads were equivalent to one white. The colonists, however, extended this measure when they rated 360 white beads at 60d., or six for a penny; and 180 black ones at 3d., or three for a penny.

The necessity for some medium of exchange and the extremes to which a community will go in satisfying this need, is clearly exemplified in the colonial times of this country when musket balls were used for change at a farthing a piece. In this case we find the same difficulty that we found in the Wampum Currency; but the principal quality I wish to illustrate from this is, that medium of exchange and measure of value are separable, but that fixedness of value is essential in a sound currency.

The Medium of Exchange Not Necessarily the Standard of Value.

Fixedness of value has the same kind of importance that fixedness of standards of weight, length, volume, time, or area have in their respective systems. For example: a farm is let for 1,000 bushels of corn per annum, to be paid, however, in an equivalent value in money. Money, therefore, is the undoubted medium of exchange; and corn, ~~not~~ money, is the standard of measure, **being** used for reference only, as the ounce is used to measure the pound, or the rod the mile. At the time of payment, the market **price** of corn is ascertained, and this inquiry in itself will no **more** affect that price than would the barking of a dog at the **moon** cause it to cease shining. But suppose these two functions **had** both been united in corn, just as for most purposes we do **unite** them in money. We then would have a disturbance of the **price** owing to the temporary increase in demand by those who happened not to have corn. And if the payments were all, or even for the most part, performed, much of the corn would have to be sold to supply the other wants, for which the corn received must furnish the means and thus the supply would have been as much enhanced, temporarily, as the demand was before, in either case to the manifest disturbance of the price.

Fixedness of Value a Requisite.

On the other hand, where the standard commodity is gold or silver, and is used both to measure the value of a claim and to effect its payment, we have that peculiarity in the currency which ordinary commodities do not possess; namely, fixedness of value. In ordinary commodities fixedness of value is comparatively unimportant; abundance, which brings cheapness, being the great good; and scarcity, which brings dearth, the great evil, with commodities of standard value, on the contrary, immovable fixedness of value in the highest good; and cheapness an evil, for permanent dearth is one of the essentials of a good standard of value. Let the fall in value of our standard be one-half, I grant you that it would be a stimulus to patient industry and cautious enterprise; but a maddening speculation outstripping the capital of the country would ensue which would make us, at least for the time being, little better than a horde of wild and reckless gamblers. If the value were doubled, unless vigorous legislation could avert it, it must go near disorganizing society by bringing on such a panic as often approaches nigh unto anarchy.

Regulation Also Required.

A sound currency must also have some regulation. All of the various systems have some self-acting regulation, but a sound currency is endowed with the power of correctly adapting itself to the wants of the population at all times and under all circumstances by exportation of surplus at one time in relief of excess, and its importation, at another, in relief of insufficiency; such operations being undertaken upon ordinary mercantile principles. To this we also have the very helpful discretionary regulation by the government, which, in the United States, is in the form of acts regulating, governing, and defining things directly and indirectly connected with currency. Fixedness of value, to me, seems to be the most important attribute of a good currency, and bearing in mind that such an attribute cannot possibly co-exist with the liability of the quantity to become either too abundant or too scarce, we perceive that upon the nice regulation of its quantity depends the preservation of this quality.

It should also be noticed that ownership passes by delivery, and no one to whom the money is delivered needs to inquire whether the person delivering it to him had a good title or not.

It is this last quality which constitutes par excellence currency or circulating medium.

At an early date metals came into use as money. Herodotus, speaking on the difficulties of governments that did not use money, says: "The Persian King melts gold and silver and pours it into earthen vessels which, when the metal is cooled, are broken. From these lumps, when he wants money, he cuts off what he needs." The notion of coinage was borrowed from the Orient by the Greeks, who found it advantageous among themselves rather than as an aid to traffic.

Throughout the commercial world, gold is the real standard of value; though in but a few, if any, is it the general medium of exchange. It is the function of every civilized State to settle the terms in which trading transactions are carried on. The State accordingly provides certain standards of weight and size. The value of any given thing is the quantity of other things for which it will exchange. Since that quantity is constantly changing, it was necessary to select some object, such as gold or silver, which varies as little as may be in relation to other things, and to make a given quantity of it the standard by which the value of other things is measured. Gold and silver coins have been not only standards of value, but means of exchange. But though these coins are both standards and measures, it is very important that in any sound system of currency the metal coin which is the measure must also be a medium of exchange. But there are many media of exchange besides the standard coin. Indeed, in this country and in a greater part of the civilized world, the standard coin plays an insignificant part as a medium of exchange compared with other more convenient media, such as subsidiary and token coins, bank notes, treasury notes, and other forms of credit.

No dealing should be driven back upon barter for want of a due supply of currency wherewith to carry such dealings into effect. The sole use of currency being to facilitate the great process of exchange, by superseding barter, a State should aim at having just as much as its various dealings require for their due accomplishment, and no more. It must, therefore, provide for increasing or diminishing its supply in accordance with increased dealings if it will have a good currency. This is done in the United States by paper money, which now forms an indispensable part of our currency. It admits of the sudden change necessary

to a state of correct adaptation. Our mixed currency skillfully and wisely administered has attained a degree of excellence which seems to be out of the range of a purely metallic currency.

Money, as so much gold, silver, copper, nickel, paper, etc., is wealth just as any similar commercial object is wealth; but as an instrument stamped and issued by the government and legalized as a medium of exchange it is currency and retains this character as long as the convention of people lasts or the credit of the government, issuing them is unimpaired. The weight and fineness are guaranteed by the government, and certified by the integrity of the design impressed upon the surface of the metal. But it says nothing of the values of the coin, leaving that to be determined, as all values are determined, by the higgling of the market.

The Double Standard in the United States. \

In our mixed system of exchange we have embodied all the requisites of a sound currency and can safely call it such. The gold dollar, which is a high standard, valuable in itself and also a medium of exchange, is our standard of value, made so by the United States statutes, which also make it, for all public and private obligations and dues, receivable to any amount. The silver dollar, and the subsidiary and minor coins are at present token currency, *i. e.*, each piece has less intrinsic value than it has face value. The value of paper money, which also forms a very useful part, must depend for its value on the will of the legislator, for it has no intrinsic value. In order that paper may not entirely replace specie, as it did in the Revolutionary period and at different times throughout the course of our history, it was found that the simplest way was to limit it to certain denominations.

The silver dollar is more than the other auxiliary coins and instruments, for it is our measure of value and our money of account. Thus it will be noticed that we have a double standard, which, as I have before shown, is not necessarily a defect in the currency system. In 1794 the first silver dollar, containing 371.5 grs. pure silver, was coined. The gold dollar, first coined in 1795, was 24.75 grs. pure gold. This made the ratio of gold to silver as 15 to 1, when the actual value at that time was $15\frac{1}{4}$ to 1. Silver accordingly became the real measure of value, and gold,

being underrated in the coinage, bore a premium. In 1834 the ratio gold to silver was made 16 to 1, and as a consequence debts were paid in gold dollars, since they were worth only 97.5 cents; and silver went out of circulation and was the better metal to export. In 1853 silver was purposely overrated in the coinage, making the coin worth more than the metal and entailing a loss in exporting or melting it. Thus the inferior currency to all intents and purposes, was removed by legislation which made gold free and demonetized silver.

Our theories, in this nation of yet tender years, have undergone many changes. We must not, therefore, reject improvement in our theories on the ground that they are universal and ancient; on the contrary those theories are modern and very rare. Furthermore, our currency is admirably supported by our great variety of industrial pursuits. Whatever failure may occur in one, is almost certain to be compensated for by success in others; and our markets are well protected by the vast extent of their dealings.





Editorial

The Jeanne d'Arc Club

This May is the fourth anniversary of the foundation of the Jeanne d'Arc Club of Loyola University. From an insignificant organization whose activities were very limited, it has achieved in these last four years a success most gratifying to all those who have contributed to its progress. It is indeed remarkable, when we consider the numerous activities among the educational institutions, parishes, and Catholic societies of Chicago, that a few students of Loyola University should have initiated and continued a movement worthy to be mentioned among the really important intellectual works of the diocese. The Jeanne d'Arc Club was founded in the spring of 1910 by Father John B. DeShryver, S. J., who was then stationed at this college. Father DeShryver had intended the club to be merely a small society whose object was to be the edification and instruction of the faithful and the training of college boys in public speaking. The first subject chosen was the life of Joan of Arc, and for two years the club sought appointments for this lecture in all parts of the city. Some opposition was encountered in the beginning, owing to the fact that the speakers were college boys, but this was quickly overcome when it was found that the lecturers exhibited an excellence sufficient to satisfy the most critical audiences. As a result, calls for this lecture and for others of a like character began to pour in on Father DeShryver. He then added another illustrated entertainment dealing with the apparitions and miracles at Lourdes. This had even greater success than

the lecture on Joan of Arc. A like success awaited the lectures on St. Cecilia and the Church of the Catacombs, which were next introduced to the public. When Father DeShryver was called to Omaha in the summer of 1913, Father F. G. Dinneen took up the work, and added the lectures on Soeur Therese and Pope Pius X.

Much might be said of the good produced by these lectures, which are now being given uninterruptedly in all parts of the city. But we prefer, in the limited space at our disposal, to call the attention of the student readers of the Magazine to the good effected by the lectures in the lecturers themselves. Eloquence, or at least ease in public speaking, is an acquirement that every student should strive to make his own. No matter what our station in life may be, the ability to talk well is an invaluable asset. Nor should we desire proficiency in speaking only because of the benefits it confers upon us personally. The Church has great need of educated laymen who can discuss their Faith intelligently and defend it energetically. The great effort of all our educational institutions is to produce men of this stamp. Loyola is proud of the distinction of having, not only many graduates who are a credit and a support to the Church, but even students who undertake the work of educated laymen at a time when they are supposed to be merely preparing for it. We urge every student to make what progress he can in oratory, in order that the Jeanne d'Arc Club, well supplied with finished speakers, may continue for years to produce the good it is producing today.

A Zealous There are in the vicinity of St. Ignatius College
Work about thirty thousand Italians, most of whom are living under conditions that present great obstacles to the preservation of faith and morality. Lured to this country by the vision of ampler opportunities, they have congregated in crowded settlements where the infectious frailties of human nature can breed only too rapidly. All men of patriotic mind desire that these immigrants should become worthy citizens of the Republic; yet how low are the ideals of manhood and womanhood that the city of Chicago offers to their imitation! The very atmosphere they breathe is laden with corruption, and vice in its basest and most seductive forms envelopes them on all sides like a cloud.

It is a false and ill-instructed patriotism that leads men to become indignant when they hear it stated that the Republic of itself is impotent to make worthy citizens of these immigrants. The ideals of purity, temperance, justice and frugality upon which the well-being of the nation depends can never be maintained without constant reference to God and to the law of God. To expect the younger generation to become patriotic citizens without thorough religious instruction is to expect more than has ever been accomplished in the past, and more than we shall ever see accomplished in the future.

How great, then, is the service being rendered to the Church and to the nation by those students of St. Ignatius who sacrifice their Sundays in order to instruct the Italian children of the Guardian Angels Mission! Over thirty students are now engaged in this zealous work. The conditions under which the classes are conducted are most disadvantageous; but the results compensate the laborers for every inconvenience they are forced to undergo. Many thousands of young Italians are better Catholics, and consequently better Americans, because of the work of the Guardian Angels Mission. May the spirit of helpfulness and self-sacrifice never die in the hearts of these young catechists; and may they always remember, when their college days are over, that

He is bravest, happiest, best,
Who, from the task within his span,
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.

The True Alumnus A true alumnus, like a poet, is born, not made. To be a good alumnus requires a gift few men possess in this selfish age—a generous and princely heart. The true alumnus gives, and receives not. He serves, and is not recompensed. He rejoices with his Alma Mater in success; he grieves with her in adversity; he encourages her enterprises; he anticipates her needs. She is as dear to him as is his home, or his family, or his birthplace; her name summons to his mind memories of the happiest years of his life—old and dear faces, scenes fresh with the beauty of youth's springtime. He thinks with pride of the glory she has

won in the past, and of his substance he gives freely, that for all succeeding generations her glory may grow from more to more.

Young graduates often ask, "What good will membership in the Alumni Association do me?" The question should rather be, "What can I do for the Alumni Association?" The man who is willing to sever the ties that bind him to his Alma Mater because he sees no prospect of personal gain is self-centered and ungenerous. If selfish motives rule him here, where shall we find him generous? He is ambitious probably to rise in the world; but he does not realize that it is more glorious to mount but a short distance, lingering behind to help those who need assistance. It is not merely financial assistance that a college craves of its graduates. Their interest in all that pertains to the college, the good word they say for it whenever an opportunity presents itself, and their willingness to encourage the students of today by attending college functions are proofs of devotion as substantial and as pleasing as any gift of money.

Loyola has an Alumni Association with a membership of about six hundred. Almost five hundred names could be dropped from the list without diminishing in the slightest the activity of the Association or the good it is producing. We often hear it suggested that something should be done to make membership in the Association worth while to the young graduate. We think the idea a capital one. Let the Association do something big for Loyola. Let the present members arouse within their own hearts the fine fraternal spirit of a true alumnus. Let them cultivate a desire to do something for the school that educated them. When this spirit exists, the Alumni Association will be worth joining, for then the young graduate who joins it will feel that he is becoming one of a company of ardent and generous workers, all actuated by a common impulse, and all laboring for the same noble cause. Our Alma Mater should be to us as a shrine, wherein from time to time we rejoice to leave some token of our love and gratitude. The happiness of a true alumnus consists, not in receiving, but in giving.

University Chronicle

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE.

The gymnastic exhibition this year was a success in every way. The same thrilling leaps for life, the same daring feats on the bar, the same human pyramids that characterized gym shows of other years were to be seen in abundance. Ralph Hoberg with his clown antics was funnier than ever; he was easily the headliner. Reggie Kuhn was a close second in capturing laughs. Other alumni who helped to make the entertainment a success were Messrs. Louis Sayre, William Pickett, John McNamara, Charles Oink, Thomas Doyle, Auguste Beauvais, John Harrington, Edward Walsh, Joseph Bigane, Charles Byrne, and John Moore, the instructor. St. Ignatius is most grateful to these loyal alumni who sacrificed their time so generously for the school; especially to John Moore, without whom the affair would have been impossible. It was John Moore's exhibition and we all take off our hats to him, the most loyal alumnus St. Ignatius possesses.

Besides the public performance on March 31st, two performances were given for the parochial school children of Chicago, and one for the Alumni Association.

Junior Class.

A source of mingled joy and regret is, or are, the Juniors' marks in Latin. As to the quality they shine, but as to the quantity, well, you see, it was this way: All the "Ponies" were dead and—Requiescant (the Juniors) in Pace.

Sinking further into the slough of despond, we call your attention, dear reader, to the pitiful plight of a Junior attempting to get a balky "Pony" back into his stall (desk) during an exam.

But why lament, when we are told that "puto" means "to put." Rather arbitrary, I think.

OUR DAILY PUZZLE.

There is a club in our room whose emblem of joy is Ye Old Chimney Sweep. Puzzle: What is the name of the club?

STRATEGY.

Place—Junior classroom.

Time—History hour; competition in progress.

(No, dear Sophs, we didn't use our maps).

Naught is heard but the scratching of pens. Suddenly a knock is heard; the door opens, and a boy, a small boy, asks for Fr. Garvey,

who is in the Senior class room. An alert, wide-awake Junior tells unsuspecting Junior professor that he is wanted at the door. Junior professor goes to door and then—Junior, thy name is Hannibal.

JAMES E. KEHOE.

Sophomore Class.

The old order changeth, giving place to many strange things. We, who have always held ourselves the most conservative class in the school, have succumbed to the follies of the time. Sounds tragic, doesn't it, but, in the words that Cicero and Clarence Murphy have immortalized, "It is not able to be denied." We might have known what was coming when one day, not long ago, our own "Jawn" Peterson blew into class with a derby (one of the flat, long, narrow Isidore kind) perched over his youthful physiognomy. In spite of our surprise and most evident disapproval, "Jawn" retained his hat. Thereafter came a whole influx of high hats, mostly blue with velvet and silk bands around them. Our classmates became almost strangers to us in those hats. As it is, we even yet fail to recognize Jim Molloy under his tall black Frenchy headgear until we are right up close to him. We possibly could have survived these haberdashery innovations had not rumor one day reached us that "Ernst" Thiele, "Ernst," veteran medal copper, palladium of all scholarship, heaviest tippler at the Pierian spring, foremost "Excelsior" in mathematical realms; "Ernst" always our idea of a modest, blushing violet wasting its sweetness upon a desert air, of a light hidden under a bushel; "Ernst," we heard, had abandoned the Elysian fields, the flowery path, the scholastic solitude, for the waxed floor, the syncopated orchestral din, and taken eighteen lessons in tangoing. We smote the informer in our wrath, then dragged him before his maligned victim. Horrible dictu! Thiele calmly, even complacently admitted that he had taken eighteen tango lessons. Our light has gone out. We are bereft. Earth no longer holds any joy for us. Nevermore can we be astonished by Larkin's neckties Kerwin's witticisms, Murphy's wisdom, Nolan's literary efforts—no! not even if Ed Reynolds grew a mustache! We have received the last straw that breaks the camel of credulity's back; our battery of sensations is worn out.

LEO E. M'GIVENA.

Freshman Class.

Freshman Classroom, St. Ignatius College.

Dear Leo: Well Leo, in this epistle to you and the Softmorianos, we would first have you understand that these present war times are sorely trying our patience. All the Freshmen swear they'll join the army in June, yet they do not specify whether it is the Salvation Army or the "I Won't Work's." For a long time we supposed "Kernal" Moriarity had departed our midst to quell the noise in Mexico, but he turned up, immediately after the examinations, and told us he had been suffering from an attack of the "La Grippe." We think it was

due to the effects of overwork on a poem which he handed in (notice the fine distinction in the choice of words) as a class exercise previous to his absenting himself. Note also the use of the participle and pronoun—it is used correctly but it is cacophonous, don't you think?

After witnessing their utterly ridiculous exhibition of the manly art, (the one we described in the last writing) we advise Duffy and Quigley to remain steadfast in their pursuit of an LL.D., for they never could become proficient as painters and decorators. Duffy, you know, has positively forbidden me to broach that subject again, but understanding his susceptibility of high excitement, I fear not for my safety. Of course if Quigley says anything I shall return a ticket he has sold (?) me, without the fifty (50) cents "donation."

Say, did you hear about the heavy-set, dark-haired member of our class who aspired to literary fame? He told a certain "hischool stoodent" at St. X's Academy that he would apply himself assiduously to the task of penning a story, featuring herself, and a certain member (stout also) of your Sophomore class, as heroine and hero. The heroine, with the characteristic taciturnity of the sex, promptly disclosed the grand secret to three or four chums and soon, very soon, all the girls had a secret. We do not know, as yet, whether the youth, in all his modesty, shrunk from the certain popularity and promise of wider scope for his genius, or whether he suffered from that disease known as "frigus de pedibus," but we are certain he did not write the story.

You remember "Teddy" Ostrowski? Well, he left St. Ignatius College to become a Pharmacist. His metaphrastic translations of the "Apology" are certainly missed. Shortly before his departure he held a "horse" sale and realized a small sum of money.

Presuming that you would wish to hear something humorous I went around to the "iab" begging my classmates to say something funny. Bill Ryan said "Circus"; Quigley laughed, and since you understand the nature of his giggle you can readily see my object in introducing Walter. Honestly, Leo, I don't know what I'd do without Quigley. Mangan suggested a class picture, and Duffy says he doesn't care, he has a Villa in Mexico.

Now, Leo, I must close and send this copy to the various proof-readers of the L. U. Magazine for correction.

Yours till Eureka Springs.

J. JACOBSEN.

LAW NOTES.

Second Year.

On Tuesday evening, February 11th, the Wranglers' Club held their regular semi-monthly meeting at the Republican Club, in the City Hall Square Building. Mr. Trainor acted as chairman. The speakers of the evening were Messrs. Bowe, Donahue, Dunlavey and Guinnane.

Tuesday evening, March 2nd, was the occasion of another meeting

of the Wranglers. Mr. Bowe presided. The members who had prepared speeches were Messrs. Hayes, Harkins and Lahey. Nearly all of the members spoke extemporaneously, the topics discussed varying from the immigration question to the experience of Mr. Guinnane in the far, far north.

On Monday evening, March 16th, the Wranglers held another regular meeting, under the chairmanship of Mr. Harkins. Mr. McCann and Mr. Meister were the only members who had prepared speeches.

On Wednesday evening, April 15th, another meeting of the Wranglers' Club took place at the Republican Club's Clubrooms, under the chairmanship of Mr. Schaff.

Upon a reading of the minutes of the subsequent meeting and their acceptance, the evening's speakers were called upon.

Mr. Wade, the first speaker, delivered a worthy address upon the subject closest to his heart—immigration—strongly advocating the restriction of the immigrant.

Mr. Ward, the second speaker, in a very interesting and comprehensive speech, urged the construction of a deep waterway system.

Messrs. Bowe, Donahoe and Trainor, the remaining speakers, requested to be excused until the subsequent meeting.

The business portion of the meeting was well consumed by the proposal and adoption of a motion whereby transient members are to be excluded from subsequent meetings and the regular members pledged themselves to be faithful in attending the meetings—thus placing the organization upon a firmer basis.

The balance of the meeting was occupied by extemporaneous speeches on the part of the members.

First Year.

The Freshman class still manages to make themselves heard occasionally around the Law School. The class organization, the Equity Club, has held several successful meetings since we last skidded to press. At the first meeting after the holidays, Mr. Conners, the new secretary, presided. Mr. Quinn spoke on "Public Utilities;" Mr. Stack on "The Electrification of Street Railways;" Mr. Carroll on "The Federal Reserve Banking Act," and Mr. McManus on "The Panama Canal."

At the following meeting Mr. Harding presided. Mr. Hassel spoke on "The Initiative and Referendum," and Mr. Stefenak on "The Tariff Law." The other speakers were absent.

Mr. Muldner presided at the next meeting. Mr. Johnson spoke on "Industrial Unionism and Strikes," from the standpoint of a union man; Mr. Philbin on "Currency Reform," and Mr. Elliot on "Bonds."

At the following meeting Mr. Quinlan held the reins of office. Mr. Muldner spoke discursively on "Woman and Woman Suffrage," and Mr. Hurley on "The Monroe Doctrine." Mr. Van den Broek excused himself in favor of Mr. Hughes, our professor in Criminal Law, who condemned in no measured language the proposed amendment to the Municipal Court Act.

In class, we are deep in the meshes of Torts, Agency, Bailments and Domestic Relations, so deep in fact that we have time for nothing else, hence the shortness of these notes.

ENGINEERING NOTES.

With the advent of spring our real hard out-of-door work began in earnest.

Should a stranger chance to pass through our campus he would be at a loss to explain the presence of the great quantity of sticks protruding two or three inches from the ground, and would naturally form an opinion as to their purpose; but upon mature and deliberate consideration he would be abashed at the folly of his supposition, and would then rightfully conclude that some task requiring great caution and patience and a fund of information much greater than that which a student could possibly possess was the cause of this and also of the other evidences of activity which may be seen and firmly impressed on one's mind by even the most casual of glances, and indeed he would be correct; we are being taught surveying.

The Sophomores are busily engaged laying out farms, lots, etc., while the Freshmen are as busy, if not busier, trying to keep up with them with the level and chain.

We are glad to be able to say that we are keeping up the fair reputation Loyola has received for being able to turn out men who know what they have been taught. The lowest mark received by a student in the Strength of Materials class was 85, while the highest one was 92½; this record is magnified in the eyes of our professors because all the members of both the Freshmen and Sophomore class take this branch, and in most schools it does not come until the third year. The reason for the good showing made by the students in this, as well as in other studies, can be traced back directly to the untiring efforts of our professors, who make it a point to keep a tab on the students and the minute one shows signs of becoming lax in his duties he, the student, is up against a tough proposition, namely, squaring things up, and many will bear witness to the fact that in these times of school as well as national strife, the above is not always an easy matter.

The classes seem to be jumping along at a marvelous gait; the Sophs have just started two new books—the second volume of Mechanics under Mr. Neff, and Differential Equations under Mr. Kelly, S. J.

“Mumps” Ashenden and Slattery have returned to class after a prolonged absence due to sickness, from which their nickname was derived.

Everybody in the Engineering department wishes everybody in all the other departments all sorts of luck in the final exams.

H. SMITH.

MEDICAL NOTES.

Father H. S. Spalding, Dr. J. D. Robertson, and Dr. A. B. Rankin visited Columbus, Ohio, on a business mission concerning the Medical Department.

Dr. Herzog, Senior Dean, will take a trip to Germany. The doctor has received favorable recognition from the University of Heidelberg for his excellent work in the Philippines.

Dr. Robertson delivered a speech on the Panama toll question before the Senate Committee in Washington.

Dr. Redfield, who has been filling an important position in the Fort Worth Medical College, will spend the summer in Chicago.

The Alumni Association is preparing for a three day's reunion to be held here about graduation time. Clinics will be held in the various hospitals. The social side will also be well taken care of. Dr. Gam-mage, the President, and Mrs. Dr. Fisher, the Secretary, are lending all their efforts to make this affair a success.

Dr. Von Zelinski is working on a magazine for the alumni. It is another step toward bringing the alumni into closer contact with their Alma Mater. The Doctor is a very spirited and active 'Alumnus, always ready to assist in the growth of the school.

Plans are being prepared for the improvement of the building. Among the changes will be the moving of the library and reading room into more spacious quarters. More books will be added to the splendid library.

The students were disappointed in regard to athletics this year, and rightly so. This goes to show that if we are to have athletics we must acquire a fund, and to possess the latter we must establish an athletic fee. Let us hope that the necessary steps will be taken to put Loyola on a proper athletic basis.

The annual dance of the Phi Delta Medical Fraternity was held at the West End Woman's Club, April 27. Among the invited guests were the Faculty, the officers of the Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity, the officers of the Alpha No and Alpha Omicron Chapters of the Phi Delta Medical Fraternity. The grand march was led by Dr. D. A. Payne.

Senior Class.

Several of the members are preparing to take the Illinois State Board examination in May.

A. T. Davis was elected to represent the class at the annual banquet given in honor of the Seniors by the faculty and students on May 7, at the Sherman hotel. B. E. Pechous was chosen as Valedictorian.

We are soon going into our final examinations at which time the "to be or not to be" question shall be decided. We hope that the decision will be for the betterment of all parties concerned.

BOHUMIL E. PECHOUS.

Junior Class.

Since the last edition of the Loyola University Magazine the Junior class has been busy preparing for three of the most important events of the student's career, namely the compiling and delivery of the Year Book to our faculty and student body, the annual function, our Junior Promenade, and the final examinations.

Raleigh C. Oldfield, Editor in Chief, informs us he is more than pleased with the result of the proofs furnished for reading. He is of the opinion that all will be pleased with the efforts of those who have participated in compiling the book. The date of delivery has been delayed, owing to the fact that many plates, through some unknown cause, were marked and scratched. The book will be ready for delivery on April 30th.

By a vote of the majority of the class it was decided to make the annual Junior Promenade an informal affair, to be held in Louis XVI, Crystal and Grey rooms at the Hotel Sherman on April 28, 1914. Invitations to that effect have been printed and presented to our faculty and student body.

DAVID N. SCHAFFER, '15.

Sophomore Notes.

What undoubtedly was one of the most brilliant social functions ever held in the history of "Bennett" was given by the Sophomore class at the Grand Ball Room of the LaSalle Hotel, on Tuesday evening, April 14th. It was a dinner-dance. Promptly at 7:30 o'clock the banquet commenced, and to those who are acquainted with the LaSalle cuisine little more need be added. Dr. A. B. Rankin, our honorary president, officiated as toastmaster. The following gentlemen spoke: Rev. H. S. Spalding, Drs. J. D. Robertson, Huber, Horstman, Steiner, McClurg, McClane and Mr. Davidson while Mr. R. H. George and C. E. Boyer represented the class. About 10:30 o'clock dancing commenced. The grand march was led by Dr. A. B. Rankin and Miss Gladys Husfield. The music was furnished by Mr. Kruse, one of our members.

The death of one of our most popular members, Mr. R. A. Frontera, has cast a shadow of gloom upon the class. Mr. Frontera, who has been with us since the beginning of the Freshman year, had endeared himself to all who knew him. He was an artist and poet of some note. His drawings did much to make last year's "Year Book" a success. His death occurred April 17th.

Preparations for another Freshman slaughter are now under way, under the guise of a baseball game to be held in the near future. Manager Finkelberg says he has a major league team. "Freshmen beware!"

Officer Powers says that things are quiet at present although there is much mischief in the air.

BERNARD BENKENDORF.

Freshman Class.

An event long to be remembered by every Freshman was their first annual banquet held on the evening of March 17th at the Great Northern Hotel. Thanks to the personal attention of Manager Murphy of the hotel the dinner was indeed an enjoyable one. This opportunity is also taken to thank the members of the faculty and the presidents of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes for their kindness in helping to make the evening a most pleasant one and creating a closer intimacy between the Freshman, Faculty and the upper class men.

It is gratifying to see Mrs. Johnston again with us after her hard siege, and we all hope that nothing will ever befall her that will make her lose a day in the next three years and after that—well, we wish her continued good luck.

Any class of the University with courage enough to cross bats with the Freshman Dreadnoughts should get in touch with Captain O'Connor.

We wish to thank the Juniors for their kindness in inviting us to their Prom, and to show that President Connors and the class are willing to do their part to insure its success our two social lions have been appointed as Freshman representatives on the Floor Committee—Dannie Shea and Clifford Hutchins.

Occasionally they come back. Burman is here again. Stick, Burman; the back row needs you.

PHARMACY NOTES.

Senior Year.

The last act is very rapidly nearing an end and before these notes are turned out from the press, the curtain will have dropped, and the thundering applause will summon back those who have played their parts well. And the hero shall receive the greater price, and to the rest will be given the sheepskin, with that coveted "Graduate of Pharmacy" embossed in gold. And unto the villain—but let us not endeavor to portray him here, but wish and hope instead, that his future will be anything but that which will bring disgrace upon the institution that did its utmost to place him upon the highest step in the ladder of success.

Joe Hiss has been playing the most conspicuous part by his absence. Resolutions were drawn up and forwarded to him, sympathizing with him and wishing him a speedy and rapid recovery.

In a recent examination held by the State Board of Pharmacy, out of 138 applicants for "Registered Pharmacist" only 14 were successful. John Freislinger, '14, was one of the 14. Congratulations, John. We hope to see many follow your example.

Knowlton and Zeitman "took the board" during April.

The alumni will banquet the class the last week of May at which the following officers will speak:

Prophet—Joseph E. Hiss.
 Prophecy on Prophet—George Purck.
 Poet—D. V. Knowlton.
 Greetings—Frank Nelson, president.
 Our Future—Harry Zeitman.
 Historian—T. W. Cunningham.

The following war cries will be pressed into service after graduation: "Back to Cuba," "Back to Porto Rica," and "On to Mexico." They are donated by Colon, Hernandez and Hammond respectively.

So farewell! fellow students—vale! to the press—adios! to the faculty!—au revoir to the teachers—goodbye! to all.

THOMAS W. CUNNINGHAM

Junior Year.

State Board Bill is off again for his regular fling at the Board of Pharmacy test to be held next month. We wish him all the success possible.

Count Confortni and his Italian representative took over to themselves the control and ownership of the Italian Central Drug Co. last week. If the drug business is as good as the Ice Cream Soda trade, why, Count Confortni and his partner should worry.

Tuesday, April 7, witnessed a heated baseball contest between the Pharmacy and Engineering departments. After nine innings of furious battling the Pharmics finally subdued the Engineers by the close score of 27 to 8.

The 23rd of April, which marked the opening of the Chifeds' new ball park, was unofficially declared a holiday by the Junior Pharmacy department so that they could lend their assistance to Mr. Weeghman in making this event one grand success.

In order to show his appreciation of the Pharmics' efforts in his behalf, Mr. Weeghman had a few pictures taken of the Pharmics as they reposed in the beautiful sunlight during the flag raising ceremonies. If you doubt the infallibility of this statement visit the various Weeghman lunch rooms downtown and you'll find a certified copy of the maps of all the Pharmics on display in each window.

Issy Fienberg, the Hebrew chemist, made his appearance in school last Tuesday, and startled the class when he removed his hat showing that some Yiddish manicurist had accidentally let his shears slip, making a close shave of his cranium necessary, thereby disclosing all of his prominent knowledge bumps.

Lozell (alias George) Thurman is very much displeased at the repeated efforts of the class to entice him to give his proper name, which is Lozell Arthur Thurman.

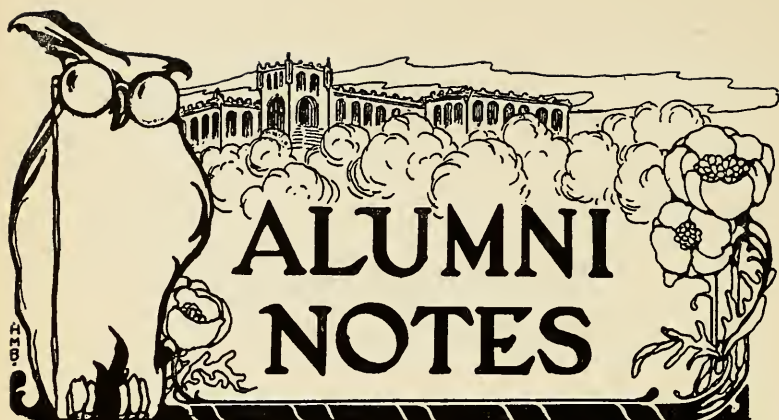
Well, all the finals come next month boys, and we wish each and every one full success. May Dr. Second have one grand class of Seniors next year. Good luck till we meet again.

FRANK J. BURNS.

The Second Spring

Leo E. McGivena, A.B. '16

COMES the sunshine, and the rain;
Comes the soft green upon the fields;
Come the sweet-voiced songsters home again,
And then comes joy. The new life yields
A God-sent warmth and light,
Reviving man. When we are free
From shackling dread and blight,
From our dark prison's misery,
How shall the soul, like flower of gold,
Piercing the shadows of the wold,
Rise bright; and, ever bright,
By death unthreatened be!



Rapid Rise of Young Alumnus All Loyolans will be glad to learn of the success achieved in the journalistic field by L. Frederick Happel, who was graduated from St. Ignatius College in 1911. For some time after his graduation Mr. Happel devoted himself to teaching, but soon gave this up to accept a position with the New World, the largest and most influential Catholic weekly in the West. His ability was quickly recognized, and the managers of the New World sent him to the East to study journalistic methods among the Catholic publications of that section. Shortly after his return to Chicago he was entrusted with the responsible position of Managing Editor.

Mr. Happel's first published work appeared in the Loyola University Magazine (then the Collegian), to which he contributed an essay in November, 1910. He is a gifted writer and a man of progressive ideas, and his success is all the more pleasing to us because he has always been one of the most loyal of the graduates of recent years.

Alumni in Work of Charity Many alumni distinguished themselves in the entertainment given for the benefit of Guardian Angels Center by the Fraters, a social organization composed largely of Loyola men. The Fraters gave their time and labor gratuitously, and a substantial sum was realized which will be used to meet the

running expenses of the Center. Among the familiar faces we recognized Edward V. Walsh, Philip V. Byrne, Elmer J. Spiegel, David McWhinnie, Walter Wade, John Twomey, Daniel Dever, George Zahringer, Joseph F. Bigane, Thomas Clennon, Joseph Gubbins, Robert Garland, John McNamara and Walter Quigley.

Rev. Thomas Burke, '87, has been appointed pastor of St. Gabriel's. He is succeeded at St. Veronica's Interest by Rev. George Code, '92.

Rev. Frank O'Bryan, '93, has been appointed pastor at Lockport, Ill.

John Foley, S. J., ex-'11, operated on at St. Louis recently, is doing well.

Richard Prendergast, former member of the legislature, has been appointed Assistant State's Attorney.

The engagement of Miss Louise E. Clark to Mr. Thomas F. Geraghty, ('01) has been announced.

Two other alumni who have forsaken bachelordom are John E. Walsh and Harry Fuellgraff, '09.

The University Press is an activity in which the Alumni have displayed a very great interest. They realize that the Press is contributing directly and extensively to the development of Loyola, and hence they have accorded it their hearty support. Two of the large machines that make up the equipment, the cutter and the stitcher, are due to donations from the Alumni. As a further proof that this support is well merited and should be continued, we print the following editorial from the Chicago Evening Post, in which the importance of a University Press is brought out.

The University Press.

It was in New York a year ago that Henri Bergson, the distinguished French philosopher, said in answer to a remark about Yale, "Yale University I do not know. But the Yale University Press I know."

Mr. George Parmly Day, treasurer of Yale, has been using this interesting little incident to point out to the alumni the kind of strength

which a university press brings to the name and standing of alma mater. That this particular kudos is more valuable than athletic fame has been hard for the American collegian to appreciate. Because we are a forthright people and headlines mean more to us than scholastic nuances.

Nevertheless, the high academic duty that lies in the conduct of an endowed press has proved long ago by practical results that it really resides in our collegiate consciousness. At the recent "alumni day" at New Haven no addition to the university's equipment attracted more interest than the Yale Press. And last week the corporation announced that \$10,000 had been contributed toward the endowment of the Press by the Kingsley Trust Association, which is more familiarly known as the senior society of "Scroll and Key."

What a university press can do for a university Mr. Day tells thus:

Even if one looks skeptically at the larger results accomplished and in a narrow way asks, "What has it done for Yale" he is forced to admit that it has advertised the university more favorably and more widely than it could have been advertised otherwise for double or treble the expenditure of money; that it has made it easier for the university to attract teachers of distinction to its service and to retain them in its service; that it has made it possible for the departments of the university to keep more closely in touch with the men in other institutions who are doing the best work in given lines, a consideration of value in that it should enable the university to choose most wisely when calling new teachers; that it has in many cases at least, from royalties and moneys paid authors, distinctly helped to improve the condition of underpaid professors and instructors; that it has won for still more proper recognition and often advancement; and finally, that it has placed the proper emphasis on Yale as an educational institution not only in America but thruout the world.

It is odd to have this simple and familiar gospel preached at one of the oldest of American universities when its truth is accepted so universally by western institutions like the University of Chicago. But Yale evidently has been backward in this line of rounded growth. Her alumni ought to help her catch up with the times.



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Childhood

Ignatius Walsh, A.B. '17

When Memory's sprites about us dance
And fond Remembrance sweetly sings,
Then down the aisles of Time we glance,
And thought then backward blithely wings.
For in the gloaming brightly rise
The honeyed days Childhood's time,
When 'mid air-castles, all unwise,
We laughed to Nature's merry chime.
These bound us then and happy made,
Nor did we freezing Care then know,
As free we gamboled through the glade
Of fairyland, unspoiled by woe.
The liquid note of childish glee,
The plaintive wail of Childhood's grief
Come to us in our revery,
Stolen from Time, the greatest thief.
But ah! those days have long since fled,
As on the hearth the flame hath died,
But round about us they have shed
Sweet memories of Life's youthful tide.

Workingmen's Compensation Acts

Alfred C. Bosser, LL.B '14

IT is said that the first great task of social protection was to safeguard the citizen against violence; that the second task was to protect him against fraud, and that the third, upon which we are now entering, as far as practicable, is to protect the citizen against misfortune. A question that we have to deal with in the last proposition of the above division is the one of fixing the responsibility for industrial accidents. This presents two problems: First, the prevention of all accidents which can be avoided; and second, the relief of men injured and the families of men killed in the large number of accidents which are unavoidable. It is in the solution of the latter problem that the principle of compensation is advanced.

The growth and development of the factory system and industrial conditions during the last half century have been rapid and unprecedented in all history previous thereto. The supplanting by power machinery of the old-fashioned methods has gradually established the fact that a certain risk attaches to every industrial employment. This risk has heretofore been imposed wholly upon the employe, and, reasoning from the point of view that the hazard is inevitable in the employment, why should public opinion ever have decreed that only the fault or negligence of the employer could render him liable? The workmen and those dependent upon them are now, and will be under any system, required to bear all the physical pain and mental suffering. Of this they cannot be relieved; for this they cannot be recompensed. But they should be relieved of the harrowing fear of hunger and want; they should be guaranteed against the humiliation and degradation of becoming objects of charity.

The common law doctrine of reasonable care, assumption of risks, contributory negligence, and co-service took its rise at a time when shoes were made at the bench, the weaver had an apprentice or two, and the blacksmith a helper. Steam and electricity have revolutionized manufacturing conditions so marvelously that no vestige of the former conditions remains. But while the factory worker's environment has completely changed, his common

law rights and remedies have remained unchanged. Under our present system an injured workman is compelled to sue the only man on earth upon whom he has a moral claim for employment; whereas under an automatic compensation system, such as prevails in foreign countries, a man receives as a right, not as a benefaction, a definite amount of money—a sufficient amount to tide him or his dependents over the period of greatest distress. It has been well understood for a long time that there is no justice or economic excuse for this state of affairs. The liberty of capital to conduct its business in its own way does not include the right to inflict cruelties which have invariably characterized industrial progress. The liberty of the wage earner to contract for extra pay for extra hazard and to seek some other employment if he does not like his master's methods is a myth, or, as has been said, "a heartless mockery."

To attain high efficiency and economy in industrial production, it is of vital importance that friendly relations between employer and employe be established and maintained. Therefore, every effort should be made to eliminate just cause for grievances; and there can be no question that the present laws, because of the injustice inflicted upon employes, are provocative of serious friction. These men contribute their best service and are without assurance of compensation in the event of injury or death. They give their best, accept the hazard and know they must fight for every dollar they receive in the event of injury or disability. For reasons such as these, and irrespective of many other important considerations, as, for example, the conduct of industrial operations in a humanitarian spirit, and the prevention in the interests of the community of labor troubles, this problem deserves earnest consideration in its solution.

The injustice of the present system is not that the employer does not pay for the result of the injuries to his workmen. The injustice lies in the fact that the consumer of the finished product, or the user of the service which the business supplies, is not paying for all the elements which make up the cost of that which he is getting. If it is sound that the consumer of any article should not bear more than the cost of production and a profit, it is equally sound that to have the consumer pay only a part of the cost of the finished product, the rest of the cost being borne by one or all of the classes who have joined in its production, is an equally bad condition. Any industrial system which does not, in effect, throw

every element of cost on the consumer of the finished product is a system that is as radically defective as one which, in effect, by permitting monopoly of production to exist, throws on the consumer more than the costs of production. The fundamental vice is the same in both—an unfair price paid by the consumer; unfair because too high, or unfair because too low.

An intensive study of the causes of accidents in factories and a critical analysis of accident statistics tend to establish three propositions, namely: That in the highly organized and hazardous industries, the real causes of accidents are generally so complex and in addition often so remote that, as to a material proportion of the accidents, it is impossible by any methods or means correctly to ascertain the facts necessary to form a correct judgment of their particular causes; that as to a yet larger proportion, it is practically impossible to do so without such expense and delay as will defeat justice; and that "negligence," "carelessness," "fault," "gross negligence," etc., will, if used as a criterion of legal liability, result in frequent and gross injustice and inequality, whether administered, and applied by courts and juries or by more competent experts. The conclusion to be drawn from these premises is that the idea of ascertaining the facts as to each particular industrial accident and then determining liability according to the application of those facts to some simple abstract rule cannot be carried out in practice, but that, in order to obtain a rule of law which will be both fair and uniform in practice, it is absolutely necessary to resort to the doctrine of averages. In 1905 the question in the United States, if there was any, was: "Is any change necessary?" Now, after free discussion and consideration of the conditions and abuses that necessarily surround the application of the law of negligence to modern industrial conditions, the question has become: "What kind of a change is necessary?"

The accepted theory of the workmen's compensation is based on the proposition that the inherent risk of an employment should in justice be placed upon the shoulders of the employer, who can protect himself against loss by insurance and by such an advance in price in his commodity as to cast the burden ultimately upon the consumer; that indemnity to an employe should be as much a charge upon the business as the cost of raw material or of replacing or repairing wornout or defective machinery, appliances or tools; that under our former system the loss fell immediately upon the employe who was almost invariably unable to bear it, and ulti-

mately upon the community, which is taxed for the support of the indigent.

An examination of the compensation legislation of different countries shows three general principles or methods of applying this theory. These principles may be respectively termed the principle of individual liability, the principle of collective liability, and the principle of state liability.

Individual Liability.—Under this principle the liability to compensate the workman is thrown upon the individual employer as an element of the relationship of employer and employe. The injured workman looks for his relief directly to his employer, who thus becomes an individual insurer of the workmen against accidents.

Collective Liability.—Under this principle the liability to compensate the workman is thrown upon employers collectively in groups according to the industry or the hazard of the occupation. Employers are encouraged or compelled to combine in association for the purpose of insuring workmen against accidents and to provide the funds for the purpose. The injured workman looks for his compensation, not to the individual employer, but to the association or the fund.

State Liability.—This involves the assumption by the state itself of the obligation to pay compensation, the cost being levied upon the employers, or the employers and workmen jointly, through the agency of the taxing machinery of the state. The workman looks for his compensation directly to the state. Under these acts the compensation is paid out of a fund administered by a government commission, and the cost is levied as a tax upon industries classified according to risk.

The principle of individual liability is pronounced with singular unanimity by impartial investigators and authorities on workmen's compensation a failure in practice and essentially wrong in principle. It involves a violation of natural justice in throwing upon the employer a liability for something not his fault. It is not an accidental misfortune that the American Constitutions render it difficult, if not impossible, to enact a measure of the English type. The constitutional provisions which create the difficulties are in reality expressive of principles of natural justice. A burden which may in justice be placed upon a group or class may be entirely unjust when placed upon an individual. The individual system necessitates also a direct contest, legal or quasi-legal, between the

employer and employe in the establishment of each claim for compensation, and the circuitry of liability involved in employers' liability insurance entails a waste of a large, if not a major, portion of the money paid by the employer. The English act and its counterparts in various parts of the British Empire and various states of the American Union are generally regarded as representing a stage in the development of a satisfactory compensation system. The operation of systems of this character has proven anything but satisfactory, either in method or in result.

The principle of collective liability as applied in Germany and some other countries is generally pronounced successful. The German system is recognized as the type in efficiency and economy, and none of its defects appear to be vital.

The state liability systems are equally approved by impartial investigators. The state insurance systems of Washington and Ohio are, in reality, centralized systems of collective liability. The experience of other countries leaves little room for doubt that a state liability system represents the ultimate solution of the problem.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

BY JAMES MANGAN, A.B. '17

Said Mrs. Bard to Mr. Bard;

 "Oh William, you must know
Our Little Arthur needs new clothes
And I must have some dough."

And so to her the poet said:

 "Here, all my money take,
But know I give it not for you
But simply for Art's sake."

Loneliness

Leo E. McGivena, A.B. '16

The dull moon afar on the sky-line,
The pale, sickly light on the snow,
The whispering that comes from the woodland,
The still winds that come and that go;
And Something That Is 'mid the shadows,
A spirit that rides on the gale,
That drives men to death and to madness,
The curse of the lone Northern Trail.
It drives you to brooding and languor,
Dull anger and unfeeling pain;
And horrible thoughts come intruding,
And hopes will spring up that are vain.
Snow-blindness will add to your misery,
Gaunt hunger attack you, and rage;
And physical stupor will find you,
And bind you like brute in a cage.
But far worse than all these together,-
The physical dangers may fail-
But loneliness goads you forever,
Along down the great Northern trail.

Immigration and the Burnett Bill

Curt Juhl, LL.B. '16

ON my numerous trips across the ocean I have spent considerable time in the steerage, interviewing and observing the immigrant before America has had an opportunity to smooth off his native characteristics. Seeing the type of immigrants that one finds in the steerage on any of our big liners, I have often wondered what qualifications they possess to make desirable citizens, when practically all of them are ignorant, and a great percentage of those who come from the southern and eastern states do not know the days of the week, the month of the year, their own ages or the name of any country in Europe outside their own. It is unfortunate that that element composes such a majority of the foreigners that are admitted and have to be recognized as a factor in the business and social life of the American nation. The presence of so great a mass hostile to and unable to assimilate American ideas tends to have a degenerating influence on the development of our nation. In order to check the appalling increase of unskilled laborers from southern and eastern countries, who, as a rule, do not come over with the idea of becoming citizens and of assisting in the development of our country, but instead, to a great extent, come over to make the most of money in the shortest possible time and then go back to their native country, taking the money out of circulation, Senator Burnett of Alabama introduced a bill to restrict immigration. The most important provision of this bill was that which required that the incoming alien be subjected to a literacy test, and excluded from admittance into the United States "all aliens sixteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language or some other language or dialect, including Hebrew or Yiddish."

The above provision met with great opposition, and it was argued that such a test would exclude many desirable aliens, and admit many who, despite education, are of very low moral character, thus contributing to the already troubling question of vice. The advocates of the literacy test do not argue that this test will infallibly sort out for exclusion the least desirable, but it is believed that it will reduce the number of immigrants and thus will

on the whole result in separating the inferior class of immigrants from the rest and sending this undesirable class back.

Since it is not argued that such a test is inserted in the bill as a measure of a man's character or as a test of his desirability, but rather as a means of restricting immigration, it evolves itself into the question: "Is there a need for limiting the number of immigrants?"

While there can be no doubt that America is able to provide a living for millions of people more than the present population, especially the West with its vast undeveloped hinterland, I am of the opinion that the quality of its members is more important to a nation than mere quantity, especially in view of the fact that the present age tends more and more to do away with unskilled labor, replacing it with time-saving machinery. It is argued that none but the immigrants can be had for the harder kinds of work. It is undoubtedly true that most of the big corporations could not have grown and prospered without cheap labor, in order to meet foreign competition successfully; but there is shown in the enactment of the anti-trust bills a popular resentment against all monopolistic tendencies. This is evidence that such huge corporations are considered injurious to a sound development of American business, and surely shows that cheap foreign labor is not looked upon with favor by the American voters. If American labor were employed and higher wages paid, the trusts could not have assumed their gigantic proportions and no bills would have been passed to bring about their dissolution.

Although cheap labor has a tendency to lower wages of American laborers, it still could be borne were it not for the fact that the money earned by that class of aliens is taken out of the country, so constituting a total loss to the nation.

It is a fact proven by history that the development and success of a nation depend upon the purity and strength of its society. It is because of this that the desirability of a practically unlimited number of aliens, absolutely unable to assimilate American ideas, is questioned.

The presence of so great a mass of the above mentioned type of foreigners necessarily lowers the general plane of intelligence, refinement, self-restraint, orderliness and efficiency. With them there comes an increase of drink and of the crimes resulting from drink. The great excess of men among them leads to immorality and the diffusion of disease. Two million more immigrant men

than immigrant women! As stated by the Commissioner of Immigration in this city, the morality is of an unspeakably low order; and to say that their standard of modesty is Elizabethan is to express it mildly. Until recently we did pride ourselves that nowhere in the world did women enjoy the freedom and encouragement they received in America. It is folly, however, to suppose that their lot will not be affected by the presence of six millions from belated Europe and from Asia, where consideration for the weaker sex is certainly not greater than that of the English before the Puritan Reformation. Eastern European peasants are brutal in their assertion of marital rights. Some nationalities are almost Oriental in the way they seclude their women. It is significant that the Polish, southern Italian, and Greek female employes who have lived here from five to ten years are further behind their menfolk in speaking English than the women from northern and western Europe. That under such drawbacks the woman's movement in America is to meet with hard sledding cannot be doubted.

That the immigrant is a great cause of the unhealthy overgrowth of cities and that his presence seriously aggravates the problem of the high cost of living must not be left without consideration. It is not that the immigrants love streets and crowds, as most of them are farm bred, but they are dropped down in cities and find it easier to herd there with their countrymen than to make their way into the open country. The later alien influx has rushed us into the thick of urban problems, and these are gravest where Americans are fewest. Congestion, segregation, corruption and confusion are seen in motley groups in cities in the East rather than in native centers and the West.

Multitudes of the new immigrants adhere to churches which do not believe in the public schools. As stated in a lecture by the Rev. Siedenbureg of our school: "No branches can be safely taught absolutely divorced from religion. We believe that geography, history and even language ought to be presented from our point of view." Hence we see that with great rapidity the children of Catholics are being drawn apart into parochial schools. Separate education is a Catholic policy, and the bishops say they expect finally to enroll the children of all their people. Undoubtedly it is true that the greater part of the immigrants from Europe have been Catholics in their native country; but having an exaggerated feeling for religious freedom in this country and soon lead a life contrary to the religious freedom, they, in frequent cases, abandon religion

teaching of the Church and get farther away from the principles that help to bring them in closer contact with our ideas of morality, honor and home life.

Statistics show that the confessed illiteracy of the multitudes coming from southern and eastern Europe is 35 per cent as against 2.5 per cent for the dwindling streams from the north and west. In my opinion, the special provision of the Burnett Bill will have no effect upon the immigration of the very desirable aliens coming from Denmark, Ireland, England, Germany and France. We disapprove only of the increased immigration from the southern and eastern countries, since these people, as shown above, do not have, as a general rule, the qualifications to make them desirable citizens. We must welcome therefore any bill which will help to limit the number of immigrants.

Other proposals have been made for reducing immigration. One would limit the number to a certain percentage of each nationality already in the country. Another would limit immigration to those who have received a certain rate of wages in their country. These tests have to do with general classes, and are more apt to exclude automatically immigration from northern countries and so defeat the real object of the bill.

In order to prevent congestion in the cities, there ought to be a more effective method of distributing aliens after they have arrived. Not only would they become Americanized in a much shorter time, but their permanent residence would be facilitated, thereby avoiding a financial loss to the nation. In the second place, I propose that the system of examining aliens should be changed. Under the present system the immigrant, in view of his future freedom, in most cases after having mortgaged his property and broken all home ties, enduring the hardship of a long voyage, finds his hopes shattered upon arrival and is compelled to return to his native land. Much suffering and disappointment could be avoided by placing the examination of the prospective immigrant in the hands of the staff of the American consul at the port of embarkation.

After the individual has once been admitted into the country he has the right to expect the protection of our Constitution, and it is to be regretted that the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States, assures no redress in the case of death of an immigrant in a mine explosion, and that no one in this country is in a position to sue for damages and their dependents in Europe cannot maintain an action. Making his life worthless is not a proper method of making the immigrant a desirable citizen.

Jaeger Medicus

Leo E. McGivena, A.B. '16

Chapter IV.

IN WHICH ARE CHRONICLED THE DECLINE OF MR. NIBBLES, AND HOW JAEGER
MAKES A DISCOVERY

IT was towards the end of February when a change came in Jaeger's affairs. He began to grow thinner and to lose appetite. He awoke every morning with a dull, blinding headache, and the cough he had caught before Christmas remained with him and refused to be moved by any treatment. Jaeger had looked forward to a period of the year when his strength would flag after his so long sustained effort, but he was utterly unexpectant of and unprepared for the severe depression of health and spirits he was experiencing. He did not relax, however, as the work for the scholarship would end in April—less than three months away—and the term would be finished early in May. By a sort of self-hypnotism Jaeger had persuaded himself that he must win the scholarship, and refused to let himself consider that he might not win. In this state of mind he struggled on, but every day's work was an increasing strain upon his steadily ebbing vitality.

His physical discomfort was further increased by the wretched condition of affairs at Smith's. The winter had been unusually cold; great drifts of black, porous ice, the gathered toll of seven or eight storms, filled the streets and impeded the traffic for several weeks before they were removed by a beneficent sun and the overworked city street cleaning department. The boarding house, half-heated by a series of inefficient coal stoves stationed in various hallways, had grown damp and chilly. Mrs. Smith, the landlady, was settled in an unusually deep slough of gloom, brought on by the cold spell, which diminished her stock of fuel in an alarming way. She attempted to make the proverbial ends meet by cutting down upon the provender, a plan which raised a storm of dissatisfaction among the grumbling and cold-infested boarders. At last, a united threat to find other quarters resulted in a compromise and a change for the better, but only dyed a little deeper the landlady's ingrown melancholy.

Jaeger, however, suspected that another cloud was hanging

over the ex-happy home of the Smiths; the light of Mr. Nibbles, the former star boarder, had begun to wane. After the combination organized with selfish intent against Steel had been fairly started, and Steel forced down to the very low point at which Mr. Nibbles had cast in his meager fortunes in the hope of drawing out a quit-claim deed to one large, valuable lot upon the much-talked-of, gold-paved Easy Street, the Chicago millionaire, the originator of the movement and the man that pulled the financial strings, had suddenly and inconveniently died; whereupon Steel, hearing, no doubt, of the gentleman's demise, had respectfully declined a few points lower, and refused to be moved out of its position of mourning. The investors in the would-be bull combination had waited serenely till their inconsiderate and unknowing brokers demanded more margin, and nothing was left to the combination but frantic and instant dissolution. All of which, as you see, materially influenced the prospects and spirits of Mr. Nibbles; instead of property upon Easy Street, he had acquired extensive holdings in some financial Squeedunk. By this time, the gentleman presented a sorry spectacle. His fur overcoat of the preceding autumn, his watch and diamond studs had all gone to satisfy the brokers' clamor for un-availing margin. The gloss had disappeared from Mr. Nibbles' hat, the surface of his patent leathers was worn and roughened; the Prince Albert showed signs of wear, and the once immaculate and daily manicured digits of the unfortunate looked like quite commonplace hands—if anything connected with Mr. Nibbles could look actually commonplace. With his reverses in finance had come others in love, for as soon as the stream of candy and flowers had ceased to flow, the plant of Luella's affection experienced a severe drought and drooped noticeably. Finally, one morning, Mr. Nibbles, after an unusually loud and lengthy conference with his lady-love, appeared more downcast than ever. Mrs. Smith was seething with internal storm; Luella red-eyed and reproachful. From that day, too, veal chops and such delicacies never more appeared for Mr. Nibbles' delectation; he ate from the common board. Jaeger, the observant, was quick to notice with cynical humor that the diamond solitaire which had graced Luella's finger was missing from its accustomed place. Such was the rapid and ignominious decline of the one-time aspirant to finance.

About this time, too, Jaeger made a more startling discovery about himself. He was finishing up a very interesting course in bacteriology with a series of experiments upon disease germs and

the way of detecting germ-caused diseases by the pure culture methods. One day late in March he put on his long white cloak and rubber gloves and entered the laboratory. Twice a week the students received samples of various germs, bits of infected matter that were placed in little shallow glass saucers in sterilized cultures. A culture is pure, sterile preparation of gelatine, ox blood, or some such material upon which the germs will thrive and reproduce, so as to be visible under the microscope. Jaeger switched on his light, and began taking out his apparatus. Each table had its own artificial light, as the laboratory was kept in darkness, since sunlight is fatal to many forms of bacteria. He prepared the gelatine, sterilized it with hot steam and then placed a little in each of the small saucers. Waiting for these to cool, he proceeded to focus his microscope. While he was bent over with his eye above the eyepiece the student at the next table slipped on the dark floor and fell against Jaeger. The impact of his fall sent Jaeger sprawling out across the table, causing him to strike his nose sharply. As Jaeger had been suffering from a series of colds all winter, his inflamed proboscis resented such treatment and retaliated by bringing on a spell of violent sneezing. Jaeger recovered himself, an apology came from the awkward student, and the affair closed with a laugh all around.

After making sure that his saucers of gelatine had not been disturbed by his fall, he then carefully placed a different germ specimen in each little mass of cool gelatine, and arranged all his saucers in a small drawer, labeled it, and placed it within an incubator, the heat of which would permit the germs to grow.

One morning two weeks later, Jaeger was to examine his specimens, which in two weeks should have thrived and increased sufficiently to bear examination under the microscope. Accordingly, he took some of the first specimen and subjected it to inspection under the lens. He found the location of his bacilli and identified them. But as he was moving the plate under the lens he caught sight of another colony of apparently different bacilli. While the germs of the specimen he had placed in the culture were round and formed in circular splotches, this second kind were rather longer in shape and growing in string-like formations, with various V-shaped formations composed of two germs growing together. Jaeger was puzzled. Either, he thought, the solution had not been thoroughly sterilized or the specimen contained more than one kind of bacilli.

A search of the next specimen also showed the presence of the strange bacilli. Consulting the magnified photographs of germs he could find none among those he had studied that corresponded with the unknown. Here was a dilemma. Jaeger, after some reflection, was quite satisfied that the gelatine culture had been pure and sterile. Accordingly, he consulted the professor.

The professor was a little Frenchman, a specialist in bacteriology and germ detection. He listened to Jaeger's difficulty with a frown.

"Et ees queer—vair queer—M'sieu' Jae-gair. The-e specimen was one—but one—a-alone. I myself—ah—een-noc'clate heem—but one."

Going over to the microscope, he inspected the unknown. A series of grunts and utterances in French followed.

"We try ze dye," he said. Jaeger began to feel mildly excited. The dye, he knew, was a carbolic solution of fuchsin, and only used to confirm the presence of a few forms of bacilli, such as those of tuberculosis and a few rare diseases like leprosy. The professor plunged the specimen in a small beaker full of the dye. When he removed it the gelatine was red all over. He then subjected it to a bath in a dilute acid solution. When he lifted it out the red had disappeared from all but the portion which had been covered with the strange germs. The professor surveyed the red spot and nodded again.

"A vair—vair fine specimen of—ah tubercule bacilli," he said. "Where at—ah you gat heem, M'sieu' Jae-gair?"

Jaeger was dumbfounded. He could not possibly imagine how tubercular germs got into the culture. As he sat thinking, he was suddenly stricken with another fit of sneezing. At once he saw that he had ejected a fine spray of sputum on the table. Then Jaeger almost collapsed. The time he had sneezed two weeks before must have infected the cultures. The tubercular germs came from himself!

Dumbly, he put away his apparatus and left the building.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE CRISIS COMES

Without, spring had come upon the city. The warm sunlight flooded the gray streets, and added a little touch of brilliance to the house-fronts along the row. Overhead, two small English sparrows squabbled under the eaves of an old house, and a solitary

robin blinked and chirruped on a telegraph post. A big dray-horse plodding along in front of a wagon kept tossing up his great head and lifted his hairy hoofs a little higher. A few children smiled at Jaeger as he passed, but no smile answered them. All about him he saw the rejuvenation of nature, even in the tiny green shreds of grass that forced their way hardily through the cracks in the cobblestones; everywhere new life was in the making, and Jaeger walked on, a temple of living death.

As he entered the house he met Miss Marie, the manicure, coming back to the house for lunch. She looked at him archly, and asked him if he didn't feel "just like dancing." Jaeger managed to smile a little, shook his head and staggered up the dark stairway.

It was fully two days before he roused himself from his trance and realized the full import of his discovery. Time and time again he told himself it could not be true, but the circumstantial evidence overwhelmingly convinced him. Night after night he lay awake, wondering how it would all end. Out of the darkness would rise in flame-tipped letters the world-old taunt, "Physician, heal thyself!" and leave him desperate with his own helplessness. Even his faith in winning the scholarship, a faith that had lasted and grown all the year up to now, began to wane, and, with his great ambition gone, his interest in life departed altogether. He wrote the final thesis, however, and submitted it with hope that verged on despair, a feeling that somehow his year's work had been without avail.

Luckily for Jaeger, the actual work of the year was over early in April; for in his present condition, he felt himself wholly unable to concentrate his scattered faculties long upon any one thing. His overburdened mind sought relief in a thousand ways. He studied his fellow boarders more closely than he had ever done, and found a new interest in trivialities which he had never noticed before. Sometimes he let his imagination have full sway and dreamed weird, magnificent dreams; visions of beauty lay before his eyes; mirages of the desert hovering before the lost traveler. When he recovered himself after these imaginary flights, his own plight came back to him the more bitterly. He even lost some of his liking for solitude, and stayed down in the parlor evenings rather than be alone with himself. And so, one evening, he saw the last scene of the comedy he had watched so long.

Mr. Nibbles, looking a little sprucer and more like himself than he had been of late, strolled into the parlor and leaned grace-

fully against the mantle. Luella looked up at him with her reproachful eyes, but Mr. Nibbles, be it said to his credit or not, was quite used to, even tired of Luella's reproachful glance. After a brief survey of himself in the mirror, he sauntered over to where Casey was reading the evening papers and in his most affable tones spoke to the plumber's apprentice.

"How's the weather tomorrow, old chap?"

Casey, astonished at being so addressed by the broker's clerk, looked hurriedly for the weather reports.

"Fair and warmer," he said.

"Good!"

"Goin' somewhere?" queried Casey.

"Oh—no—not at all. Just—ah—good weather for wheat, y'know," and Mr. Nibbles elegantly sauntered out.

The next morning, while the boarders were at breakfast, the house was startled by a series of shrill shrieks. Luella, wild-eyed and weeping dropped a fluttering white note upon the table and fell into the arms of her alarmed mother.

"Read it," she wailed, "I can't;" and fell to sobbing.

Miss Marie picked up the note. "'My dear girl,'" she read, "'the force of circumstances have destroyed our romance. I might have stayed longer, but I could not stand your crank of a mother. Yours with deepest affection, Charles Algernon Nibbles.'"

Mrs. Smith gasped. "And he owes me a month's rent," she screamed. "If ever I seen—" but here her daughter's grief required her immediate attention. Thus departed Mr. Nibbles, leaving an empty trunk and a piece of twine fluttering from his window sill.

Early in May Jaeger finished his examinations. He was undecided as yet what to do. He did not believe his limited funds would suffice to take him out of the city to the West, and the idea of working in the city was intolerable.

One morning, as Jaeger came down to breakfast, he saw the company clustered about a morning newspaper. Then the unexpected happened. Mrs. Smith looked up and smiled at him. Casey came over to him with a broad smile.

"Put 'er here, old horse," he said, holding out his hand. "Your open plumbin' ain't so terribly swell looking,' but ya gotta good knowledge boiler inside," and he wrung Jaeger's limp hand.

Meanwhile the feminine members of the house were holding converse as unintelligible as Casey's speech.

"Ain't it great," said Miss Marie.

"You betcha. Who'da thunk it?" affirmed Miss Smithers. While Luella smiled wanly and said:

"I most sincerely felicitate you, Mr. Jaeger."

Seeing the amazement on Jaeger's face, Casey picked up the paper with a flourish, cleared his throat, and read in his most imposing voice: "Forbes Medical Scholarship Won by Student of this City," and thereafter a half column telling how a certain Paul Jaeger had merited a scholarship of two years post-graduate study in Vienna.

Jaeger listened to it all in a dazed sort of a way. Then he resolved fiercely to stay in the city if he possibly could and finish his last year and then—Vienna—a different climate, increased funds, a new life.

In pursuance of this resolution Jaeger next morning dragged himself uptown and obtained a position in a big drug supply company, and attempted to settle himself down to the new routine. Five days later, the Medical Commencement took place.

It was a great deal like any other commencement. Jaeger sat bewildered, hearing the music and speeches as from a great distance. The front of the stage before him was filled with a nervous Senior class in black gowns and green-tasseled black caps. Great banks of carnations cluttered the stage, sending a dense, heavy perfume through the theatre. A stringed orchestra played at intervals, the speeches were given and the diplomas disbursed. Then Jaeger in a dream heard the Dean read a long announcement, followed by a tremendous handclapping. Somebody out of sight said, "Paul Jaeger." The Dean standing across the stage beckoned to him and held out a long, white parchment roll.

Jaeger rose unsteadily and walked across the stage. As he reached for the roll, something in his throat snapped, a stream of blood gushed up in his mouth and darkness closed over him.

When he came to again, he was in the white-curtained bed of a Pullman sleeping car. Great stretches of unfamiliar country rushed by outside the window. Jaeger wearily raised his eyes and looked at a strange doctor standing over him.

"Sh-h," said the stranger, "this is on the school." And he pulled the curtains to and withdrew.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH IS SHORT AND FINAL. JAEGER COMES BACK.

Time, over a year later. Scene, a long stretch of rolling Arizona prairie, under a blue sunlit sky. Jaeger reined in his horse and waited for the approaching rider with the mail sack to come nearer. He was a great, bronzed Westerner, and had been Jaeger's host since he had arrived from the East.

"Anything for me, Mr. Blackwell?" he asked.

"A letter, Mr. Jaeger."

Jaeger turned his horse and the two rode back to the ranch together. Jaeger meanwhile opened the envelope and read his letter.

"New York, N. Y., Aug. 12, 19—

"Dear Jaeger :

"I was glad to hear in your last letter that you were well again. We certainly should not have liked to have our first and only scholarship man die so soon. Yes, the scholarship still holds good, and is still waiting. So come back and finish here—if you are able—and then, Vienna!

"Yours hurriedly,

"JOSEPH F. BROWN, M. D."

Jaeger looked up and drew a long breath. Yes, he was able. He would go back. The Westerner kept looking at him curiously.

"Well, I'm going back, Mr. Blackwell. Going back, finish up, and then Vienna."

The Westerner listened tolerantly.

"Ya-as," he drawled, "and what then?" Reaching over he placed his broad hand on Jaeger's shoulder. "Son," he said kindly, "you can't live in the cities any more. It'll kill you sure. You'll get it again. Better stay here."

Jaeger shook his head. "I'll go back," he said, "go back and finish up, then Vienna, then—"

"Then—then what?" queried Blackwell, cynically.

"Get special training," answered Jaeger, smiling, "and go back to—"

"New York—huh!"

"Arizona—here, and practice here."

Thus Jaeger came back into his own.

THE END.

The Atheist's Prayer

Walter T. Quigley, A.B. '17

I feel that yearning discontent,
Which yester-morn's sad meeting caused.
The smile that to my life first lent
A ray of light, in death has paused.
'Twas but a day since you were hale,
And roaming in the earth's green fields;
But now you've fled from hill and dale,-
Flown to the scythe which nature wields. -
I stop to time and gauge your flight;
Lo! I am struck in wonder dumb.
I see a hidden stroke of might,-
Your beauty's reft, -- your body's numb.
I pluck a flower from yonder lea,
And softly breathe its tender scent.
How soon it wilts in agony!
Its life-blood shed, its mission spent.
I knew your life, and how you strove
For your hidden God with might and main.
Not with the earthly horde you throve,
But bent your heart to other gain.
Now you've journeyed far away,
And not a ripple in your wake
Proclaims your fate, while here I stray
In longing for my own day-break.
If you were right, pray teach me, friend,
That I may know your trodden path;
To walk in truth, to know your end,
Altho I learn but aftermath.

The Duties of the Teacher

Nellie B. Maher

Department of Sociology

EVERY avocation in life brings with it its own special duties and responsibilities. The work of the teacher is certainly no exception to this rule. To the teacher who takes a serious view of his work, the duties are, indeed, onerous, and the responsibilities many and great. This must necessarily be so from the fact that the teacher is dealing, not with inert and unresponsive matter, but with human souls. To have a share, however small, in the training and development of a human soul is a great privilege; but, like all other privileges, it brings with it great responsibility. True, the teacher is only one of many influences that are molding the character of the child, but a very powerful influence for good or ill. The duty of the teacher is the training, discipline, development and instruction of the child's whole being, physical, intellectual and moral. Some one has called education a "preparation for complete living." To educate, then, in its best sense is to produce a well-balanced character, to make the best possible man or woman that can be made from the material provided.

The various systems of education that have held sway throughout the ages have differed from each other in most other respects, but they all agreed, in maintaining that the thought behind every educational system is the upbuilding of character. They have differed widely as to the ways and means of attaining this end, but all have admitted this to be its true purpose. It follows from this that the teacher must be more than a mere instructor; for his duty is to train not merely the intellect, but the will and heart of the child. Our penal institutions bear ample testimony to the fact that knowledge and goodness do not necessarily dwell together, and a well trained intellect may exist in a person whose will is most disorderly. All the knowledge that one can acquire of mathematics, history, language or literature is only valuable in so far as it helps to make us better men and women. Knowledge is indeed useful, but character is indispensable, and far more valuable than all the mere instruction that can be given is the training

of the will of the child, for character is "educated will." He must be taught first to know the right and then to choose, until by constant right choosing he rises above choice and does the right by force of the character that has been built within him. Ruskin says: "Do the right under whatever compulsion, until you can do it without compulsion; then you are a man."

The heart, too, must be trained, for one must not only know the right, and do the right—he must also love the right. The perfected character must "hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Now these various qualities are developed by exercise. The muscles of the body, if unused, would soon deteriorate and lose their power; and so it is with the faculties of the soul. We cannot expect that a child that is allowed to follow his every wish and whim will by some magic suddenly develop the power to act according to the principles of right conduct. He must be taught to obey, and that without question, those placed in authority over him. I believe that neither parent nor teacher can do a child a greater wrong than to permit disobedience to go unpunished. That, however, has gotten to be quite an old fashioned doctrine. The present day theory seems to be that he, of course, should obey, but that obedience must never be forced. That seems to me very much like a law without any, or at least, with a very imperfect sanction. So, too, with his work. It must be given him in sugar-coated pills, and he must never be forced to do that which is disagreeable or unpleasant. It must all be made so attractive that he cannot choose but learn. Life certainly does not deal with us that way, and one sometimes wonders where the men and women of the next generation are to get the strong moral fibre that will enable them to withstand the storms of life.

To accomplish even a small portion of the task which is set before the teacher, he must himself be to a great extent that which he expects his pupils to be.

He must be the light to their footsteps, the trusted guide who leads where his charges are expected to follow. The success of the teacher will be largely in proportion to the extent to which this is true, for what the teacher *is*, not what he teaches formally, is the important thing. The life he lives and the thoughts he thinks in secret, and whatever reveals that life to the children; his unconscious behavior; what in his inmost soul he believes and loves has a deeper and more potent influence than mere lessons ever have. Hence the duty of the teacher to be constantly educating

himself and making of himself a model worthy of imitation.

We, as teachers, are for the most part denied the pleasure of seeing the results of our work, for we are like people who are always preparing the soil and planting the seed and then moving on to other fields, leaving the gathering of the harvest to other hands than ours. And because of this we stand constantly in need of encouragement and inspiration from every possible source to enable use to fashion our lives, as the artist fashions his marble, to a likeness of what is true, beautiful and good.

MY FATAL FELICITY

JAMES T. MANGAN, A.B. '17

I had to write a poem one night
Nor had I things with which to write;
So then I ran to Page's store
Whose shelves both pen and paper bore;
Thus into Pages had I run
Before the poem was yet begun.

John Ayscough

John P. Burke, A.B. '14

JOHN AYSCOUGH, in a letter to Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, seeking leave to dedicate to His Eminence his book "Levia Pondera," has occasion to speak of its contents in the following humble strain: "It is a *mere bundle* of essays, and would never have been a book at all but for the strong advice of others whose literary opinion would carry with Your Eminence as much weight as it does with me." Now that I have read these charming essays, I feel conscious of the debt of gratitude due to the keen discernment of those friends whose literary opinion served to accomplish what Ayscough's modesty apparently shrank from. I, too, found the book to be a bundle of essays, but not as its author meekly asserts, a "mere bundle." Little does one suspect, on picking up the book, what the "bundle" really contains; but when one has read it carefully the "bundle" unbound discloses many things indeed.

And pleasant, indeed, these surprises are. The book contains forty-two essays, two-thirds of which are, on the average, of only four pages in length. A variety of subjects is treated—a pleasant variety as well as an instructive one. The problems of to-day are given prominence. These the author has grasped in a masterful manner, by their very roots; he unveils their cause, and tenders an always logical solution. To Catholic readers in a most especial manner, ought this book to appeal, for it offers invaluable instruction on the Catholic attitude towards and remedy for the problems of the day; and arms them with logic of steel with which to meet the specious though boldly uttered arguments of their Atheistic and Socialistic neighbors. These essays give abundant evidence that, considered in a true Catholic light, what are commonly called problems are in reality not problems at all, but are merely termed such by those who despise the Church and her methods, thereby ignoring their logical solution.

Open the book at random, and you will surely be entertained. If the author happens to be in an argumentative mood, his clear logic, his array of argument, his skill in presentation, his art in illustration, will appeal to you. He can grant his adversaries all

that may be granted and at times even more than it seems he should, and yet, within the space of a half page, he is able triumphantly to upset their contentions and establish his own point. In his disputation he is very sound, precise, and remarkably concise. Each sentence, each phrase, each word at times speaks volumes, so suggestive is it. What others might strive to say in a page, Ayscough can convey in an intelligible manner merely by a turn of phrase, a repetition, and even by the judicious and artful use of the dash, question and interrogation marks. Let me give a few excerpts, chosen casually from here and there: "It is not comfort they seek. Comfort, the late Laureate assured us, is scorned of devils; and if that be so, they have a devilish scorn of it. Silly creatures who will not be content even to look nice, who prefer to look nasty so they look fashionable, will not be content to be comfortable." This is from his short essay "Dress and Clothing." Let me give a paragraph from his "Press and Public."

"Political nostrums change and fail, but the law of supply and demand will work in spite of us. Forced feeding is not possible outside prisons, and readers are at large. The Apostolate of the Catholic press depends not on the Catholic press alone, but on the reasonable co-operation of the Catholic public. And that is precisely what the Catholic public does not seem alert to comprehend. A press, however solidly good, cannot maintain itself in vogue by its own weight. Writers presuppose readers. That the Catholic writers are there we believe is proved. Let the Catholic readers keep them going. The Pope's wise and solemn reminder of an imperious duty is to the public, on which every press must depend, as it is to those by whom the Catholic press must be provided."

It would be hard to find another essayist with a style so engaging, so entertaining, and none but the most incompetent critics would accuse him of monotony. To realize the truth of this one needs only glance at his introductions. In this point alone we can not fail to detect the hand and brain of the artist and master. Throughout the entire work it would be difficult to pick out a sentence of what is commonly called "padding." Everything that is said is full of meaning, although everything that is meant is not always explicitly said. For the author's sententious remarks are laden with a significance that is often difficult to convey on paper, especially in so short a space as he allows himself. His writing is consequently suggestive, and so suggestive that what he would like to have said if he had had the time, is said in reality in the reader's

mind, with more force perhaps because of its suggestiveness, than it might have had if presented on the written page.

To mention some essays which come to mind at present, without necessarily being of a higher merit than others which will not be mentioned, his short essays on "Book Buying," "On Dislike of Books," "Press and Public," "Footnotes," "The Public Conscience," "Dress and Clothing," and "Cold Porridge," strike me as being illustrative of quite a few of the author's admirable literary characteristics.

Among his longer essays in which he applies the Catholic principles to present-day questions in a very adequate manner, his "Cause and Cure," "The Shoe and the Foot," and "Scientiae Inimici" are especially worthy of note.

TO THE COMMON HOUSE FLY

JAMES MANGAN, A.B. '17

The fly a lonely mortal is,
No bonds of friendship tie him.
The flypaper's his only friend
But it surely will stick by him.

Symphony in Minors

Leo E. McGivena, A.B. '16

Darkness and blasts of chilling rain;
And like sick children tossed with pain,
The restless winds cry out and moan
Beneath the weight of pattering drops.
The great trees bend, and, weary grown,
Stand shivering, drooped like half-clothed props;
The farmer hurries in his grain;
The stormy night falls with the rain.
Now shiver the birds on tree-top hoar,
The caged brutes affrighted roar.

Within the hollows of the cave,
A flash - and sounds of splintered board,
And while the brutes a-quivering rave,
The Vox Humana fills the chord -
The lightning flashes burn no more.
The birds crouch down on tree top hoar.
Now all the winds a-weary grown,
Relapse into a monotone,
An ever wailing sorrowed moan,
That lasts until the grey dawn light
Breaks through the arches of the night.

A Born Actor

James T. Mangan, A.B. '17

CHAPTER I.

THE PROPOSITION.

THOUGH Jack Hampton and Dick Carrington were the most intimate of friends, they were, in temperament and character, strangely unlike. Dick Carrington was a young man of the present era—energetic, progressive, forward; while Jack Hampton was just the opposite—timid, conservative, bashful. There was no doubting Jack's brightness, nor his capacity for doing things; but he lacked the push and progressiveness of his comrade. Dick had often said that Jack would eventually become President of the United States, or acquire some position of equal honor, were it not for his fatal deficiency in that modern essential, nerve. Alone in the room they shared, Dick had long since come to understand and admire his companion. Here Jack was away from the noise and glitter of the world, and could freely speak what his magnetic mind had picked up in its twenty years of existence. He unveiled the secrets of his heart and of his nature, his unrealized ambitions, the depression caused by mishaps, and all those subtler qualities characteristic of a true genius.

But Dick was the only person who knew Jack thoroughly, for out on the street or with anybody else, he became his old self, seemingly stupid and dumb. And so during the four years since he had left high school, Jack had not advanced a single step. He now scraped along on a miserable \$12 a week as a drygoods clerk, whereas Dick had already reached the \$25 per week mark in the jewelry business, and was still going. But Dick stood by Jack, and Jack loved him for it.

One evening Jack came home more morose and enigmatic than usual, and Dick instantly knew that something had happened.

"Let's have it Jack, old fellow," he inquired gently.

"It's all off, Dick," came the discouraged reply, "I'm fired."

"What's all off? Our partnership again, I suppose. Well, you

can simply call it right on again, for I haven't stuck with you four years to quit after you've lost your job. We were brothers ever since we both lost our parents, and we're going to be brothers forever!"

"And, Jack," he continued, more sympathetically, "don't mind about that old job. You with all your genius were never fit to be a drygoods clerk. I've got a surprise in hand for you. You're going on the stage, Jack!"

"What? An actor? You ought to know better, Dick!"

"Yes, you're going to be an actor."

"But—"

"Now, no objections, Jack. I know you haven't got a cent's worth of nerve in your whole being, and would faint at the sight of a footlight, but that's just the idea. You know my uncle owns a stage company. Well, I met him on Broadway today, and he tells me he's in dire predicament. His company is billed for the Cosmopolitan next week, in 'The Bashful Bridegroom'; but the funny thing about it is that he's minus the 'Bashful Bridegroom.' His leading man who has taken the part for years, is now on his deathbed; the understudy is in San Francisco; and with no relief in sight, uncle calls on me for help. I proceed to tell him about you, and he's coming over tonight to inspect. Now hurry up, Jack, and look as bashful as you can!"

"Thanks, Dick, for the chance you've given me, but you should have known I never could fill the bill. I haven't got the nerve to even shift a scene behind a curtain, let alone appear before an audience. Now you'll have to call up your uncle right away and tell him not to come."

"All right," said Dick readily, but there was a gleeful twinkle in his eyes.

Jack caught the expression and interpreted it.

"Here, now, no underhand work. I'm going to stand alongside you and hear every word."

Dick again acquiesced, but still the twinkle remained.

"Hello! Hotel Astor? Give me Mr. Carrington."

A moment passed, and then came the conventional "Hello."

"Yes, this is Dick. I've told my friend about your proposition."

"Splendid! Beautiful! Laudacious!" squeaked the receiver.

"But he says he won't accept."

"Exquisite! Incomparable! Rapturous!" cackled the instrument.

"He absolutely refuses to see you," said Dick.

"Fine! I'll be right over." And the receiver clanged down at the other end.

CHAPTER II.

THE INTRODUCTION.

A few minutes had passed when a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in!" said Dick, while Jack sat in his chair fidgeting restlessly.

A quiet, middle-aged man appeared at the doorway.

"Well, uncle, how are you?" exclaimed Dick. "Five minutes from the Astor to here? You must have done some tall speeding! No, the bird has not flown. I managed to hold him for a little while. Mr. Hampton, Mr. Carrington, my uncle."

"Overjoyed to meet you, young man. My nephew here has described you in glowing words, and says you're just the man I want. He has, no doubt, told you of the reason for this visit, and the only question now—"

"But, sir—ah—ahem—er—that is—"

"Dick," broke in Mr. Carrington, "I must congratulate you on your choice. He's a regular hummer—best ever—ought to make good first night."

"But, sir," protested Jack, who had at last found his tongue, "who said I was going to accept your position?"

"Why, I did for one, and Dick for another. I wouldn't hire you if you had accepted, because I'm after a bashful man, not a job-hunter."

"But what if I should overdo my part?" asked Jack, now beginning to feel resigned.

"Can't be overdone, my boy. But enough of this dickerings; from now on you can consider yourself in my employ, with a salary of \$100 a week, and a raise depending on how you act."

It struck Jack like a blow. There he stood between the stage and \$100 a week. The stage seemed an impossibility; the \$100 an arm's length away.

"I—I think I'll try," he faltered.

"Fine! I thought that \$100 would bring you over. And come too the rehearsal tomorrow, Jack, to get acquainted with your part. It will be at 9 o'clock at the Cosmopolitan."

"He'll be there," chimed in Dick, answering for him; "I'll see to it personally."

"Thanks, Dicky, my boy, I'll leave him in your charge. And now I'll be going, with happy dreams to you both."

For many minutes after he had left the two chums talked, Dick trying to instill some amount of self-confidence into Jack, and Jack thoughtful, excited and waging a mental battle.

The next day Dick secured a half-holiday in order to escort Jack to the theater. He had a difficult time of it, for his chum had suddenly changed his mind during the night, but he finally prevailed upon him, partly physically, partly persuasively, to attend the affair. At the theater they met Mr. Carrington, who bubbled over in ecstasy at sight of them.

"Well done, Dick!" he commented; "you have given me some noble service in this deal, and I won't forget it soon, either." "And, Jack," he continued, "do your best this morning. That fellow, Magee, my stage manager, is very hard to convince. There he goes now! Ah, there, Magee; just a moment. Let me introduce you to our prospective leading man, Jack Hampton, and to my nephew, Dick."

Magee acknowledged the introduction and was off in another moment.

"Rather brusque, isn't he?" smiled Mr. Carrington. "But I like him just the same. Nothing in his mind all day long but business. However, all the company are not like him. For instance, Dora Inwood, the leading lady. She's as lovely as—say, that's she coming this way right now!"

Both young men turned their eyes in the direction indicated and confirmed the description they felt he had been about to give.

Evidently she was not a common actress, but a perfect woman, simple, pure, lovely; a woman who felt her position and, in utter contrast to the coquettish actress of today, still remained guileless. Jack felt a sudden thrill run through him as he watched her approach. Down at the roots of his heart there arose a desire to meet her, but his old shyness returned as he again drank in the beautiful picture she made, and he stood by uneasily while slowly there came to his cheeks a hot flush of embarrassment.

"Good morning, Mr. Carrington," she said, sweetly, "I hope you have filled the vacancy?"

"Well, I've made an attempt, here stands the supplement. Mr. Hampton, Miss Inwood."

"Say, ain't I in on this?" spoke up Dick suddenly, while Jack inwardly blessed him for breaking the short silence.

"Oh, yes!" laughed the older man, heartily, "Miss Inwood, my nephew, Richard."

"Overjoyed," said Dick, lightly.

"Pleased beyond expression," retorted Miss Inwood.

"You both seem to speak the truth," said Mr. Carrington.

"Jack is also extremely gratified. You know, I always speak for Jack," renewed Dick.

Jack cursed him in his heart, and again as all eyes centered upon him, his face flushed hotly.

"Oh, I feel sure Mr. Hampton and I will get along together," interposed Miss Inwood.

At this juncture a few more hues added themselves to Jack's already rainbowed face.

"I don't k-know," he stammered, when suddenly the voice of Magee, the stage manager, resounded:

"All out for the rehearsal!"

CHAPTER III.

THE REHEARSAL.

At this, Jack felt a little relieved; but it was "out of the frying pan into the fire" for him after he once stood on the stage. He perspired in agitation and fainted at heart several times, as he went through his role. But he was all the critical Magee could ask. When Magee told him to step on Dora Inwood's train, in the bridal procession, he not only stepped on it, but also tore off a few feet of silk. When he was to administer the first married kiss, he unceremoniously tripped over his own foot, although he had seemingly not heeded Magee's command to do so. Again, on the honeymoon, Magee ordered him to lose the baggage, and he did it; unconsciously losing himself meanwhile. And so the rehearsal went on, with Jack in perpetual anguish, while Dick sat in a front seat of the theater and went into convulsions at his every mishap.

But it wasn't the stage, it wasn't Magee, it wasn't the numerous players that made Jack double his ordinary bashful self; rather, it was Dora Inwood, calm, expressive, radiant, with clear, straightforward eyes. All that bashfulness and appropriate demeanor he was showing contained not a whit of acting ability in it, but was caused by the natural timidity he felt before the fair lady he was playing with. His heart grew light, after the rehearsal ended, but on his way home, accompanied by Dick, and with a part of some 500 lines and a contract for six months with the Carrington Company in his pocket, he missed something—something he did not have, something that was gone. He listened dreamily as Dick declared:

"I tell you, Jack, you've made the hit of your life. The whole company is crazy over you, and uncle says that his will be the only show in town next week. Magee was so wild with enthusiasm he nearly let a 500 pound scene fall on him. And Miss Inwood"—here Jack pricked up his ears—"she thinks you were perfectly grand."

"And let me give you a tip. Don't try to do your best; just act naturally and you'll come out all right. Now run along home and learn some of those lines I see bulging out of your pocket. I think I'll go down to work for the rest of the day."

A side of 500 lines, three more rehearsals, a set of costumes made to order, and Jack Hampton was ready, at least, Magee told him he was, to appear in "The Bashful Bridegroom," as leading man, at the Cosmopolitan Theater, Monday the sixteenth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEBUT.

On Monday night the Cosmopolitan was filled to the last seat in the second gallery. The Carrington press agent had done some sterling work and the show had been thoroughly advertised throughout the city. And now the crowd was ready to see the much-heralded performance, to look upon the new member of the stage world who was to make his debut that night. The curtain of asbestos went up with a low rumble. From behind the scenes Jack Hampton took his cue. For the first time in his life he looked into the footlights, and the footlights shone back on him. From his box

some fifty feet away Dick Carrington expected him to flee at any moment. But he was suddenly struck by a light that came from his friend's eyes—the light of a new-born man. For Jack Hampton was indeed undergoing some strange experiences that night.

When he first stepped out on the stage he looked into the foot-lights for his old familiar feeling of shyness, but the glare sent back contained not an atom of awe. He gazed upon the myriad faces turned towards him, and the fright he was waiting for came not. He had relied on his natural bashfulness to carry him through his part. Now what could he do without it. He started his lines in a mechanical way, but that would never do. He was on the stage, paid to be bashful, not mechanical. He tried his best, but he felt that he was doing poorly; and as he left the forefront after a few minutes, he wondered why the people clapped, why the din of the applause lasted, why Magee shook hands so joyfully behind the scenes. Could it be possible that he had done well?

And then he took his second cue. This time he was to enter the presence of Dora Inwood in the guise of a bashful suitor. In this case he felt positive he would recover his bashfulness. One look at her would make him shy again. He went forth to woo her with the carriage of a farm-boy in jeans. But alas! in his heart there was not the slightest trace of his old nervousness. He was an actor who had lost his power of acting. He must cover up his failure by every means in his power.

He threw himself into the play with his whole heart and soul, his mind alert and clear. Where he had added, in the rehearsals, to the original role, he added still more now, his brain working in unison with his actions, picking out openings, seizing and exhibiting them with delicate aptness. He knew he was gaining fame, and he used every device the power of his genius could suggest to gain still more. The house was with him, and the prolonged cheering drove him to greater efforts; so that, unhampered by timidity, unimpeded by discouragement, the extreme brilliancy of his mind and imagination was revealed to the world.

When it was all over he wondered how he had done it, but he cared not, and felt just a little weary of all the congratulations pouring in upon him until Dora Inwood, meeting him as he was leaving the theater, said:

"Well done, Mr. Hampton. Thespis himself would have blushed with shame had he seen that performance."

But it was Jack who blushed now.

CHAPTER V.

"THE BASHFUL BRIDEGROOM."

For the next six months, the Carrington Company was on the road. Everywhere he played the people went wild over Jack Hampton and the highest commendations flowed in upon him; but he was growing tired of the praises and pettings that he received. And as his contract with the Carrington Company was almost at its expiration, he decided to leave the stage and to take up a very lucrative position which he had acquired through his fame as actor.

But one chain held him back, and that chain lay in the hands of Dora Inwood. During their six months of association these two young persons had come to know each other thoroughly. Dora Inwood now understood Jack Hampton, and separated him distinctly from the bashful, timid personage she had first met. And deep down in her heart there was a feeling she could not explain for this lovable young man. And Jack Hampton also had a like feeling within him, but he knew what it was and was in a quandary about what to do. That he was in love with Dora Inwood was clearly manifest to him, but he knew not in what light she held him.

However, he was not the man to leave her now without making certain of her attitude toward him; so he accordingly plucked up some of the nerve he had acquired during his six months' stay on the stage and proposed flatly to her, losing his nerve before he was half through. To his surprise she told him that she had loved him ever since that first rehearsal. And so they began forming plans and making preparations for the marriage.

One month later the wedding took place in New York. Walking up the aisle with his bride-to-be to the altar where they were to be made one, Jack Hampton felt that his six months' practice on the stage had been for naught. He was in truth now a "bashful bridegroom." His rapidly acquired nerve was still more rapidly decreasing. Several times he caught himself at his old clumsy tricks, and he had much trouble downing the inherent actor in him. When it was all over they slipped into a waiting carriage and were hurried to their new home for dinner.

Four were present at the wedding feast—Jack Hampton, Mrs. Jack Hampton, Dick Carrington and Mr. Carrington. "Who'd

ever have thought it would come to this?" said Dick, reminiscently, meanwhile enjoying the pretty blushes on the faces of the couple. "Six months have wrought a great change in you, Jack!"

Jack said nothing, but glanced lovingly at his bride.

"Oh, you know, it wasn't I at all, Jack," said she; "it's all due to your wonderful ability on the stage."

"Provided you were on it too, eh, Dora?"

"Well, I can't see how it was I that wrought the change. You surely would have done as well with anybody else."

"Perhaps," acquiesced Jack, gently, "but I'm glad I didn't have the chance."

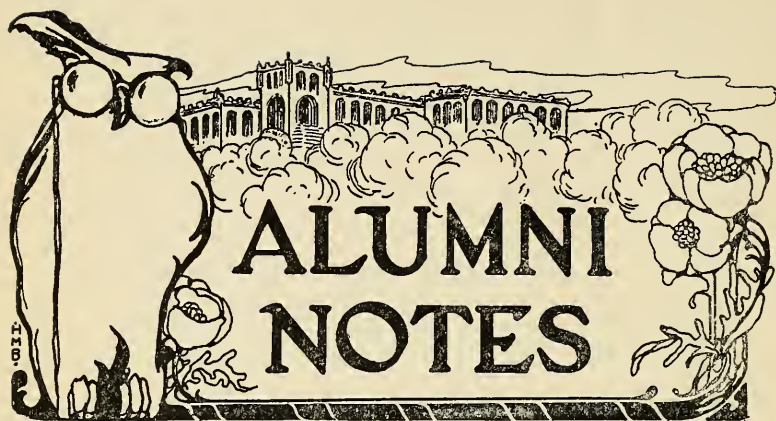


Spring

Ignatius P. Walsh, A.B. '17.

When fast before the golden arms
Of Springtime's mighty host
The Ice King flees by vales and farms
Unto his frozen Northland post,
And each moon-freezing chain he breaks
That locked the wraiths in terns and lakes,
Then in each heart an answering glee
Upwells, and greets the Spring with song care-free.

Then sing the birds; the flowers then bloom,
And velvet carpets o'er the lea
Are spread, and freed their icy tombs,
The streams dance onward to the sea.
Across the heath and down the dale
The joyous blossoms laugh and hail
With sweet delight the gentle kiss
Of Zephyr, loved messenger of vernal bliss.



The Annual Alumni Banquet

THE annual banquet of the Loyola Alumni Association was held in the Red Room of the La Salle Hotel on Wednesday, May 27, 1914. Promptly at six o'clock the president of the association, Mr. Leo J. Doyle, introduced the toastmaster, Mr. Bernard McDevitt, Jr. Rev. John L. Mathery, S. J., president of Loyola University, then pronounced the invocation. At the speakers' table were: Rev. John L. Mathery, S. J.; Rev. Fred-eric Siedenbourg, S. J.; Rev. James M. Leddy; Bernard McDevitt, Jr.; Joseph Connell; William N. Brown; Charles E. Byrne; James R. Quinn, and J. Frederick Reeve. Almost one hundred guests were present, and it was noted that all, with two exceptions, were former students of Loyola.

The banquet, in point of attendance, of the excellence of the speeches, and in the general good feeling displayed, will go down in history as one of the most successful ever held by the Alumni Association. It was evident during the evening that those present were filled with the spirit of true alumni; that they retained the principles and ideals acquired during their college days, and that they were keenly interested in the welfare of Loyola and of every student of their Alma Mater. This was plainly manifest in the speeches delivered during the course of the banquet. All were worthy of permanent record, but space does not permit our publishing more than two in full.

SPEECH OF JAMES R. QUINN

WHEN first I heard the word "ideals" I must confess that my store of youthful knowledge contained no information as to its meaning; but after attending many oratorical contests and exhibitions of a kindred nature, and hearing the explanations contained in speeches on this subject—I think every contest had a speech on ideals—its meanings began to knock on the door of my understanding and finally gained admittance. Carrying my memory back over the short span of years, I remember one speech in particular, or rather its beginning. It dealt with the ideals of the Christian and the realization of those ideals in the march of events down through the centuries. The rise of the gilded stream of Christianity on the Mount of Calvary; the marvelous rapidity with which that stream added might and power to its majestic sweep with its passing over the rapids of each generation, and finally the glorious conquering sweep of its waters as they met the tides of ignorance and darkness, and, commingling, crept into the recesses of the earth and gave joy, and pleasure, and hope to the sons of men; these events were pictured so beautifully in that speech and the truly Christian ideal was proven to be the best and the noblest. However, I am not going to talk on ideals. There is too much to be said upon the subject, and I will leave its discussion for the deep thinkers; but what I wish to say touches somewhat upon that subject. Those of us of Catholic Faith, and even those of us who are not of that belief and who have been schooled under Jesuit auspices, will agree with me that the ideals as exemplified and taught by the Catholic Church are the highest and the purest. This fact has been acknowledged by men of high standing in the conduct of the affairs of this nation, and many of them have even expressed it as their opinion that they look forward to the Catholic Church to guide the ship of our state through any shoals of a deadly nature that she may have to sail through in the future. They are all of one mind that the Catholic Church by reason of her existence has made the world sweeter and better to live in.

There have arisen in the last few years, as if from the ashes of eternal doom, certain classes of individuals who take great delight by pen and by word of mouth, by concrete organization and by almost intangible unions, in vilifying and calumniating the ideals that we have learned to love and revere; and the campaign has become so heated, as it were, that the time has almost come for

the Catholic layman to enter the field in defense of everything we hold sacred. It has been the policy of the Catholic Church, at all times, to act on the defensive in matters of this character. You will never find in her long history one instance where she began a campaign of vilification, and she never exposed the life, or the immorality of the private life, of any man except in defense, and in necessary defense, of her sacred institutions. She has always been attacked and at most times has adhered to the policy of watchful waiting; but, my friends, when the question of religion is injected into issues where it does not belong, when it is made the vital and only issue in a political campaign, as it was in Toledo not long since, and in certain parts of our own city in our last election; when the sacredness of the precepts of our Holy Church is sneered at on posters and the instrumentality of small boys is used to write on the houses and the sides of public conveyances, "Read the Menace and Down with the Pope," it is about time for action on the part of public-spirited men. The Clergy and the Nuns have always been attacked. The sacredness of the Church has been violently questioned from the beginning, but those stories have generally fallen on deaf ears; but now the sacredness and the purity of the Catholic home is besmirched. These words are not meant for honest thinking men, nor are they aimed at writers or speakers who seek after fair and open discussion, but they are meant for those classes who stab in the dark and whose knives are poisoned with the terrible venom of their awful hatred.

As I said before, it has always been our policy to wait and watch; to answer only in extremity, but the occasion has arrived when something must be done. We know that the heart of the perjurer is black; that there is no good in the calumniator. We know that our homes are the sweetest with which God has blessed the whole of Christendom; that the purity of our women is the brightest gem in the diadem of Catholicism, and that anyone that calumniates and falsifies and vilifies us in this respect is doing nothing less than vomiting forth the spawn of Satan.

I was reading an article the other day in a religious paper which stated what it thought to be a paradox—that a man was a learned man and yet a Catholic. This statement is not worthy of refutation, but its writer should but come to a gathering of this kind, to see what wise men are really like. I will not tire you with a mention of the names of men who are leading the world in all lines of industry, science, letters, and even the arts of government, who

profess the Catholic faith. We would be here all night before I got really started.

We do not really boast of our accomplishments; we only ask for fair play. Our religion we maintain is the basis, the foundation of morality. Our precepts contain every phase and feature of the moral law, and as our civil laws are based upon the fundamentals of the moral law, in attacking our religion they are attempting to undermine the foundations of our civil institutions.

We do not boast of our accomplishments, but when it is said so foolishly that we are organizing an army to make a Jesuit emperor of this land or to make the President a hireling of the Pope, let us tell them of Lord Baltimore and the debt the world owes him for establishing on the virgin soil of Maryland the first home of the religious refugee of any faith or creed; let us go back further and tell them of Columbus, who steered his prow westward—he knew not where—and blessed the world with the discovery of this glorious land; let us tell them of John Barry and picture him, the fighting man, who broke the British Lion; let us show them Phil Sheridan and let them hear the supplications of the widows and orphans of the Irish Brigade of General Meagher, who hurled themselves to death against the leaden hell at Fredericksburg; let them see all these pictures and then let us tell them that these men were Catholics. We are not perfect in our lives; not exemplars of virtue nor models perhaps that youths might follow, but we are better citizens than our calumniators. Why should I be deprived of office because I am a Catholic, why should I be reviled and my mother's name slandered—and they are slandering the honor of Catholic mothers—by impudent hypocrites? The American people love fair play and they condemn the actions of the Menace and its unholy breed, but the deep terrible harm has sunken into the minds of the many and I think that we, as Catholics, as men educated to be leaders of Catholic thought, should do our duty and endeavor to stem this tide of evil. We have it within our power. The matter is more than a religious one. It may mean the stamping out, once and for all times, of the vice of bigotry; that viper should be stifled; that blot upon the escutcheon of our fair American Honor should be erased and if we love the ideals we learned from the men gathered here to-night, we will put our shoulders to the wheel and help them in this battle against the demons of bigotry and hatred.

LOYOLA IDEALS

CHARLES E. BYRNE

LOWELL has said that a man's best after-dinner speech is usually delivered in his taxicab, on the way home from the banquet, because then he remembers all the clever things he intended to say—but forgot.

Consequently, if I should fail to charm you to-night with the tricks of the orator; if I should be unable to thrill your hearts and make them beat with redoubled animation; if I should neglect to mention the many profound topics, that have been so carefully prepared in anticipation of this glorious event—do not think that my efforts will be wasted, for I shall deliver them all over again, later in the evening.

It has always been my ambition to stand beside a table with a pitcher of ice water on it. And as I look over this august and venerable body this evening and recall that each of you is an orator of eminence in your individual wards, I cannot help but remember that appropriate quotation: "The mighty shall be cast down from their seats and the humble shall be exalted."

Advertising is closely related to newspaper work—and as I am an advertiser, and therefore connected with the newspaper fraternity, I shall read to you a little verse entitled "Only a Newspaper Guy," which was dedicated to Dick Finnegan of the Journal, and which will explain why I assume the authority to address you this evening.

ONLY A NEWSPAPER GUY.

I saw a man strut through a jam in the hall,
Take a seat 'mid the speakers and chat with them all.
"Is that Murphy?" I ask, "that the crowd he defies?"
"No," says someone, "he's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man start on the trail of a crook,
And he scorns all assistance, but brings him to book.
"Mr. Burns?" I inquire. Someone scornfully cries:
"Burns? Naw! He's just one of them newspaper guys."

I see a man walk through the door of a show,
Where great throngs are blocked by the sign "S. R. O."
"Is that Goodwin himself, that no ticket he buys?"
"Well, hardly! He's one of those newspaper guys."

I see a man knock at the President's door,
And the sign "No Admittance" completely ignore.
"Is this Morgan, that privacy's right he denies?"
"Morgan? Shucks! He's just one of those newspaper guys."

And some day I'll walk by the great streets of gold
And see a man enter, unquestioned and bold.
"A saint?" I'll inquire, and old Peter'll reply:
"Well I should say not; he's a newspaper guy."

Looking back over the ages of the past, I now can understand how Demosthenes must have felt when he harangued his countrymen. I know what feelings surged through the heart and what thoughts fired the brain of Marc Antony as he discoursed to the Romans. I now experience the luxurious sensation that another orator, infinitely greater than these, the distinguished Leo Doyle, enjoys, when he gives the Irish Fellowship Club 40,000 volts of personal magnetism.

And I like it.

It is a real pleasure to have the honor of speaking to you, fellow graduates of Loyola University—and I appreciate it, because I have known you so well and so long.

The name "Loyola" instantly brings to mind a host of pleasant memories—memories of faithful, watchful, self-sacrificing instructors, the Jesuit Fathers; memories of comrades who were fair and true and noble; memories of days that were made glorious by the ideals that were placed before us "to light our pathway and to show our end."

With what feelings of mingled awe and veneration do we look back upon those old buildings, so solemnly majestic, where we made preparation for the important part of our journey through life.

And to-night we meet once more.

Why?

Because Loyola has become enshrined in our hearts; because we want to re-ignite the spirit of fellowship that welled within our breasts in college days; because we want to show the world and alma mater that the Jesuit graduate is not unmindful of the blessings and benefits he has received from generous teachers; because, like travelers in the desert, we have reached an oasis, where we may gain refreshment of body and soul, so that we may take up the trail of life once more, with renewed courage and energy.

To see the faces of those we love is one of the greatest of all joys; and to look at the old pals tonight—Mal Foley, the Master of Hounds at the Onwentsia Club; Justin McCarthy, the silver-tongued; Mike McGovern, the electric light magnate, and all the other notables—and see in their eyes the same old spirit of mischief lurking there, the same old kindness, the same old “glad to be with you” smiles, makes one feel good, especially when we know that the old boys have not changed; that their friendship has become firmer; that they are succeeding, making good, wherever you find them; that they are helping one another to climb; and, best of all, that they are adhering steadfastly to the ideals and precepts, that were implanted in their hearts, by those noble, saintly men, the Jesuit Fathers, to whom they will always be known as “our own boys.”

What a wonderful blessing it is to be favored with an education such as only the Jesuit Colleges offer!

I believe that we remember our college days best for the ideals that marked our training. Ideals are most important, if we live up to them.

It was an inspiring ideal that prompted St. Ignatius of Loyola to put aside the attractions of the world and found that Order that has done so much for Christian education, an Order that will eventually girdle the globe with a chain of great universities.

It was an ideal that caused Columbus to go forth in search of the “new land” and open up the treasures of America to the old world. It was an ideal that urged the saintly Father Marquette to penetrate into the wilderness for the sake of religion and humanity.

When a master-craftsman produces a work of art and usefulness, that will serve and inspire and give enjoyment to his fellow men, he gains real happiness—the satisfaction of knowing that he has done good work. He follows out his ideal.

How much greater is that ideal that tends towards the spiritual uplift of humanity?

It is imperative that we, who have been nurtured during our college days by the most sacred ideals, should keep them in mind now and be governed by them.

No matter what branch of industry or what profession we may have adopted, we have a certain amount of influence, which can be productive of untold good for our fellowmen, if it is directed in accordance with the precepts of Loyola.

Whether we want to or not, we are forced to meet the problems of today, and Loyola Ideals will help us to solve them.

We live in a luxury-loving age, when material success is the uniform standard of moral measurement. Around us we find many evils—the lust for wealth, the craze for pleasure, the extravagant mode of living—all indications that there is a great necessity for Christian education and the highest ideals in living.

We see the corruption of unscrupulous business men—as was evidenced recently by the looting of the New Haven railroad, which defrauded thousands of stockholders. On the other hand, we have the danger of Socialism, with its agitators who encourage social unrest.

There is a phase of the labor question that merits attention. At present, we have a brickmakers' strike in Chicago. Because 2,400 brickmakers are on strike, 125,000 men in allied trades are out of work. Does this seem right? Does it appear to be just for 125,000 families to be deprived of the necessities of life, for 35 millions of dollars of building construction to be stopped, because 2,400 men have a grievance? Is it not time for arbitration or some sort of adjustment?

Two years ago the steamfitters' union and the plumbers' union had a jurisdictional strike between themselves in Chicago. It was not a fight with capital. Both unions had been receiving the highest wages. Thousands of men in allied trades were put out of work that year, workmen were killed, and \$15,000,000 worth of building construction was stopped.

These are conditions that affect you directly, that require your consideration.

In Canada, all classes of persons in any way connected with railroad companies are obliged to arbitrate their labor difficulties; and in the past six years, aside from one street railway strike and one railroad strike, Canada has had almost complete immunity from industrial strife on all her agencies of transportation and communication. There, when labor trouble arises on a railroad, employer and employe select their disputants, who in turn choose a chairman, and in that way settle their argument.

Capital does not benefit by strikes. The workingmen do not want strikes, and only strike as a last resort. As a matter of common justice, we must give equal consideration to the rights of employer and employe, and aim to prevent strikes, particularly

jurisdictional wrangles between unions. There are agitators who make a living by starting strikes. The honest labor leader is a blessing. The workingman, however, must reflect that whenever he elects to office or defends a crooked labor leader, he injures himself.

All of us should strive to promote industrial peace by fighting the evils that menace it, because by doing so we will not only help humanity, but we will strike a hard blow at socialism and its twin brother, anarchy.

At a banquet given in honor of the great artist Paderewski, a few weeks ago, he made a significant statement. "The longer I live," said he, "the more I love and trust in God—and the more happiness I derive from my work, from studying my art."

Even in business, there is room for ideals. A business that is developed by intelligence, industry and high ideals will succeed.

We have had much governmental regulation of business—some say "too much"—but business has needed it, and will be better off for it.

Business-building is an inspiring occupation. Just as a corrupt business should be wiped out, so the business man, who works along the lines of integrity and honesty, should be protected by the government, by editors and by the people, and not left at the mercy of self-advertising, unscrupulous legislators, blackmailers, muck-raking newspapers or labor bandits.

American business men would be better off if they were governed by Christian ideals, because if they were governed by Christian ideals, they would have greater trust in God; and if they had greater trust in God, they would worry less. Whenever you meet a business man, you will find him worrying about "general conditions."

Last year we worried about tariff legislation that we wanted, voted for and got. The job was done quickly and intelligently; and I don't hear many kicks. At least we got what most of us thought that we wanted. Then we worried about currency legislation. Some thought that all the banks would be put out of business and industry paralyzed. That job was done—and it needed doing. We find that instead of putting the banks out of business, they have accepted the new system as a helpful piece of machinery that will enable them to serve business. Since then, we have worried about dividing the country into banking districts.

We worried because that distinguished gentleman who lives in the White House, and for whom I have the utmost respect and admiration, President Wilson, would not go to war—and then we worried because he did.

During the time of Roosevelt and Taft, we worried because the Attorney-General attacked this business and that; and now we worry because Mr. Wilson proposes that Congress create a board of umpires, under whom we may play the game.

A few years ago we held worry conventions to protest against an increase in railroad rates; and now we are worrying for fear they will not be increased.

Mr. Gary, the chairman of the Steel Corporation, said last week, that because of the wonderful crops, prosperity is at our door—consequently, there is nothing to worry about there.

The commercial world needs Christian ideals—the ideals of Loyola—and Christian ideals mean right living, social justice and faith in Divine Providence.

Used for the betterment of mankind, Christian ideals open the way to innumerable good ends: the improvement of our social life, the betterment of working and living conditions for the man who toils, the encouragement of honest effort, the development of industry, the promotion of patriotism, the advancement of religion, and the creation of a higher moral standard throughout the nation.

As I came into this hall to-night, I saw an alumnus wearing a small maroon and gold button, on which was emblazoned the arms of Loyola.

The Victoria Cross in all its splendor, that England awards to its valiant heroes, may have its admirers. The Iron Cross, with which Germany decorates its staunch defenders, may be prized by millions. The gorgeous medal of the French Legion of Honor, with its flashing jewels and brilliant colors, may excite the praise of the people who treasure it; but to me, that little maroon and gold button, that marks its wearer as a follower of Loyola, is far dearer than any of these, because it recalls to mind Loyola ideals; big-hearted, faithful teachers and comrades who were square and true—men, to-day, who stand in the front rank of their chosen vocations; men who are a credit to their alma mater; men who intend to do all in their power to co-operate with the Jesuit Fathers and help make Loyola University the greatest educational institution in the country.

A New Light on Roosevelt

J. Aaron Colnon, A.B. '14

IT is hardly necessary to remind the public of the essence of the Roosevelt Progressive propaganda. Its author is losing no time since his return to his native country in demonstrating just what it stands for. This consists partly in new light on his acts while President. Mr. Mellen's revelation, in the New Haven inquiry, that Mr. Roosevelt, while in the White House, had given him his personal protection in his management of the New Haven in order to further the prosecution of Charles W. Morse, is one bit of evidence of the autocratic and arbitrary personality at the head of the Progressive cause. Now Mr. Roosevelt testifies that he was ready to end the coal strike in 1902 by sending Federal troops to the scene, and had arranged with Senator Quay to have Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, when Mr. Roosevelt notified him, send him word that he could not control the situation. That is, Mr. Roosevelt was taking into his own hands the means of bringing about the crisis which he desired.

It is a distinct and separate question whether the policies he thus adopted toward the railroads and coal operators were wise or not. As to that there is, of course, an honest difference of opinion. But there can be no question that the methods he employed are contrary to the spirit of our government. They are the arbitrary exercise of power to accomplish an end. The importance of the distinction lies in the fact that while a wise despot may be one desirable form of government, a foolish despot is the worst, and there is no way of excluding the possibility of the latter. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt's rule of action is contrary to the spirit of constitutional democracy. It is doubtful if by nature he is capable of acting in accord with it. He wants his own way, and he wants it quickly, and he will not pause as to the means. That is a quality which gets much admiration, and, when the end is justified, has almost universal sympathy. But it is, nevertheless, calculated to weaken, in a chief executive of the republic, the fundamental principle which has, after ages of fighting for liberty, been imbedded in the Constitution as vital to free government, to protect itself against arbitrary abuse of power.

Colonel Roosevelt testifies frankly that he was perfectly willing to incur impeachment in the coal strike matter; in fact, that he told Senator Quay that if he fixed up the matter with Governor Stone, he could then vote to impeach him.

Street Cries

J. Aaron Colnon, A.B. '14

NO doubt you recollect several sketches—I take the word both in its literary and illustrative sense—dealing with the Italian settlement of New York which appeared in several successive numbers of Harper's Magazine about a year ago. These articles and drawings were the product of F. Hopkinson Smith's pen and pencil, and like the rest of his works were artistic, vivid and unique in their descriptive passages and happy in their selection of individual characters. But for the fact that a very close connection with a similar locality of this city rendered it impossible, there is not the slightest doubt but that I would have been enthralled by the impalpable glamor of romance which he cast over the every-day occupations of these Italian immigrants, and would have regarded them with more affection than is possible to me at present. Particularly did he deal romantically with the peddlers of this quarter, representing them with voices of most melodious timbre and with manners such as were in vogue during the golden days of Venice. Of the objective existence of such qualifications I could not for some time be sure, and I lived in the continual hope that I might not be disillusioned.

My study window overlooks an alley. (Not an ideal situation for a study window, I will candidly admit, but nevertheless most essential to the continuance of this present paper.) It is a rather quiet district, and it is but seldom that a delivery wagon passing down this alley drives a rhyme out of my head, disperses vague speculations concerning matter and form, or causes me, out of irritation, to make the hero quarrel with the heroine. Thus life was running smoothly, until some few weeks ago, on a Thursday, a very annoying and persistent distraction began. It was in the early part of the afternoon, and I had just arrived at the conclusion that in order for one to receive thought transmission that person must be in a state of hypnosis or advanced neurosis, when, Horrors of Panurge! a most ungodly noise arose from the alley. It was so cacophonous that for an imperceptible moment I doubted whether or not it proceeded from a human being. The only circumstance unfavorable to my doubt was the consideration that this

noise announced the willingness on the owner's part to dispose of sundry vegetables, which, if they were at all comparable to the voice, must have been in an advanced stage of putrescence.

The spirit of scientific observation led me to investigate whence proceeded the noise, and, lifting my study window, I peered forth. Below, at a standstill, was the ordinary peddler's cart, within which an Italian with a brown complexion, black silky hair, big, beautiful black eye and a costume of light clothes was seated looking eagerly about for purchasers. I was rather taken aback by this beautiful apparition and was about to draw in my head when he espied me and inquired in that blood-curdling voice whether I contemplated buying of his stock.

Alas, the old time repose of soul that used to come of a Thursday is gone. I find now during this day of the week, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, no matter how deeply engrossed I may be, that little cold chills run up and down my spine, that my soul seems to shrink within itself. And, lifting my head from my book or work to find or analyze the cause, I am reminded of that noise, that most cacophonous noise, that most soul-disgusting, peace-disrupting, altogether fiendish and ghoulish noise.

And alas, I fear the dust collects unhindered on my volumes of F. Hopkinson Smith.







